

Bomb The Music Industry! "Bike Test 1 2 3"

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Full speed along the North Oconee River.
I can feel it in my forehead and while that always fails,
my lungs are getting clearer.
I see trucks racing by on the roof above my trail,
Cops are waiting to ticket anyone with out-of-state
plates.
I'm not missing anything.

Swore off all prescribed medication and rode two miles
Through nowhere to a water fountain spitting out hot
water.
I sit at a bench at a compost heap and I'm about to
pedal up a sixty degree slope.

At the top of a hill at a very rapid speed there's only
one place to go.
At the top of a hill at a very high speed there's nowhere
to go but down.

And it gets easier as I ascend my bike uphill on foot
'Cause last time I kicked it into first I broke a gear by
going too hard.

And it gets easier as I pass the Edward Scissorhands
village
Where privileged white kids date rape girls and taunt
me in their SUV's.

And it gets easier as I see the double vans in our
driveways,
I'm glistening but I know that some day I won't even
break a sweat.

And it gets easier, as time goes things can only get
better.
R-I-D-E. I wanna ride.

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