

Circles

Nonpoint

Going around in circles again. Pedal to floor, back in the seat, purpose and will versus modern machine. and the weight of my feet the sweat on my face. Wanting first place for than you can understand. Passing the slow, defeating the weak, all with the tar on the street, Going around in circles again. Photo finish race. Satisfaction only when I finish at the end. Rear view stare chase. If I follow all the rules, promise that I'll win? Driven so confused that I'm going around in circles again. Going around in circles again. Holding on by a thread. Hoping for something more than second place, first place or more. Where will I be when I get to the end? Cut me loose so I can contend. Doesn't matter what place I begin three hundred sixty-one degree's and then. Going around in circles again. [Thanks to omnigene@hotmail.com for these lyrics]

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