Bomb The Music Industry!, Bike Test 1 2 3

Full speed along the North Oconee River.
I can feel it in my forehead and while that always fails, my lungs are getting clearer.
I see trucks racing by on the roof above my trail, cops are waiting to ticket anyone with out-of-state
I'm not missing anything.

Swore off all prescribed medication and rode two miles through nowhere to a water fountain spittin
I sit at a bench at a compost heap and I'm about to pedal up a sixty degree slope.

At the top of a hill at a very rapidspeed there's only one place to go.
At the top of a hill at a very high speed there's nowhere to go but down.

And it gets easier as I ascend my bike uphill on foot 'cause last time I kicked it into first I broke a ge

And it gets easier as I pass the Edward Scissorhands village where privileged white kids date rape

And it gets easier as I see the double vans in our driveways, I'm glistening but I know that some da

And it gets easier, as time goes things can only get better.
R-I-D-E. I wanna ride.