

## Crossing State Lines

Morgan Wade

You're an early morning open ended chat  
Yeah, I think you might kill me  
Hell, I'd love to burn out like that  
You're stumbling down the street  
Hey baby, you're wasted  
Yet you're the kind of innocence I'd never tasted

Now you're crossing state lines  
And I'm trying real hard to get over you  
You never wanted me, and I - I wanted you to  
I never held you tight and I never tasted your lips  
Yeah, I thought I found heaven and what kinda hell was this

Yeah, you're talking too loud in a crowded theater  
I almost said too much  
You said let's save the rest for later  
You're a black t-shirt end of that bar at 12am  
I'm headed to work hungover  
Saying I ain't ever drinking again

Now you're crossing state lines  
And I'm trying real hard to get over you  
You never wanted me, and I - I wanted you to  
I never held you tight and I never tasted your lips  
Yeah, I thought I found heaven and what kinda hell was this

Well you came so late, but you left so fast  
Well you coulda been my future, and now you're my past  
I'm just some memory that with each and every day will fade  
I'm sure you forgot me by the time your car hit the interstate

Now you're crossing state lines  
And I'm trying real hard to get over you  
You never wanted me, and I - I wanted you to  
I never held you tight and I never tasted your lips  
Yeah, I thought I found heaven and what kinda hell was this

Yeah, you look like heaven and what kinda hell was this