

# Share The Road

## Kind of Like Spitting

Troubled at the office, troubled at the bank  
I put my hands against the tree line  
I know it's real but it still feels fake  
The last thing I remember from that world  
Was a drum take clicked out on the tape too slow  
Oh what a life we give  
Toward obsessions and curled toes  
And the death line that's running  
Through our friends as well as foes  
And the tree line looks over like a bending ghost  
As I go down this road of the bored and boring  
No one saw it coming, everyone was shocked  
So I bummed my roommate's helmet  
And keep a tight grip on my bike lock  
Take the side streets, keep my eyes closed  
Oh, it only takes a second to pass  
I've had some really nice people  
Say some really smart things to me  
I've had really nice people  
Bummer out here in this bed next to me  
So I sing my life in circles  
Through these outrages and I  
Have had some really nice people  
Have to tell me goodbye  
So I give a wish to a nickel, close my eyes and  
let it fly and try to stay positive.

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