

# Transmissions From a Lonely Room

## Stone Temple Pilots

Miles above your circumstance there's water on your mind.  
I've wrestled with convictions and I've settled with the tide.  
It's more or less uncertainty but still you play the game.  
A pedicure won't change the score, but all of this will fade. So low, better get on,  
Everything's stopped (down).  
So slow, better get on,  
Everything's slowed (down) Down. Take a bath with consecrated water from the shrine  
And wash away the mud of all the miles you've left behind.  
Triplicates and wedding rings both lethal to obtain  
So batten down the credit cards, the devil's in the den.

Songwriters

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Song  
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