

Headstones, Dripping Dime Size Drops

Gonna pick up my bag
Gonna run straight home
When the police come knocking (tell 'em)
That I never left the front door
This fabric has faded
There'll be no renaissance
Too many winos in the park man
You know that their brains are doing somersaults
Could've been a day from Sunday
Could've been Tuesday last
Could've been everything that I wanted
You know that it was everything that I had
I'm dripping dime size drops
Now the glass it is empty
It is no longer discreet
Last point of entry did me
Now I just can't compete
I wish that it would stop
You could drive a truck right through it
52 steps until I drop
There ain't no way to prove it
Now the ashes have fallen
Pave the way for the speed
Last point of entry did me
I still can't compete