

Broadways, Under My Belt

count these days, feel like i ran a marathon,
more like a cigarette-a-thon, one three month day,
six more lanes, so much concrete seems irrational,
i've never felt more unnatural,
i watch exhaust blow,
i see that your dead behind your eyes,
all this convenience could never fill the hole that i've dug inside
real things seem hard to find,
armed to the teeth,
lets kill off every animal, be the only species not extinct,
then well have a feast,
people seem so strange its like they've all been zombified,
blurred street lights fill my crying eyes,
i grew some food from the ground,
one thing that made sense in a world
that seems so f**king upside down,
washed away this winders reoccurring theme,
of feeling lost and incomplete,
another winters under my belt strip malls they buried corn fields
alcohol is burying me, cut me off while my hearts still beating,
all these stupid games with their fancy names
they'll never make you free,
they'll make you numb they dont mean anything