

Rheostatics, Self Serve Gas Station

Martin Tielli

Another trucker stumbles up the steps into my kiosk for directions,
Too wasted to see the map I'm showing him.
He wanted to bust the glass... 'cause I wouldn't give him gas--
I said, "You shouldn't even be driving.
Just take a nap until the morning time and hit the road."

I wish I had a pistol just to take him down with myself.
What the hell?
No one said this would be easy...
But no one said this would be hell.

Mom and Dad are selfless... and they don't do nothing worthless.
They just work all day and worry about their son:
"What went wrong with Martin? Is he dumb?"

I just pump gas ever weekday night
Until the sun comes up like missiles... to my brain.
You never said this would be hell.

Oh... with all the colors in closed eyes:
Blue and black of veins all bleed to one.
Come with me tonight... To say that this is anything
Is saying much too much.
Let's go.

I see the sun is bleeding.
The morning time has come... It's not that bad.
Oh, no.
No one said it would be king-like,
But no one said I could be had!