

Trespassing

Peter Broderick

Borrowed Heather's car for the day
Told Pop I was on the way
It's a nice drive, out to Pop's place
It's a nice drive if you can make it without leaving a
trace

Not me
Not this time, not me

Nils was on the stereo
No better way to go
Then I saw you, tried to swerve out of the way
Tried to swerve but so did you
One of our lives just had to be through

Not mine
Not this time, not mine

For a moment I still drive
No chance you're alive
But I had to go back, face what I'd done
That's when I saw that you were whole
Except your heart was on the side

On the side
Your body with the heart on the side

Back into my machine
Everything the opposite of clean
I can't even listen to the music

Nothing