

58 "El Paso"

Visit "[El Paso](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Balcony in El Paso
Cigarette butts grace my balcony
And the remains of a dead pigeon seem somewhat poetic
The life form that scurries around below
*Is a mixture of Tex-Mex and trailer park trash
I know you - 'cause I used to live here, too
Guess that makes you just like me
That make you wonder about yourself?
*Your secret's safe

I don't know why
I'm here but I can't stay
The more things change
The more they stay the strange

Sittin' here on this plane
Watchin' the empty faces crawl past me
You know they all seem to have ingested
That same melancholy pill
Instead of warm, fuzzy and safe
They seem cold and judgmental
Little conversations come in and out of audio focus

It's all in slow motion but somehow moving at the
Speed of fear
I feel such the animal, I'm always the animal
My body's the cage - I'm locked in this cage
My home is worn, it's torn, it's been abused
And I like it

(Chorus)

Here I sit in another hotel and it smells like someone else
I lay in bed and I can taste the smell
They smell of smoke, the drink, the stink
And the stain on the floor
I wonder was he with his wife?
*Or another man's whore
Scratches upon the glass
Tell of the drugs and the radio

Is still on to the music that made them dance
I bet it was sweet
But me?
Fuck man I gotta get some sleep

Visit [58](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.