Sleeping Androids do Dream Electric Sheep

Crime In Stereo

Everywhere in vans and behind garage doors, a hospice
ward of all the kids we know foregoing student loans
to watch the joints play catch up with bored. set life
supports, prepare to deport. these are the years that
scatter the young into doctors and drunks. so we take
such sweet speed. the best it could be is life work
free. it's the allergies of labor again, and the hourly wages can't
save us finances be damned. anywhere in bands. we're
gone once the summer hits gone to feel the elegance of
fuel and transit and sleep and the terror of streets
as the rumble strips breathe deep. these are the years
that scatter the young into doctors and drunks. why
did this storm wait so long on us. safe to say i'm
never going home to live the way i was before. waiting
for my life to implode with the sheer force of the
workforce. safe to say i'm never going home to live
the way i was before, fucked up on the coming storm of
credit reports and cash withdrawals. so them we'll go
if fortune exists farther than at home on the open
road where the small experience grows . we'll go

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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