

Don't get mad at nothin'
(Anything) that passes by
Don't yank from the sky
You make up too many voices
Too many scenario's imaginari-OH!
Dreary load
Should keep on going, writing, riding
Too long for sitting, muscle atrophy
Look at me, I'm damning my transmission
We scramble for position,
Jockey for transmission
Just make it up (got to go!)
Makin' up for lost time
Drive To Reveal
Reinvent the wheel
Still making up for lost time
Traffic! Traffic!
Silly me. Simile is like a rat trap
Beast
Beast in a steal cage.
Road rage, road rage, rode-dent-rage
Fess up, fed up. enough!
I'm messing up, make it up for lost time

Bend shape twist and steal
Wriders Block gets me down
Bark like a dog, yelp like Sting
(I was hoping for my own thing)
This is not the road I should be on
This is not the road I should be on
'Cause you might get hurt
'Cause you could get lost
Oh, these infrastructure metaphors are a boar
I, aye, aye
I don't think I'll go there in frustration
Make a clean departure, oh no
There I go
Again
Road Trip on my own tongue
Oh well,
I made it through another one

Windshield Movie so surreally
Given up on lost time
Given up, got me down