

Asleep At the Wheel

The Wallflowers

Do you ever stop, do you count all the invitations,
At the end of the day when it comes down to one decision,
Deadbeat girls and freaks out of people's convention,
All these sugars with a no vitamin sensation. Do you ever stop, do you look over old relations,
Look to the belly of another one's emotions,
Someone young in the winds of a revolution,
Tryin' to save his face in the evolution. Asleep at the wheel,
No windshield,
But you know that the streets here don't change.
He's kept alive in the chain of a mental starvation,
Bone rail skinny only feeding off frustration,
Unlike you who seem bred from corruption,
Feeding off the plates of an un-united nation.
Asleep at the wheel,
No windshield,
But you know that the streets here don't change.
With the lover in the streets who's waiting to make a connection
To be the mother to the soul of your next abortion
She'll steal your money with the eyes of a baby's complexion,
Then she'll laugh at you and your sexual invention. Smelling like a rose in the flowers of devotion,
Devoted to the heat of a spotlight in motion.
With a face full of mud even though you were only jokin',
As if you really understood the value of isolation. Asleep at the wheel,
No windshield,
But you know that the streets here don't change. Your tongue so fast like a freight train comin' a rollin'
Every smile you give's just to keep your mouth from closin'
Every engine burns as a silently / sign of the explosion,
Locked in neutral, your engines are broken.
Like candle wax that sun melts into the ocean,
Like the moon that lights the tracks of the old train station,
You can color in the lines of a mother earth's addictions,
And not hold a gun in the face of the earth's abduction. Asleep at the wheel,
No windshield,
But you know that the streets here don't change.

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