

Pole Position

The Folk Implosion

Rich kid limpin' to the limousine
Surround the wagons and we'll burn 'em to the ground
I fought for years for that pole position
You were the king, now they've torn your paper crown

Roll over thunder
Big pile I'm under
I'm no lawyer, you're no judge
It's my line and I won't budge

I don't wanna be ridin' high
I don't need to be satisfied
I don't wanna be ridin' high
I don't need that to be satisfied
Say you're the surgeon but I've see you shakin'
You've let the orderlies order you around
I'll eat the fruit when it's ripe and ready
My hands are steady and I move without a sound

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Roll over thunder
Big pile i'm under
(Gettin burnt out in this space) (?)
(Find that person back in place) (?)

I don't wanna be ridin' high
I don't need to be satisfied
It doesn't mean that I'm aiming low
I'm learning things I don't wanna know
A steady pace and I'm on the track
Stop and watch and get off my back
I don't wanna be ridin' high
I need some time to be satisfied