Stone Temple Pilots, Transmission From A Lonel

Miles above your circumstance There's water on your mind I've wrestled with convictions And I've settled with the tide It's more or less uncertainty But still you play the game A pedicure won't change the score But all of this will fade So low, better get on Everything's stopped (down) So slow, better get on Everything's slowed down Take a bath with consecrated water From the shrine And wash away the mud of all the Miles you left behind Triplicates and wedding rings Both lethal to obtain So batten down the credit cards The devil's in the den