

Spin Doctors, Someday All This Will Be Road

Lights on the bridges and a smokestack far away
Smoke turns to indigo in the ending business day
The taxicabs' assault on the potholed asphalt
They parry and lunge 'neath the thin winter sun who's
Painting the bedroom grey
Computer Mage, the plastic age
Someday all this will be a road
"Where will it take us?"
"It's got seventeen lanes."
"Where will it run?"
"It's an interstate parkway."
"Where will it go?"
"It's a boot print of progress."
"Where will it take us?"
"It's gonna be a road, be a road."
"Domesticated primates," the Leary Convict sez
Sewn up together in paper foil like a pack of Pez, of course,
School was a fine bunch of rehashed lines, there was
Nothing really said, I could have stayed home in bed and watched
Reruns of Desi Arnaz
"Time is just a concept," sez Einstein's kid, the dunce.
"People's way of keeping everything from happening at once
Overtake the light, and time is in your sight
And black holes bend the beams so nothing's where it seems and
Finding out the truth could take you months."