

Adam Green, Country Road

Back in the summer of '91
An angel with a lizard's tongue
Was scheming for a holy broken nose
Linked to every class of men
Sprung out from the sparkling sins
Leaning on the cold electric stove
On a country road I swerved to the side
Trying to avoid a country bumpkin
Everyone's in line to meet with the man
Who blatantly inspired his generation

When they shake his hand and their fingers explode
Breaking both our necks by the tips of our toes
Then they turn to me, cause you died I suppose
But I can't seem to glance fast enough to be sure

Back to summer days, cold hands on the beach
Memories of thrills designed to please you
Down the fragrant path I strayed towards the bath
Suddenly I lived to learn to feed you

Down on bended knee, where I've been for a while
Set the record straight in the old fashioned style
Never took too much, though I should have made more
You are still my friend, though you were not before