

# 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...