

Blacktop

Helmet

Your self control might be a muscle spasm
New direction isn't everlasting though
I grope for straws, you've got to plan this week
Then the crutch dissolves, well she's just too sweet

Ration of blacktop on the slope of nowhere
Came out to greet the unresponsive stare
Turn green with envy over something you missed
You didn't know what, when you fell down in it

Walk on top, you run beneath
Blacktop spreads, blacktop speeds

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