

Piebald, Fear And Loathing On Cape Cod

If I find my way back home, I'll say "what am I doing here?"
We have made our camp, but not settled. Nothing can touch us here.
We took the van one night.
The three of us, contraband and our bikes.
The city was left behind.
Our own vacation, our own weekend,
our own fear and loathing except on Cape Cod.

At two in the morning when my body's not attached to my head.
We got on our bikes and rode. My legs like Jello when we rode that night.
Hot livers and cold purse. The day was going everywhere in a hurry,
Instead of nowhere fast. Take a pill. Do substances. Have a drink.
Recreational drug use to drive golf balls.
It's the most comfortable and uncomfortable place.
The discomfort is not in a bad way.
No, not in a bad way.
Don't make me go home.

My own chocolate heart.
Look at your scales, your head is on all wrong.
I've got monsters on my brain.
A towel on his head after jumping off the pier,
Rama said I looked like a Kennedy.
And Ryan's taking pictures.
And flattery doesn't make sense in our state.
We had to make our own fear and loathing on Cape Cod.