

King Crimson, Dig Me

Its here I sit and rust amid this ruin and rancor like tire irons
toothy grills and car parts before me... the acid rain floods my
floorboard, burns my pores and rots my upholstery... once I was
worshipped, polished magnificently, now I lay in decay by the dirty
angry bay...

I'm ready to leave
I wanna get out of here
I'm ready to ride away
I don't wanna die in here
I'm ready to ride...

My skin is metallic now, no longer and elegant powder blue... my body
unhinged and sleeping in the jungle of motor block manifolds and metal
relics... what was deluxe becomes debris, I never questioned loyalty,
but this dead end demolishes the dream of an open highway.

Dig me... but don't... bury me