

Bad luck to talk on these rides.

Mind on the road, your dilated eyes watch the clouds float, white ferrari.

Had a good time. (Sweet 16, how was I supposed to know anything?)

I let you out at Central.

I didn't care to state the plain, kept my mouth closed, we're both so familiar.

White Ferrari, good times, stick by me, close by me.

You were fine, you were fine here. That's just a slow body.

You left when I forgot to speak.

So I text to speech, lesser speeds, Texas speed, yes.

Basic takes its toll on me, eventually, eventually, yes.

Ah, on me eventually, eventually, yes.

I care for you still and I will forever.

That was my part of the deal, honest.

We got so familiar, spending each day of the year, White ferrari.

Good times. In this life, life, in this life, life.

One too many years, some tattooed eyelids on a facelift.

Mind over matter is magic, I do magic.

If you think about it it'll be over in no time, and that's life.

I'm sure we're taller in another dimension.

You say we're small and not worth the mention.

You're tired of movin', your body's achin'.

We could vacay, there's places to go.

Clearly this isn't all that there is, can't take what's been given.

But we're so okay here, we're doing fine, primal and naked.

You dream of walls that hold us imprisoned.

It's just a skull, least that's what they call it, and we're free to roam.