

## **J Church** **"Open Road"**

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This is no Vietnam,  
A battleground mechanical of sexuality,  
This is a haunted house,  
Ghosts of our dead fathers walk the halls here  
eternally

When all your bankrupt dreams die somewhere in  
space,  
Tell me that you're satisfied,  
You blink whenever you lie,  
When all your middle class dreams blow up in your  
face,  
Losing trying to be right,  
That's the story of your life,  
The story of your life

This isn't Chinatown,  
You can't pretend not to understand half of what you  
see,  
This is a shopping mall,  
You take your fetish and pass it off as cheap  
commodity

When all your bankrupt dreams die somewhere in  
space,  
Tell me that you're satisfied,  
You blink whenever you lie,  
When all your middle class dreams blow up in your  
face,  
Losing trying to be right,  
That's the story of your life,  
The story of your life

My open road,  
My open road,  
Driving through L.A. with no special place to go,  
My open road,  
My open road,  
Everyone wants to move,  
They want to move out to the coast

