

## Act

## Blindside

I will drive a thousand miles  
To escape the smog in this town  
I will drive although I don't have a license  
To escape the ideal that this city crowns

Hide every little scar with so much make-up  
The skin can't even breathe  
Hide every little scar or become the food they feed

Shift into a higher gear  
Place the brick on the gas  
On what I left behind I won't waste a tear  
My rearview mirror has got broken glass

I will drive until I reach the desert  
And wait until I see with my own eyes again  
I will drive I'll head for the desert  
And wait until our minds speak the same words as back then

This makes me into nothing in their eyes  
But I'm willing to pay the price