

# Fair To Midland, -The Beltway-

At the rate i'm goin  
Little hands will be all that hold me back and  
The minute men they stand and watch  
Well fuck them through  
Don't lose touch  
Better keep those shoes  
And specs on the middle  
The minute men they stand and watch  
Well fuck them

Still approved,  
Located in the region  
Somewhere off of bermuda  
Caught on quick,  
Consider it belittled  
Tired and deleted.

Everbody look its a breathing stepping stone  
Not to be confused with my meaningless monologue

Hummingbird  
Killed the lion's pride  
With the  
Streaks of shade  
And by the way.....

I'll be frank,  
Where lights dim under pressure,  
And ignore applications,  
Excuse me,  
Corrections are appealing,  
Locks to secure breathing.

Everbody listen to him, he speaks in monotone,  
Another cyborg among the fertile drones.

...and now i bare this curse for you.  
Not for him.  
It loses a blinker,  
Fought both sides,  
And now i bare these thoughts of you,  
Not of him.  
I'll stay right here and gaurd the similar.

Strike!  
Leg up, say you'll get.  
Tell me you'll get it.