

Lost Highway

Telenova

I drive the lost highway
My headlights casting shadows on the hollow road
Flickers in the mirror
I'm haunted by the spectre of a promise I broke

Oh it's making me shiver
I never should've listened to the whispers of snakes
I'm a cold-hearted-killer
Running from the memories I cannot escape

Time was slipping through my hands
All the grains of falling sand
Time was slipping through my hands
When I killed you

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All the grains of falling sand
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My headlights casting shadows on the hollow road
I sing in the choir on Sunday mornings
To remind me that my God is my hope

Oh I walk on a tightrope
Between the girl I am and who I think I should be
After everything I've done
Does heaven have a room or is there no vacancy

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