

A Flight And A Crash

Hot Water Music

Here's one of time passed of a flight and a crash, over and again,
In Boulder and San Francisco, a halfway house pack home
Back out of his head.
Out searching, for the escape. for an answer, or a reason that
his poison has deleted,
Anything worth all that's wasted now,
finds no difference where he's standing 'cause he's standing with
a shotgun and a needle.
Arms reaching and head pounding from the screaming.
Says: ''I don't know what I am doing anymore.
I raced all night again, I just want it over.''
Heart racing.
Head pounding from the screaming.
Heart racing now