

Walkabouts, Breakneck Speed

The season has come
When nothing gets done
Save copycat killin'

Away from windows
asleep on the floor
The wheel of misfortune spins in the yard

And by the way
And by the way
I'm . . .
(And) by the way
(And) by the way
I'm almost moving breakneck speed

Good news is no news
The whole things comes down
To character murder

Cattle are driven
To market or prison
Hindsight a genius lost in the blood

And by the way
And by the way
I'm . . .
(And) by the way
(And) by the way
I'm almost moving breakneck speed

Tip my hat
And then I'm good as gone
I'm good and ready
Beside myself - breakneck speed

Stretch my reach
You know I'd steal the shoes
Right off a dead man's feet
Beside myself - breakneck speed