

The Unseen, 1000 Miles

another show, another fight, another beer, another sleepless night
no food or money it's all pay to play
drive all night to work an eight hour day
seven years of playin shows, where it ends no one knows
there's confusion in my head, I wish I was in my bed
driving in a beat up van, you wanna criticize the band
you don't know what we go through, FUCK YOU

1000 miles away from home
where we'll end up no one knows

another city, another town
another transmisson run into the ground
but you gotta keep going as fast as you can
seeing the world from the back of a van
how long will we sit at home, get me to the open road
I can't pay my fucking rent, all my money has been spent
homeless for the next few weeks, can we stay with you to sleep
I'd rather make this my life, it's better than working nine to five