

## The Commuter

Jeremy Messersmith

Some nights I can't feel my beating heart,  
I've got a second-hand body made with junk-yard parts.  
An (ink-blot?) head that makes it hard to care,  
Broke-down hands won't get me anywhere.

But when I drive this car to work  
I feel like I'm going places,  
Landscapes all around me seem to change.  
And when I drive this car to work  
I feel like I'm made of something,  
Some day things will start to go my way.

I spend my evenings lying on this couch,  
Countin' all the cracks in this old house.  
TV dinner boxes on the floor,  
I'm down 'cause you don't live here anymore.

But when I drive this car to work  
I feel like I'm going places,  
Landscapes all around me seem to change.  
And when I drive this car to work  
I feel like I'm made of something,  
Some day things will start to go my way.