

Strike.Fire.Fall

"U-Turn"

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Friday night I crashed and burned.
My doctor says I'm all right.
And this road is live and learn,
With shoulders, detours and orange signs.
Sunday night was such a blur.
My therapist is a b**ch.
A plastic couch and a coat of fur.
Gaudy lipstick and eyeshadow.

We're so, so slow and steady now.
Why, why wait around?
I've got a bit of bitter news for you,
You're just a hooker on the avenue.
And I'm driving by.

Monday night was fun at first.
A little coffee shop in the suburbs.
That kind of talk is weird at worst.
Still you couldn't find enough to say when,
Thursday afternoon arrived.
A year's worth of work in a short time.
From a glance outside the door,
Friday came as such a bore.

We're so, so slow and steady now.
Why, why wait around?
I've got a bit of bitter news for you,
You're just a hooker on the avenue.
And I'm driving by.
Yeah, I'm driving by.
And I'm driving by.
And I'm driving by.

When the plane came in on a Saturday night,
It was news to me, news to me.
If my memory has served me right,
You failed to see, failed to see,
That things all look so wonderful
When they're on the other side.
That things all look so wonderful
When they're on the other side.

I saw a midnight matinee,
Saw a matinee at midnight.
Forget about what the peoples say,
'Cause we're making,
We're making,
We're making up our own time.

Friday night I crashed and burned.
My doctor says I'm all right.
And this road is live and learn,
And I
Waved goodbye.
And I waved goodbye.
Yeah, and I waved goodbye.
And I waved goodbye.

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