

Blacktop

Snapcase

Your self control might be a muscle spasm

New direction isn't everlasting though

Grope for straws you've got to plan this week

Then the crutch dissolves, when she walks too sweet
Ration of blacktop on the slope of nowhere

Came out to greet the unresponsive stare

Turn green with envy over something you missed

You didn't know what when you fell down in it
Walk on top, you run beneath

The blacktop spreads, the blacktop speeds
Walk on top, you run beneath

The blacktop spreads, the blacktop speeds

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