

Artist: gibbler

Title: Sore Throats

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If it weren't for this cold I would.
Would have stood here for hours and so.
Letting wind whip drops into my hood filling up.
I would try not to drown.
I cant see street lines anymore.

Its night like these.
In my car and I'm singing off key with all of my might
watching brake lights shine bright.
I finally see what can be.

Now I find myself driving down roads.
Eyes closed shut.
Lifetime on the radio.
Water coming from eyes hood and nose.
Ari sing me home...