

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
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 un-united nation
Asleep at the wheel
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
Asleep at the wheel
No windshield
But you know that the streets
Here don't change
Your tongue so fast like a freight train coming on rollin'
With the smile you gives just to keep your mouth from closin'
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 the Mother Earth's addictions
And not hold a gun in the face of the Earth's abduction
Asleep at the wheel
No windshield
But you know that the streets
Here don't change

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