

Dig Me

Adrian Belew

It's here I sit amid this ruin and rancor
Like tire irons, toothy grills, and car parts before me
The acid rain floods my floorboards,
Burns my pores, and rots my upholstery
Once I was worshipped, polished magnificently
Now I lay in decay
By the dirty angry bay
I'm ready to leave
I wanna get out of here
I'm ready to ride away
I don't wanna die in here
I'm ready to ride
My skin is metallic now, now longer an elegant powder blue
My body unhinged and sleeping in the jungle
Of motor block manifolds and metal relics
What was deluxe becomes debris,
I never questioned loyalty,
But this dead end demolishes the dream
Of an open highway
Dig me.
But don't
Bury me