

# People In Cars Dont Face Each Other

Lovers

I drove alone to Buffalo  
And scratched a heart around your name  
At every rest stop vending machine I passed along the way  
(I'd taken speed for days)

I took pictures from the car window  
These colored blurs of time  
And left them for you by the pay phones  
Because I can't call or write

It's just been too much time  
The road was without winter glow  
Just dreary landscape  
And the whimper of the radio  
And a rubberbanded picture of your face  
Around an old mixtape you'd made

I still think I'm going home  
I packed my things in crooked lines,  
And took a pill nicknamed hope  
To change this mood of mine

This awful mood of mine  
But I can't change this mood of mine

Like a mocking dog and pony show  
In the backrooms of my mind  
Like a swim in the undertow  
I can't see it but I sure feel it alright

I miss you every night.