Punch Drunk

Uncle Tupelo

way in overhead
caught off guard by the gutter
everybody's spending his time
just building and making
someday someone will say, for what
nine to five in a blind alley
equals three sheets to the wind
can't remember when it started
don't know where that it endsand there's never a dull day
when you're beaten by nonfiction
God still reads the headlinesthe front page hope is missingworking away on a rebuilt freeway
straight away from the slash and burn cities
hindsight is there
on a roadsign pointed nowhere
no one gets off here
no way to slow down
there's peace of mind somewhere
for every someone that never thinks about itand there's never a dull day
when you're beaten by nonfiction
God still reads the headlineswe're all listeningfor every drop of sweat that it takes
to speak out in wonder
never knowing how or when to duck next
just sitting here punch drunk, all the wiser

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