

## Country Road

Adam Green

Back in the summer of '91  
An angel with a lizard's tongue  
Was screaming for a holy broken nose  
Linked to every class of men  
Sprung out from the sparkling sins  
Leaning on the cold electric stove

On a country road I swerved to the side  
Trying to avoid a country bumpkin  
Everyone's in line to meet with the man  
Who blatantly inspired his generation

When they shake his hand and their fingers explode  
Breaking both our necks by the tips of our toes  
Then they turn to me, cause you died I suppose  
But I can't seem to glance fast enough to be sure

Back to summer days, cold hands on the beach  
Memories of thrills designed to please you  
Down the fragrant path I strayed towards the bath  
Suddenly I lived to learn to feed you

Down on bended knee, where I've been for a while  
Set the record straight in the old fashioned style  
Never took too much, though I should have made more  
You are still my friend, though you were not before