

Dead Beat Punx

"My Kind"

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There's a driving anchor running through my veins.
I'm the wing commander on a crashing plane.
Oh when our eyes they meet
you sweep my feet
of the holy ground on which I stand,
help me understand.

There's an overwhelming darkness in my soul.
I can't light it up and I just can't take control.
Oh won't you take some time
or spare a dime
for a man who trades his future for the past
and things that just won't last.

Can't seem to find my way back home,
it's not in my chromosome.
My kind just wanders of alone.

Can't seem to find my way back home,
don't know where I belong.
My kind just wanders of alone.

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