

# 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 with And 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 conditioned And 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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