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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