

Smell The Future

Peter Mulvey

Standing with my sneakers soaking up a lake of gasoline
Standing with my bob dylan comic books
And a bag of boston baked beans
Standing hear I realize just now what you mean - hey douglas

I smell the future
I smell the future
I smell the future and it smells like gasoline
Lying face down in the street they beat the shit out of him

His face was such a sight
Lying to us blatantly they handed down not guilty
I say that's not right
Lying on my mother's couch screaming at the television

Watching LA burn into the night
That night we smelled the future
We smell the future
Do you smell the future - well it smells like gasoline

Driving in my dreams I'm on I-90 driving east
Driving the first nail into this corner of my life
But these goodbyes are a beast
Driving forces are tugging me and to say the least

I smell the future
I smell the future
Do you smell the future
Well I smell the future and it smells like gasoline