

Sole

"Teepee On A Highway Blues"

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A good portion of devotion on sale
To the stale-skinned rummage-happy
Everyday troop
Got my bells on: it keeps my ears ringing
And peers watching
Wishing i'd stop
Quietly judging with my mouth open
And hands on the switch
So when they stop the earth
Who's ass will your head end up in?
It's most likely you'll never get
The perfect tip
Or learn to take hints
I want a new television
'cause my books are getting old
And i'd watch the "news and advertisements"
And find a new way to change my life

Guaranteed of course
Because the names we trust
Have, and will always be, the only answer
Girls like to hold hands
I had my life squeezed out once or twice
So let's call it even...and well-balanced
Like a crock of shit
Or a hell of a life
On a walking mess to the upscale
Where they sniff dreams off fingernails
And rate life on a scale of personal gain
Mapping out the universe:
A wife and kids with no name
And a big house atop a hill
That blocks out the sun for those
Who can't afford it
Throw some crumbs to the starving idealists
Do they not bleed the same? are they not men?

We got bigger desks now
And all my ideas are carefully hidden
On crumpled paper at my feet
Starving for attention
When the demon barely blinks out of this life

Now i'm on the north shore
Laughing at my dot com buddies who got laid off
Who needs references anyway?
I've been working for god
In all the wrong social circles

I could have been a programmer
But this much i still am:
Not a man or a teacher
Just a student in denial
With more to give than they could possibly take
When there's nothing left to disagree with
I'll drop off the face of the planet
And give mtv-land back to it's rightful owners...

You can have it

There's a replica of comfort
And a false sense of stability
The difference between a blow-up doll
Floating in a bathtub with slit wrists
And a lost friend
Only calling to borrow money
All these days are beneath you
There are floors to slip
And break your neck on
And bottles of vodka you can't see through
Parasite to parasite
What's eating me is eating you
The absolute hardest thing about being here
Is how you wish you could fast-forward
The way it drags
Now they got drugs and computers
To do that for you
Until they can be you, and replace you
And convince you that they love you
Never meant to harm anything so innocent
That you can't help but hope
It gets killed crossing in traffic

I promised myself
I wouldn't kill anything on this song
But you leave me no choice
'cause i can't complain
And can't believe i'm still
Waiting for people, waiting for people
Who overextend themselves by saying "hello"
I underestimated greediness
And how loneliness
Will drive entire blocks to pigpile on television sets
All the clap-on distractions

And fade-away inspirations
Are the reason i can barely
Hold a one-sided conversation
Or sit still without knees shaking
I pull the hair out of my head
And wait for bats to fill the room
But all i get is a receding hairline
And another shit-eating grin
It's sad to leave anyone...

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