I Live My Life A Quarter Mile At A Time

Look Mexico

A quarter closer to the end
And you sit stone cold, alone
Thinking things cannot possibly get worse
The neutral walls that won't forgive
The jutting concrete furniture
What could have been's flushed out
By flashing white and blue

You had eight or nine up you
Getting home was love to you
Instead got three initials added to your name
A picture taken from inside
All the charm and the lines
Won't help you reconvert
From what you've done this time

Just when you think
That I can't believe this is happening to me
It does
It happens to you

Used to believe You're spinning freely Loving me requires a key Left to bathe in your mistakes Loaded with hypocrisy I promise you'll see That this is never happening to me Because I live I live right now And I can't see I can't see See past the thought That nothing will ever happen to me So when it does I won't see I won't see Won't see the truth that has been sitting Right next to me

Just when you think
I can't believe this is happening to me
It does
Trust me, it happens to all of us