Gearhead

John Mellencamp

As the sound bounds in the street
And you settle down to your back seat
And the movement seems to be
[Incomprehensible]
And all the jokes that you use to poke
At all the dopes you were once seen withAnd every word that you had
I was looking up to you for a reason
And you joke at all the words that you spoke
And you say, Hey man, I was only teasing
And the rhyme is no longer in time
And all the words are not the words you been needin'Well, you're not alone, you can feel right at home
You've been fully wronged, into position
It's the nature of the race in an old type of place
It's 'cause they'll spit in your face in their conditionedAnd now you think to yourself, what is left for tomorrow
And it seems kinda strange there's nothing left to gain
And nothing left to borrow
And the mistake your about to make
Will be the final take of your sorrow

Songwriters
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