On the Ave

Pinhead Gunpowder

We chased each other wet and soggy like a crashing wave
Grey and filthy in the gutter breaking all over the place
Down the ave. in the pouring rain
Saying, even more! even more!At the reservoir you impaled your wrist
On razor wire climbing the fence
I cut my thumb trying to climb into the blind-deaf schoolWe were a mess, bloody and half undressed
In the shelter of the shadows of the Frisbee street creek
A canopy of trees and leaves
With us hidden underneathTime rolls over me
Time rushes over me
Why try to run so fast
It still passes you byI had some friends, a psychotic couple
They had a room in a residential hotel
They fought in the bed
While we fucked on the floorWe'd only slept an hour together when
The manager set the place ablaze
I awoke to the smoke and flames
and had to kick down the doorTime rolls over me
Time rushes over me
Why try to run so fast
It still passes you byWhy talk about what could have been
Why walk around lost reliving moments
Why walk around at all
When it's easier to drive a car

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