

Scott Matthews, City Headache

City Headache
Subside your dreary tongue
Send a Doctor, to my house

'Got me a fever
Coming round the bend
A heavy busload, of danger

Straight talking
You're sending me to bed
Cause I ain't walking in my state

A temperature,
That will not go away
So let it build up in my head

My head...

Prescribed pills;
Just throw them down the sink
Cause in the hills, is my cure

No City Headache
to knock on my front door
No spewing faces, to bug me

Your output level
'been sounded to my ears
A peaking signal, from your mouth

Some cleansing water
To wash away the grime
Of city laughter, off my face

My face...

It's not for me;
The speed in which you walk
would burn the souls of my feet

Congested;
and choking from the fog
Chain-smoking, freak shows

That's how it goes
So you just find the Road
And pack your bags,
And know...