

Crime in Stereo, Sleeping Androids Do Dream Electric Sheep

Everywhere in vans and behind garage doors, a hospice ward of all the kids we know foregoing student loans to watch the joints play catch up with bored. set life supports, prepare to deport. these are the years that scatter the young into doctors and drunks. so we take such sweet speed. the best it could be is life work free. it's the allergies of labor again, and the hourly wages can't save us finances be damned. anywhere in bands. we're gone once the summer hits gone to feel the elegance of fuel and transit and sleep and the terror of streets as the rumble strips breathe deep. these are the years that scatter the young into doctors and drunks. why did this storm wait so long on us. safe to say i'm never going home to live the way i was before. waiting for my life to implode with the sheer force of the workforce. safe to say i'm never going home to live the way i was before, fucked up on the coming storm of credit reports and cash withdrawals. so then we'll go if fortune exists farther than at home on the open road where the small experience grows . we'll go