

The Punch

Silent Drive

I wasted time to find you in the line of love
Just so you could learn how to hide
Because we're finding answers now and screening evidence
That just doesn't add up to your innocence and it's wearing this case thin
You say
This scene is all surreal and I cannot find just how to feel because my dream just died
I want to run but my feet get in the way of the getaway that day
You claimed if I could know, well I tried to know
But defeat grabs for me and it's hard to realise just where to flow
I know I should have shown charisma but at a loss for words
We flew like birds without looking where to go
This scene is all surreal and I cannot find just how to feel because my dream just died
I want to run but my feet get in the way of the getaway that day
She left here what a sight
"What the fuck is it I'm trying to please you"
Sweetheart says
"We don't pick our loves but can pick our paths"
Photographed, watch her side, we don't collect evidence for a reason
Trade insides so we could pick our lives
When we could just pick our paths.
Sweetheart says
"We don't pick our loves but can pick our paths"
Trade insides, watching blow by blow for letting things go
I crawled into you thought and through your mind to gather essential pieces again
This scene is all surreal and I cannot find just how to feel because my dream just died
I want to run but my feet get in the way of the getaway that day
Sweetheart says
"We don't pick our loves but can pick our paths"
Trade insides, watching blow by blow for letting things fly by
Keep eyes wide, I'm watching from windows and keeping tabs on all those lies
Watch faces as I make a widow for letting things go