

Your self control might be a muscle spasm  
New direction isn't everlasting though  
Grove for straws you've got to plan  
This week  
Then the crutch dissolves  
When she walks 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  
The blacktop spreads  
The blacktop spreads