

Asleep at the Wheel

The Wallflowers

Do you ever stop to count all the invitations
At the end of the day when it comes down to one decision
Of dead beat girls and freaks at a peoples convention,
All these sugars with no vitamin sensation.

Do you ever stop to look over old relations,
Or look to the belly of another one's emotions,
Someone young in the winds of a revolution
Trying to save his face in the evolution.

Asleep at the wheel,
No windshield,
But you know that the streets
Here don't change.

He's kept alive in the chain of mental starvation,
Bone rail skinny, only feeding off frustration.
Unlike you who seem bred from corruption
Feeding off the plates of an ununited nation.

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No windshield,
But you know that the streets
Here don't change.

With a lover in the street whose waiting to make a connection
To be the mother to the soul of your next abortion,
She'll steal your money with the eyes of a baby's complexion
Then she'll laugh at you and your sexual invention.

Smelling like a rose, in the flowers of devotion,
Devoted the heat of a spotlight in motion,
With a face full of mud even though you were only joking
As if you really understood the value of isolation.

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No windshield,
But you know that the streets
Here don't change.

Your tongue so fast like a freight train coming on rollin'
Every smile you give's just to keep your mouth from clothin'
Every engine burns as a sign of the explosion
Locked in neutral your engines are broken.

Like candle wax that sun melts into the ocean,
Like the moon that lights the tracks of the old train station,
You can color in the lines of mother earth's addictions,
And not hold a gun in the face of the Earth's abduction

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No windshield,
But you know that the streets
Here don't change.