Fast Lane

Shrub

Follow me down,
all the pathways where the broken remnants lie.
This October sky,
is getting redder by the minute, and I.
I told you I'd try, but I don't know why
Cuz we know it's a foolish waste of time.
And over, and over again you cry.
And I get caught in your web of lies.Said I'm driving in the fast lane,
watching cars pass me by.
Don't know why, I, like to drive 85.
And there's a cop on my left side,
got the devil on my right.
I thought these were supposed to be the best days of my life.Seems like trouble's always brewing,
when the leaves fall to the ground.
I leave this town, and never look behind.
For when the trumpet sounds,
there is no other way that I could go.
The sweet Ohio river flows away.
My day is covered in the melody.
So why not sing with me?Said I'm driving in the fast lane,
watching cars pass me by.
Don't know why, I, like to drive 85.
And there's a cop on my left side,
got the devil on my right.
Thought these were supposed to be the best days of my life
I don't know why, I,
thought these were supposed to be the best days of my lifeWhen the cool winds blowing,
justify my ways.
Cuz in this haze,
the better days have passed me by.
The better days have passed me by.Some say come fly with me,
escaping the fate of destruction,
escaping the misery.
But I know, oh, oh,
the temporary sanity is fading quickly,
and in this falling city,
I said I need you with me.Now I'm sitting in the back seat,
watching cars pass me by.
Don't know why, I, like to drive 85.

And there's a cop on my left side,
got the devil on my right.
Thought these were supposed to be the best days of my life.Said I'm driving in the fast lane,
watching cars pass me by.
Don't know why, I, like to drive 85.
And there's a cop on my left side,
got the devil on my right.
Thought these were supposed to be the best days of my life.
I don't know why, I,
thought these were supposed to be the best days of my life.

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