

## On the Ave.

Pinhead Gunpowder

We chased each other wet and soggy  
like a crashing wave  
Grey and filthy in the gutter  
breaking all over the place  
Down the ave. in the pouring rain  
Saying, even more! even more!

At the reservoir you impaled your wrist  
On razor wire climbing the fence  
I cut my thumb trying to climb into  
the blind-deaf school

We were a mess, bloody and half undressed  
In the shelter of the shadows  
of the frisbie street creek  
A canopy of trees and leaves  
With us hidden underneath

Time rolls over me  
Time rushes over me  
Why try to run so fast  
It still passes you by

I had some friends, a psychotic couple  
They had a room in a residential hotel  
They fought in the bed  
While we fucked on the floor

We'd only slept an hour together when  
The manager set the place ablaze  
I awoke to the smoke and flames  
and had to kick down the door

Time rolls over me  
Time rushes over me  
Why try to run so fast  
It still passes you by

Why talk about what could have been  
Why walk around lost reliving moments  
Why walk around at all  
When it's easier to drive a car