

Vision Of Disorder, Southbound

Everyday I lay
In a bed of needles.
Oh the summer, the sun,
The sky deep and blue.

They say it's time to die.
They say you better try.
Others make their connections.
Some people want to fight.
Some people wanna get by.
Others stuck with addiction.

Chorus:
And in my head i'm going southbound.
And somehow I don't feel the same.

They say it's time to die.
They say you better try.
Kid you make your connection.
You feel the needle bite.
Walk on the other side.
You are stuck with addiction.

And in my head i'm going southbound.
And somehow I don't feel the same.

6:15 rattles all my bones.
At 65 your motor groans.
Whatever it takes to get it done.
You take your time but you hurry up.