

# Nina Nastasia, Late Night

Such a late night  
I'm going to drive you home

A quiet ride  
There's blood on the road  
And blood on your face  
I'm going to cry, cry  
Why didn't you brake  
Did you even try

Weather's hard  
Hail and snow  
I'm drifting too  
Does it help you to know

It's your life to make a wreck  
We grew up together  
Did you forget

I don't understand  
Why don't you talk to me  
The tracks you leave  
Where do they lead  
Where are you now  
That you've fallen asleep

I may be the one  
To save you