

King's X, 7. 67

Based on the information hangin' on my brain,
put it all together, and this is what I get
Kinda like an acid trip you'd take in '69
When it was stronger
Looked in the mirror and this is what I see,
no matter how hard I try I just can't let it be,
cut off all my dreadlocks and now I'm
feeling free, here comes my neighbor.
67 stations watching cable television in the bedroom.
Everywhere I turn seems like another trap,
Sent a death sentence to my own address,
I thought I could do it, but now I know I can't,
wish I could just go away
Yeah I watch the sun setting in the west
probably a thousand times and every one was best,
Lone ranger desperado following the tracks,
life after rock-n-roll.
Life is getting better, and I don't want to cry.
I get too embarrassed when my eyes are just too dry
Manic manipulation I play it all the time,
rocky mountain.
67 stations watching cable television in your bedroom.