

Hot Water Music, Things On A Dashboard

And I build up words, time, and hunger.
And I think of words, time, and hunger.
When I wake up all I see are passers,
(I gotta nice seat to the next show. I got sweat and wind and I'm thinking...)
So I sit up, not to miss the passer.
(...That I'm gonna get back home to this again.)

Waiting for tomorrow. I'm far from empty.
Waiting for today. So I'll continue...
(I've gotta wrap my things up...)
...With a song in my own head, drive in my own heart, tools in my own hands.
(...All the things that you remind me of.)

And I build up scars, miles, and memories.
And I think of scars, miles, and memories.
When we pull up, all I feel is freedom,
(This is it and I'm not afraid to spread my wings and take this as home)
So I get up just to feel the freedom.
(Never killing this feeling of living truth.)

I'm not alone when I sing the songs that me and the boys bring.
I'm not alone.