

# Bogmen, Highway Of Shame

It's a nice day out for a stroll in time and space  
Memories have married and they've laid their eggs  
Right angles held captive by a square  
It takes four to tango and a steady hand  
But you let the past get so out of hand  
Now when you're offered a seat you insist on standing

Wounds heal with time...come time  
Wounds heal with time...come time

I felt a brand on my back  
Go join the rest of the pack  
You're a number, pick a number, any number  
You're hitching on a highway of shame  
You think you're free but you're riddled with pain  
Got a ride with a car crash  
I caused it

Wounds heal with time...come time  
Wounds heal with time...come time

Time to pop that bubble that you're in  
It's gonna take a lot more than a pin  
It's gonna take some revelation from a past life  
You're hitching on a highway of shame  
You're all alone and you're only to blame  
All alone now, no direction, no emotion