

Nowhere Fast

Swingin' Utters

I have crossed this road before for many years, i'm sure don't recognize the faces, though, that pass me by i've
been off and on my way again, passed marsh road, atherton, black mountain way and bored stale houses on the
yellowed plains
i'm going off again, and for no good reason year by year i've achieved some type of feeling that suggests i've
traveled miles that lead to nowhere fast
i've seen the lot of them from queens to journeymen bigots and confidantes i've spoken to and laughed with
destructive catalysts professionals and loyalists punk rock pop nihilists have grown up amongst suburban
architects
who can say it was all deceiving or that anybody was mislead? i'm not the one to be judging i may not even be
who i think i am
the asphalt is my burning bed has left me invalid put me to sleep at night in the arms of some strange no man's
land i'll be back northbound and west i need the fucking rest but in the meantime these broken roads and homes
will ring in my head (Koski)

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