

# Punch Drunk

## Uncle Tupelo

way in overhead  
caught off guard by the gutter  
everybody's spending his time  
just building and making  
someday someone will say, for what  
nine to five in a blind alley  
equals three sheets to the wind  
can't remember when it started  
don't know where that it ends and there's never a dull day  
when you're beaten by nonfiction  
God still reads the headlines  
the front page hope is missing working away on a rebuilt freeway  
straight away from the slash and burn cities  
hindsight is there  
on a road sign pointed nowhere  
no one gets off here  
no way to slow down  
there's peace of mind somewhere  
for every someone that never thinks about it and there's never a dull day  
when you're beaten by nonfiction  
God still reads the headlines  
we're all listening

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