

It was the bridge she flung herself off
I used to see her standing on one side
As if too frightened to walk across
And sometimes stand still and drive some invisible car
Toes on the edge of the pavement

To steer her clear of the car
That hit her on the way down
Rubbing asphalt in her wounds
A love that won't die only tortures
Nothing else no comfort no future
Brakes a fair-few up
If there is a god someone wake him up
And tell him to sort it out
Tell him to sort it out

Command of cars you drive

He sits and stares at the road
White lines blur into black
Until he sees nothing else
He tried to cope with her loss
By forgetting who he was
But he'd never forget her face
I saw him make the first move
To follow her all the way down
the wire for the last time
He dreamt he'd taken a dive
And caught her on the way down
And now he can sleep at night
He still has a lock of her hair
He gave her a lock of his own
He clenches it tight in his hand

Command of cars you drive