Hot Water Music, A Flight And A Crash

Here's one of time passed of a flight and a crash, over and again, In Boulder and San Francisco, a halfway house pack home Back out of his head.
Out searching, for the escape. for an answer, or a reason that his poison has deleted, Anything worth all that's wasted now, finds no difference where he's standing 'cause he's standing with a shotgun and a needle. Arms reaching and head pounding from the screaming. Says: "I don't know what I am doing anymore. I raced all night again, I just want it over." Heart racing. Head pounding from the screaming.

Heart racing now