

Trying to Focus

The Expendables

I'm trying to focus
But I'm falling asleep
The baggage on my eyelids is too
Heavy to keep from falling
Ramble on, on through the night
I've been driving
Since a quarter to three
I've seen the sun come up so many times
This week it's scary
Rollin on until the day

When I get off that open road
There's a pull within my bones
Like a ship bound by a rope
It won't let go, it won't let go
It won't let go, it won't let go

I've been run over
By the hangover truck
A drive-by shooting shot down
By twelve ounce eighty proof slugs Embedded
In my head, the ache in my head
I've been smoking sticks from a ditch
That Midwest farmer's daughter
Is the one that's making me itch In places
I'd never want an itch to be