

My Wallpaper Looks Like Paint

None More Black

Forty miles from the city. Sitting in traffic isn't fun.
Crucifix stabbed in soil, to a father from a son.
There's ghosts on the highway. I claim.
Dancing on the medians. Slamming breaks.
I'm forty miles from the city and this is the shit that's in my brain,
I need a whim. Something I can get caught up in.
I've got to get down to something. If I could sacrifice a little bit,
I will. Some of us are drinking coffee,
But how the hell could you read a paper. Probably headlines of fuel,
While the governments putting all the red tape down.
Wake up, I just woke up.
The revolution won't be televised, 'cause it's in the morning drive.

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