

Act

Blindside

I will drive a thousand miles
To escape the smog in this town
I will drive although I don't have a license
To escape the ideal that this city crowns
Hide every little scar with so much make-up
The skin can't even breathe
Hide every little scar or become the food they feed
Shift into a higher gear
Place the brick on the gas
On what I left behind I won't waste a tear
My rearview mirror has got broken glass
I will drive until I reach the desert
And wait until I see with my own eyes again
I will drive I'll head for the desert
And wait until our minds speak the same words as back then
This makes me into nothing in their eyes
But I'm willing to pay the price

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