

Mellencamp John Cougar

"Gearhead"

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Written by John Mellencamp

As the sound bounds in the street

And you settle down to your back seat

And the movement seems to be

.....

And all the jokes that you use to poke

At all the dopes you were once seen with

And every word that you had ??

Was looking up to you for a reason

And you joke at all the words that you spoke

And you say hey man I was only teasing

And the rhyme is no longer in time

And all the words are not the words you been needin'

Well your not alone, you can feel right at home

You've been fully wronged, into position

Its the nature of the race, in an old type of place ??

Cause they'll spit in your face in their conditioned

And now you think to yourself, what is left for tomorrow

And it seems kinda strange, there's nothing left to gain

And nothing left to borrow

And the mistake your about to make

Will be the final take of your sorrow

(Chorus

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