

# The Wreckage

Vanessa Carlton

Speeding  
Into the horizon  
Dreaming of the siren  
Wishing for her broken glass on the highway  
It could be so easy

The rhythm  
Rhythm of an engine  
Always makes me empty  
I see the headlights coming at me  
I can't help but wonder

Flying  
Flying in slow motion  
Wind through my hair  
And ripping through the scenery, oh, the wreckage  
It is my secret need

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Wishing for her broken glass on the highway  
It could be so easy