

Greg MacPherson, Wide Turn

I never figured us to get so far
All feel and no skin
We had a long run of bad luck, bad scenery
And the worst three seasons this town's ever seen
I had my brother's car and we drove out to the rolling hills
We work so hard, let's just get out for tonight
To live so middle of the road, so watered down, I'm watered down
I don't want to waste any more time
Tomorrow's not far away
I got fired up about the city and the factory
A lower middle class catholic boy out looking for a prize
7 hours away from working our dead end jobs
Eyes on the floor watching the world go by
"I'm no good I've got a cold heart," I said.
"I'm only sorry when it lets me get my way"
We took a wide turn rolled down our windows
And let the hot summer air rush in
Tomorrow's not far away