

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