Black Out

Pavement

Sunday driving past your own hall of fame
It's closed on weekdays, shut for good
Pick out no one when you're talkin'
Felt like rattlesnakes were walkin'
No one has a clueThe parting shots, the thin caught
Fault line dancing across the frigid air shafts
A spastic grass, a criminal's childCount to ten and read
Until the lights begin to bleed
Lights; til you actually a-see the rays
And your thoughts they start turning
Tells you lessons that you're learning
No one has a clueThe gauzy thoughts of those dirty scots
Wrestling with the elements up on the trail high
I need to know
Where does it go? how do I get there? what will I find?

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/