

Concrete Lawns

Crimpshrine

I'm walking scared, muscles tight
Buses stopped at 9:30 and now it's midnight
Stranded all alone at concord bart
It's been a long time since I was this scared of the dark...

concrete lawns, no sidewalks to walk on -
walking down the street I feel so out of place
the people introverted, no friendliness asserted
I feel like a black sheep among this purebres race
in mendocino they said it was safe to hitch,
but if I did that here I'd wind up dead in a ditch
a truck full of hicks cruise by looking for a fight
I'm walking paranoid, my thoughts are filled with fright...

when I was young I didn't live here
I don't see how they see
a man was hung not far from here
I see a tree that would fit me.