

# Speed Ball

## Strung Out

No miracles gonna save you now  
No profound word's gonna show  
You how  
No revelation's gonna change the way  
You live  
No wise man's gonna come  
And take your hand  
No awakening lies in store for you  
No effort you submit will deliver you.  
No picture worth a million words  
No Salvation worth a million lives  
Will ever open your eyes so that  
You could really see  
You've come this far doin what  
You do so why change now  
Your doin fine  
I'll candy coat another rhyme for you.  
You're on a speedball  
And it's goin' straight to hell  
And I don't wanna get in your way  
You're on a rocket and it's goin'  
Straight down  
You've lit the fuse set  
The fire now there's no one  
Left to save you.  
Someone pulled the chair right  
Under you, now you're swingin' by the  
Neck and still you continue to smile  
Step right up and get your fix  
Climb back to your crucifix  
We're burnin' the world down tonight.  
No new improved better lookin' god  
No antiestablishmentarian?  
Punk rock song will save the world  
Tonight  
We're on a speedball goin' to hell  
A one-way trip to Candyland and you  
Ain't got no reason to fight  
You don't have the answers

You don't have the solutions  
Somehow it always ends up  
Working out.

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