

Vultures and helicopters, overhead I'm breaking down
Used car blues, it's no time to joke around
The only solution I can think of so far
Is to smash out the windows with a crowbar
And as the headlights shatter into stars one by one
I curse at the road and try to knock out the sun
I kick in the corner panels, son of a whore
The paint starts to chip off as I rip off one of the doors
Same hotel room again with the right mixture
Of terrible smells and dead flies in the light fixture
I listen to the oldies station, half asleep and kind of smokey
Girl in the next room is howling like a coyote
Hand in my pants, feeling like a phyllistine
All eyes empty, every doorway a guillotine
I'm drunk on loneliness, out of shape and half eaten
The phone don't work and God's in a staff meeting
Out of breath at the end of a long summer
Waiting for a phone call that isn't a wrong number
A smile from a pretty girl, feet don't fail me
I sleep like a baby and get out of jail free
I spit my teeth in my hand and read the classifieds
Poke holes in my memories until I'm satisfied
I'm drawn to familiar environments and dangers
I look at my photo albums and all I see are strangers