

# City Headache

[Scott Matthews](#)

City headache subside your deary talk  
Send a doctor to my house  
Got me a fever coming 'round the bend  
A heavy bus load of dangerStraight talking, you're sending me to bed  
'Cause I ain't walking in my state  
A temperature that will not go away  
So let it build up in my head, my headPrescribed pills, just throw 'em down the sink  
'Cause in the hills is my cure  
No city headache to knock on my front door  
No spewing faces to bug meYour output level resign it to my ears  
The blinking signals from your mouth  
Some cleansing water to wash away the grind  
The city laughter off my face, my faceIt's not for me, the speed in which you walk  
Would burn the sole of my feet  
Congested and choking from the fog  
Of chain-smoking freak showsThat's how it goes so you just find the road  
And pack your bags and go

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