

# The Wallflowers, Asleep At The Wheel

Do you ever stop to count all the invitations  
At the end of the day when it comes down to one decision  
Of dead beat girls and freaks at a peoples convention,  
All these sugars with no vitamin sensation.

Do you ever stop to look over old relations,  
Or look to the belly of another one's emotions,  
Someone young in the winds of a revolution  
Trying to save his face in the evolution.

Asleep at the wheel,  
No windshield,  
But you know that the streets  
Here don't change.

He's kept alive in the chain of mental starvation,  
Bone rail skinny, only feeding off frustration.  
Unlike you who seem bred from corruption  
Feeding off the plates of an ununited nation.

Asleep at the wheel,  
No windshield,  
But you know that the streets  
Here don't change.

With a lover in the street whose waiting to make a connection  
To be the mother to the soul of your next abortion,  
She'll steal your money with the eyes of a baby's complexion  
Then she'll laugh at you and your sexual invention.

Smelling like a rose, in the flowers of devotion,  
Devoted the heat of a spotlight in motion,  
With a face full of mud even though you were only joking  
As if you really understood the value of isolation.

Asleep at the wheel,  
No windshield,  
But you know that the streets  
Here don't change.

Your tongue so fast like a freight train coming on rollin'  
Every smile you give's just to keep your mouth from clothin'  
Every engine burns as a sign of the explosion  
Locked in neutral your engines are broken.

Like candle wax that sun melts into the ocean,  
Like the moon that lights the tracks of the old train station,  
You can color in the lines of mother earth's addictions,  
And not hold a gun in the face of the Earth's abduction

Asleep at the wheel,  
No windshield,  
But you know that the streets  
Here don't change.