

# Collisions

Luca Brasi

I got the job and a warm enough house  
The girl, a dog, so what happens now?  
When everything I'm told I'll need  
Just leaves me low and empty

'Cause I'm a million collisions  
Slow and out of rhythm  
A chemical explosion  
And that is all I told them  
Getting older's made me mean  
It's hard to see the good in things

I felt a loss in an ice covered car  
The dark, the frost and the unending doubt  
Everything I'll ever need  
Is far beyond my reach

'Cause I'm a million collisions  
Slow and out of rhythm  
A chemical explosion  
And that is all I told them  
Getting older's made me mean  
It's hard to see the good in things

I felt a loss  
I felt a loss  
I felt a loss (Whoa, whoa)  
(Whoa, whoa)  
(Whoa, whoa)