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