

Less Than Jake, This Is Going Nowhere

I'm wondering around what used to be
downtown wet and feeling cold and kinda feeling old,
I'm walking around and I can almost hear the sound
of everyone I've known and all the people I've seen get up and go.
And there's nothing left to say when I look at friends and see how they've changed.
I kinda wish that it was years ago.
It's another missed connection,
another friend headed in the right direction?
Maybe it's the wrong one and when it's all said and done,
I don't think anybody knows and it goes to show that I'm lost at the edge of 18,
keep losing track of what seems to have been 5 minutes ago.