

## Armchair Cynics

### "Endorphins"

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VERY INCOMPLETE

If you've got something to add, please send along!

I took a motor car  
Filled it full of gasoline  
Then you drive it through the twists and turns  
Light 'em up, let 'em burn  
Fasten chains

Oh, the empty road  
It's looking like my life it seems  
I put the peddle to the medal  
When it's over, open up my eyes  
Start to see

And I'm stuck here  
Constructed  
Surround me with my crutches  
trampoline  
So fragile like a baby's newborn skin  
So wake me up and start again  
Supposed to be millenium  
I'm falling like the Romans did

Now don't you try to save me  
I'm exactly where I wanna be  
Yeah, yeah, yeah  
Now don't you try to save me  
I'm exactly where I wanna be

So just bring me  
Something to ease the pain  
To bring the swelling down

This is gonna end

So I can be your love  
Just to know that I

Ash in my hand

I'm just a man

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