Pleather

Strung Out

Another lazy afternoon still fresh inside my head
The sun beats down as we drive around no expectations to hold us down
That car would take us anywhere, just be back before the sun
We drive right into that easy place where you are father and I am sonWe're going for a drive
It's all in my mindThe smell of pleather and gasoline, our chrome starts to rust
The years that separate us now are the years we lost to our mistrust
I'm sorry for my absence but it isn't all my fault
I've come to a place where I can say that I'm not angry at you anymoreWe're going for a drive
It's all in my mind???
Looking straight ahead I'll be alright tonightI look inside myself and find a piece of you in spite of me
It's getting easier to accept that I've become a lot like you again
I look inside myself and find a way out of this tangled web
I'm doing things to spite you now
I'm doing things to tear me down
So turn the radio up and we'll sit inside a memory
A silent moment locked in time
A signal that it'll be alright wellIt's getting easier to live every day
I look inside myself and I find a piece of you.Thanks to Keith (ss_bad_religion@hotmail.com) for these lyrics

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