

Greg Graffin

"Highway"

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Tired old man you're a wastin' slowly battling grey and blue,
Built your empire as a shell so nobody prays on you,
Remember when you were fresh and bitter like a blossom in its bud?
Struggle to keep the memories free from the sweat and blood,
Just to generalize, you sleep and you rise, you fail to recognize,
Like the Red Queen, you're running out of steam every mile,
The highway of denial

What a funny way to spend the day like a farmer deep in debt,
Tending to the coming harvest, ever trying to forget,

Don't you feel like you wanna run away from the mess that you've begun?
Now that they won't let you make it up as you go along,
Just to generalize, you sleep and you rise, you fail to recognize,
Like the Red Queen, you're runnin' out of steam every mile,
The highway of denial

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