

Never Turn Around

Red Shahan

One last call 'fore midnight
Too early this don't feel right
Common sense done let me down again
One-eyed swervin' in both lanes
Half-hearted wishes for cocaine
Money well-spent for an hour or two at best

I've gotta get gone
I've gotta get gone
Close enough to never turn around
God, I've really grown to hate this town

Spendin' money for a solution
Drinkin' like it's a revolution
The well has run dry and not a soul in here to put up a fight
Picture on the dash of what used to be
Two years, damn near made it three
Product of a new-found lover out in Tennessee

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And I can feel the walls close in
Hypocrites I call every friend
Superficial reasons to hang on
Why'd I ever call this damn place home?

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God damn I've really grown to hate this town