

Suicidal Tendencies

"I Wasn't Meant To Feel Thisasleep At The Wheel"

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Counting on nothing, the numbers get higher
Blinded by reason, you're asleep at the wheel
Confused understanding, with a slip for the hold
Squeeze past the pressure, you're asleep at the wheel

A magical moment
Is it too much of a good thing
Recycled in memory was
It too much of a good thing
Why can't you remember
Is it too much of a good thing
Preserved in its danger
You're all asleep at the wheel
Blank stare and a whisper, but who are you judging
I thought you'd be different

You're all asleep at the wheel

A special assignment
Is it too much of a good thing
Unlocked under pressure
Is it too much of a good thing
Confined unforgiveness
Is it too much of a good thing
A new kind of danger, you're all asleep at the wheel
Hope in revision, slight miscalculation
It all goes in stages, you're asleep at the wheel

A blank stare and a whisper
I thought you were different
But who are you judging
I thought you were different
You're asleep at the wheel

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