

# Lydia Lunch, This side of nowhere

Dead still the hour in the middle of the day  
Dead still the horror in the middle of the day  
Pulling at your collar, pulling at your hair  
You've got to find a way to get out of there  
What do you do when your legs won't run  
When you want to scream  
but you can't find your tongue  
Middle of nowhere, middle of the night  
You've got to find a way to get out of there  
Take it from strangers and see what you get  
What do you want...well I bet that you get it  
Ride past the highway hiding forever  
I'm sleeping on this side of going nowhere  
Slow down the clock in the middle of the night  
Close off the world in the middle of the night  
Pitch black murder in the dead of the night  
You've got to find a way to get out of there