

## Summer Happened "Wagons East"

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How many times?  
Have I traversed these tired streets  
Traced the faded yellow lines  
With enough revolutions per minute to last a lifetime  
Whispered cries of fragmented asphalt  
Groaning with contempt  
Longing for a life, a life less habitual

We spend our days, tracing beaten paths  
Clutching at our memories, most will never last  
With downcast eyes, bathed in stoic light  
We may never see the road ahead  
(We haven't got the sight)

So accelerate the daily grind and watch the hours fly  
Collared shirts once crisp and clean  
Now sag with all the weight, the weight of all this grey  
A slave or sorts, bound in great green chains  
Choker held tight by a master called tomorrow  
But I can't understand wasting the best years  
Just to enjoy the ones so close to the end

We spend our days, tracing beaten paths  
Clutching at our memories, most will never last  
With downcast eyes, bathed in stoic light  
We may never see the road ahead

So open up your dreary eyes  
And gouge them out with crimson regret  
So many chances you have missed  
So much time has slipped right through your fingers...

We spend our days, tracing beaten paths  
Clutching at our memories, most will never last  
With downcast eyes, bathed in stoic light  
We may never see the road ahead  
(We haven't got the sight)

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