

Circles

Nonpoint

Going around in circles again.

Pedal to floor, back in the seat, purpose and will versus modern machine.

Passing the slow, defeating the weak, all with the tar on the street,

and the weight of my feet the sweat on my face.

Wanting first place more than you can understand.

Going around in circles again.

Photo finish race.

Rear view stare chase.

Satisfaction only when I finish at the end.

If I follow all the rules, promise that I'll win?

Driven so confused that I'm going around in circles again.

Going around in circles again.

Holding on by a thread.

Cut me loose so I can contend.

Hoping for something more than second place, first place or more.

Where will I be when I get to the end?

Doesn't matter what place I begin three hundred sixty-one degrees and then.

Going around in circles again.