

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