

16 Horsepower, Blessed Persistence

I changed my mind
And looked no better
Hard of hart blind blind to his higher art
My frustration
My anger in disguise I slip under
I slip under quiet
He spots me anyhow
Chalk up my name
You burn my bridges for me
To a dry and clackin stalk
I swallow stone
They do not recognize inside with them
The locust has no king
Just noise and hard language
They talk me over but I fade slower
On fever
Blessed persistence right under my skin
Blessed persistence
Blessed persistence right under my skin
You burn my bridges for me
To a dry and clackin stalk
Blessed persistence
Nothing comes to mind
Nothing comes to mind
Nothing comes to mind
Nothing comes to mind
Hey chalk up my name
Right under your skin
To a dry and clackin stalk
Nothing comes
Nothing comes to mind
Nothing comes
Nothing comes to mind
Nothing comes to mind