

## Broadways "Under My Belt"

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count these days, feel like i ran a marathon,  
more like a cigarette-a-thon, one three month day,  
six more lanes, so much concrete seems irrational,  
i've never felt more unnatural,  
i watch exhaust blow,  
i see that your dead behind your eyes,  
all this convenience could never fill the hole that i've  
dug inside  
real things seem hard to find,  
armed to the teeth,  
lets kill off every animal, be the only species not  
extinct,  
then well have a feast,  
people seem so strange its like they've all been  
zombified,  
blurred street lights fill my crying eyes,  
i grew some food from the ground,  
one thing that made sense in a world  
that seems so fucking upside down,  
washed away this winders reoccurring theme,  
of feeling lost and incomplete,  
another winters under my belt strip malls they buried  
corn fields  
alcohol is burying me, cut me off while my hearts still  
beating,  
all these stupid games with their fancy names  
they'll never make you free,  
they'll make you numb they dont mean anything

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