

Steve Allen

"Dead On My Feet"

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Got to know got to know
My genetic malignancy
The perfect night
I'm drunk consistently
I'm dead on my feat
No pattern in my wonderings
I wish I'd remembered to pack heat
It's a long walk home from here

Strange sounds surrounded me drowned me
I sunk with open eyes
I dove into her mouth
I had to follow that sound
I'm dead on my feat
No pattern in my wonderings
I wish I'd remembered to pack heat
It's a long walk home from here

My world turns upside down
Every good night if I'm forthright
My eyes they pierce inside
Every good night
I live the good life
My feat won't fail me now
Pushing rhythms in my head
My eyes are scanning eyes
I'm a stranger to myself

I don't mind being up all night
I stay close to the walls
I cross empty streets
And I see nothing 's complete
I'm dead on my feat
No pattern in my wonderings
I wish I'd remembered to pack heat
It's a long walk home from here

My world turns upside down
Every good night if I'm forthright
My eyes they pierce inside
Every good night

I live the good life
My feat won't fail me now
Pushing' rhythms in my head
My eyes are scanning eyes
I'm a stranger to myself

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