

Sophie B. Hawkins, No Connection

I tired of waking up
I sick of rolling off the bus
I want to sleep forever
In the lies I made
The checks have bounced
But the bills got paid so far
On the Jaguar
I call myself
The lines get crossed
On the short wave I get cut off
ause I can behave
Very well
You think you know me
But you don know my way around
Hell Is just below me
And that why I keep falling down

I praying to resist temptation
Staying within my constellation
Weighing every intonation
Betraying alienation

I quit sobriety
I joined up with insanity
I want to pull the lever on the hatch I built
Escaping truth and avoiding guilt
So far
In the family car I get away
The border nearer than I thought
Il drive all day and I won get caught
Anyway
The light is fading
And I haven had time to call
You must be waiting
For someone whose engines
Won stall

I feeling the strings of your rejection
Kneeling in the wrong direction
Sealing my heart to your neglecton
Revealing no connection