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 directon, no emotion