

Nowhere Fast

Swingin' Utters

I have crossed this road before for many years, i'm sure don't
recognize the faces, though, that pass me by i've been off and
on my way again, passed marsh road, atherton, black mountain wa
y and bored stale houses on the yellowed plains
i'm going off again, and for no good reason year by year i've a
chieved some type of feeling that suggests i've traveled miles
that lead to nowhere fast
i've seen the lot of them from queens to journeymen bigots and
confidantes i've spoken to and laughed with destructive catalys
ts professionals and loyalists punk rock pop nihilists have gro
wn up amongst suburban architects
who can say it was all deceiving or that anybody was mislead? i
'm not the one to be judging i may not even be who i think i am
the asphalt is my burning bed has left me invalid put me to sle
ep at night in the arms of some strange no man's land i'll be b
ack northbound and west i need the fucking rest but in the mean
time these broken roads and homes will ring in my head