

## Punch Drunk

Uncle Tupelo

way in overhead  
caught off guard by the gutter  
everybody's spending his time  
just building and making  
someday someone will say, for what  
nine to five in a blind alley  
equals three sheets to the wind  
can't remember when it started  
don't know where that it ends

and there's never a dull day  
when you're beaten by nonfiction  
God still reads the headlines the front page hope is missing

working away on a rebuilt freeway  
straight away from the slash and burn cities  
hindsight is there  
on a road sign pointed nowhere  
no one gets off here  
no way to slow down  
there's peace of mind somewhere  
for every someone that never thinks about it

and there's never a dull day  
when you're beaten by nonfiction  
God still reads the headlines we're all listening

for every drop of sweat that it takes  
to speak out in wonder  
never knowing how or when to duck next  
just sitting here punch drunk, all the wiser