

# A Flight and a Crash

## Hot Water Music

Here's one of time passed of a flight and a crash, over and again,  
In Boulder and San Francisco, a halfway house pack home  
Back out of his head.  
Out searching, for the escape.  
for an answer, or a reason that his poison has deleted,  
Anything worth all that's wasted now,  
finds no difference where he's standing  
'cause he's standing with a shotgun and a needle.  
Arms reaching and head pounding from the screaming.  
Says: "I don't know what I am doing anymore.  
I raced all night again, I just want it over."  
Heart racing.  
Head pounding from the screaming.  
Heart racing now

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