

Uppers Aren't Necessary

Rocky Votolato

Lead me through these cities of imaginary trends
Something's gonna be changing come the morning time my friend
As fickle as these streets are they might not even wait around
till then

I've got a lot to loose so come and take it from me quick

Everything you loose if it makes you stronger it makes you sick
Take these cities from me I'll build buildings up with my own
Bare hands

The uppers aren't necessary the guilt is the coal

That keeps the fire burning to drive out the cold
That creeps
In every corner crack and never leaves you alone
Till the lonely

Messengers come calling you back home
The trees are stacked
In rows on the side of the road
Stripped of any dignity a birthing

May have had
100 thousand crucified on the Mojave I-5 line
Singers shepherds and salesmen all longing for someone
To kill the joy of wondering and end all their desire

To help them to remember that the road is nothing but a liar
The uppers aren't necessary the guilt is the coal
That keeps
The fire burning to drive out the cold

That creeps in every
Corner crack and never leaves you alone
'Til the lonely
Messengers come calling you back

To the red door, cracked
And crooked walk way
The fence impaling the stars
Ghostly

Keepers lead the way through railroads of abandoned cars
The tracks and city streets cut through like scars