

Tilt, Acathisia

One laydown machine
Burned a road
Right through the prairie
Stream of boiling ash
Painted up with perfect lines
Discount labor packing
Each lane
Bargain basement homes
Sewn to the road
Slipshod directions
Do not explain

I got these shoes for nothing
And they have lasted me forever
Searching up and down the lost highway

I can read the grid
I have memorized the key
Counting every inch
From C-4 to J-3
I can think in scale
'Cause I know it ain't
On my map
Scraping off the typeset
Dig into the atlas

Well they can paint it up
Make it appear to go somewhere
Well they can paint it up
But I know where it doesn't lead

ere"