

# driving

by Tim G. Young

gravel coughing up tires at 90 miles an hour  
and just getting under way  
scenery barks by along low flying aircraft  
while the wind shudders like a school girl  
inside a clown infested fun house  
where everything the mind plays is a trick

a pair of aces dances exposed in front of the brothel window  
the queens run back into the closet  
while the kings gobble up everything on the table

start your engines monsieur  
make the heavy metal play among the  
lightning and thunder

here comes the horrible, menacing racing face  
escape only possible through the looking glass  
the mirror shaved into a million shards  
covered in black cloth laced tight as new shoes

mama mama you can't see me now  
cause i'm lost in space  
i'm spaced in my lost cause  
but if i keep on running  
if i run run running  
i hope to catch myself  
in the middle of the dark end of the street  
casually laughing at enormous shadows  
teasing me with their thick tongues

don't waste your crazy dreams on me  
motherfucker

i'll wake up next to you and spit in your face  
because thinking has resulted in nothing  
but pain and misery

look out the back door son  
you'll see what it is i'm talking about  
for the rest of your life  
yes a sled named rosebud  
conquered everything in my world  
that ever meant a thin dime to me  
you'll see

but now the need of a vaccination  
is clear  
as the needle in my eye  
saving my vision  
turning all that i own  
back into the dust  
my love swept off the floor  
one morning in the scorching daylight  
gone incredibly wrong

must be the answers remain lost  
in the high speed of gravel spinning  
gold like a madman  
selling rings at the circus

is the light still the light  
is the dark still the dark  
sitting slowly by my window  
the accelerator pushed to the floor  
there's amazing crashes in my ear  
as the brakes sail by the storm  
forecast inside my brain

