

Blind Behind The Wheel

Kids In The Way

In returning to the scene of a fatal accident
The glass on the ground holds evidence
Of all that went wrong, of all that was missed
So sorry I missed

Can you hear me, the voice inside your ear
Can you feel me, the wind that chills your tears
And all of this time we wasted was lost inside of this
Can you hear me, the noise that brought you here

I remember all the times I was blind behind the wheel
The sharp screaming sound, the pain I would feel
From all I had lost, from all I had killed
So sorry I killed

The blood will dry on the pavement
All of my wounds will heal
The wreckage will fall to the wasteland
All will be quiet and still