

Slaves On Dope, September

I'm turning it over to you, this I can't do,
I'm not in control anymore, so take the steering wheel,

Since you've been gone, there's been no one
To look at me, at me

You better remember
Those days in September
They satisfied me too
All at once, they're through

Don't be afraid to be, all alone
I was that way for all my life