

Hot Rod Circuit "Cali"

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I've lived a good life
One with no regrets
Wonder what tomorrow brings
Cause it's not over yet
Take a look around us
At the decaying scene
Looks like the underground is
A dying breed
I smell California
The smell of burning flesh
I've been sent to warm you
Of a sudden death
No it's not up to me
If I look at you with a different view
Then I can accept you
If you hold on to the past
The fall will haunt you and
Lead you to your death
Sifting through the ashes
Bones and debris
And are we really who we want
And need to be
Radio remind me
A signal static free
And as the airwaves fade
We are a dying breed
Keep moving ahead
Keep moving ahead
Leave the dead behind to bury the dead
We lie somewhere between
The darkness and the light
We fool ourselves and say that we tried
No motivation is left inside

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