

Avail "Fifth Wheel"

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Tripped all over my friends At once as they were
starting to unwind Had a feeling I was losing 'Cause as
they moved along I was falling far behind I've got a
frame full of Good intentions that I Left back at home to
rot Thought that to stay underground And go
streamline I'd be strong Now I know I'm not Everyday's
a week now A search for identity The ground below my
feet Has got the best of me

And I'm tired of always changing I'm tired of being
seen The path is leading homeward bound Only God
knows where I've been

I got sick of all of my friends at once As they were
starting to unwind Had a feeling I was losing 'Cause as
they moved along I was falling far behind I've got a box
full of small inventions That I left back at home to rot
Thought that to stay underground And go streamline
I'd be strong Now I know I'm not Many months I've been
gone now I've learned from all I've seen Turn around
and face southward bound This has got the best of me

I'll keep looking for an answer Until my eyes have gone
blind I've run myself in circles And made it through this
time With one foot on the platform One foot on the train
I'm going back to Richmond To wear that ball and chain

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