

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