

Uppers Aren't Necessary

Rocky Votolato

Lead me through these cities of imaginary trends
Something's gonna be changing come the morning time my friend
As fickle as these streets are they might not even wait around till then
I've got a lot to loose so come and take it from me quick Everything you loose if it makes you stronger it makes
you sick
Take these cities from me I'll build buildings up with my own
Bare hands
The uppers aren't necessary the guilt is the coal That keeps the fire burning to drive out the cold
That creeps
In every corner crack and never leaves you alone
Till the lonely Messengers come calling you back home
The trees are stacked
In rows on the side of the road
Stripped of any dignity a birthing May have had
100 thousand crucified on the Mojave I-5 line
Singers shepherds and salesmen all longing for someone
To kill the joy of wondering and end all their desire To help them to remember that the road is nothing but a liar
The uppers aren't necessary the guilt is the coal
That keeps
The fire burning to drive out the cold That creeps in every
Corner crack and never leaves you alone
'Til the lonely
Messengers come calling you back To the red door, cracked
And crooked walk way
The fence impaling the stars
Ghostly Keepers lead the way through railroads of abandoned cars
The tracks and city streets cut through like scars

Songwriters

Rocky Votolato Published by

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