

## Fifth Wheel

Avail

Tripped all over my friends At once as they were starting to unwind  
Had a feeling I was losing 'Cause as they moved along I was  
falling far behind I've got a frame full of Good intentions that  
I Left back at home to rot Thought that to stay underground  
And go streamline I'd be strong Now I know I'm not Everyday's  
a week now A search for identity The ground below my feet Has  
got the best of me

And I'm tired of always changing I'm tired of being seen The path  
is leading homeward bound Only God knows where I've been  
I got sick of all of my friends at once As they were starting to  
unwind Had a feeling I was losing 'Cause as they moved along  
I was falling far behind I've got a box full of small inventions  
That I left back at home to rot Thought that to stay underground  
And go streamline I'd be strong Now I know I'm not Many months  
I've been gone now I've learned from all I've seen Turn around  
and face southward bound This has got the best of me  
I'll keep looking for an answer Until my eyes have gone blind I  
've run myself in circles And made it through this time With one  
foot on the platform One foot on the train I'm going back to  
Richmond To wear that ball and chain