

Hot Wired

Silversun Pickups

Spoken fires generate
Broken flowers, big mistake
Pull hot wires, accelerate
Go full throttle, disintegrate

Leave it alone, I'm on a roll in monotone
Colors return but the hues will burn into monochrome

There's fear where the mountain and the sidewalk collide
Around here, we can wait for stars to align

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Broken flowers, big mistake
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Go full throttle, disintegrate

Out of control, our heads will roll, we let sparks fly
A little consumed, we're running on fumes, no tears to cry

If the night is for mourning, then in sunlight we can decide
There's no fear and no mountain to climb

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