

# Hot Rod Circuit, Safely

Smoke it down  
Until you smell the flesh burning from your finger tips  
You're knuckles are white  
From beating on the walls at night  
Cast your worries to the side  
Focus only when you get the time  
Gonna lose your mind  
It happens all the time

Maybe I can tell you  
To keep your head up and follow through  
Good things will come to you  
I could worry myself to death about you  
Hope you get there safely

I got your letter that you sent to me  
About your misery  
A state of suffering  
It's such a shame to see  
Years of discretion and of a sound mind  
A suicide is for the weaker kind

Maybe I can tell you  
To keep your head up and follow through  
Good things will come to you  
I could worry myself to death about you  
Hope you get there safely  
And your unhappiness  
Emotional Distress  
And your unhappiness

Maybe I can tell you  
To keep your head up and follow through  
Good things will come to you  
I could worry myself to death about you  
Hope you get there safely  
And your unhappiness  
Emotional Distress  
And your unhappiness