

Pilot To Gunner

"We Got Games At High Speeds"

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Over on the no streetlight street, they say, where all the locals and the imports meet, they say, stay out of sight of the unmarked vans, they say, and try to look as inconspicuous as you can, with their laptop, cameras, colors, match and gasoline. "I've got a thing about staying clean, and I'd hate to see this city burn to the ground and, and I..." Shoot it all up force it all out, run it all up, but you'll never wear it out, we got games at high speeds, very simple needs, moving to the 808's making car alarms go off, and yeah we know which streets to keeps off, and we spend our nights with castoffs and prosthetics, and spend our days with high speed diabetics, saying, "Same night, same time, same underpass, same make, same model, same tinted glass." "No more tears, it's no one's fault," I said, and that's when the night came screeching to a halt. Shoot it all up, force it all out, run it all up, but you'll never wear it out, we've got games at high speeds, very simple needs, it's not as easy as it seems. YOu packed it all up, forced it all out, had it sewn up, had it figured out. Take it anywhere but here.

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