

Rocks Off

Old 97's

I hear you talking when I'm on the street
Your mouth don't move, but I can hear you speak
What's the matter with the boy
He don't come around no more
Is he checking out for sure
Is he gonna close the door on me

And I'm always hearing voices on the street
I want to shout but I can't hardly speak
I was making love last night
To a dancer friend of mine
I can't seem to stay in step
'Cause she comes every time that she pirouettes over me

And I only get my rocks off when I'm sleeping
And I only get my rocks off when I'm dreaming

And I'm zipping through the days at lightning speed
Plug in, flush out, fire the fucking feed
Heading for the overload
Splattered on a dusty road
Kick me like you've kicked before
Well, I can't even feel the pain no more

And I only get my rocks off when I'm sleeping
And I only get my rocks off when I'm dreaming

Feel so mesmerized, can't describe the scene
Feel so hypnotized, all inside of me
And the sunshine bores the daylights out of me
Chasing shadows, moonlight mystery
Headed for the overload
Splattered on a dusty road
Kick me like you've kicked before
I can't even feel the pain no more

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