

# Stolen Car

Beth Orton

You walked into my house last night  
I couldn't help but notice  
A light that was long gone still burning strong  
You were sitting, your fingers like fuses  
Your eyes were cinnamon You said you stand for every known abuse  
That was ever threatened to anyone but you  
And why should I know better by now  
When I'm old enough not to? While every line speaks the language of love  
It never held the meaning I was thinking of  
And I can't decide over right or wrong  
I guess sometimes you need the place where you belong  
Some may sing the wrong words to the wrong melody  
It's little things like this that matter to me  
Others feel that you should stand  
For every known abuse to hand  
And all the things that they could never see You said you stood for every known abuse  
That was promised to anyone like you  
Don't you wish you knew better by now  
When you're old enough not to? When every line speaks the language of love  
And never held the meaning I was thinking of  
And I can't decide over right or wrong  
You left the feeling that I just do not belong One drink too many and a joke gone too far  
I see a face drive like a stolen car  
Gets harder to hide when you're hitching a ride  
Harder to hide what you really saw  
Oh yeah, you stand for every known abuse  
That I've ever seen my way through  
Don't you wish I knew better by now?  
Well I think I'm starting to When every line speaks the language of love  
And never held the meaning I was thinking of  
And I've lost the line between right or wrong  
I just want to find the place where I belong Why should you know better by now  
When you're old enough not to?  
I wish I knew better by now  
When I'm old enough not to

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