

Someday All This Will Be Road

Spin Doctors

Lights on the bridges and a smokestack far away
Smoke turns to indigo in the ending business day
The taxicabs' assault on the potholed asphalt
They parry and lunge 'neath the thin winter sun who's
Painting the bedroom gray Computer mage, the plastic age
Someday all this will be a road
Where will it take us?
It's got seventeen lanes
Where will it run?
It's an interstate parkway Where will it go?
It's a boot print of progress
Where will it take us?
It's gonna be a road, be a road 'Domesticated primates', the Leary Convict sez
Sewn up together in paper foil like a pack of Pez, of course
School was a fine bunch of rehashed lines, there was
Nothing really said, I could have stayed home in bed and watched
Reruns of Desi Arnaz

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