

Red

"Freeway"

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I take the freeway
To avoid cops and stoplights.
My job is one smoke and three
Jawbreaker songs away.
Arrive with coffee stained breath
And a stack - unopened mail
That i add to the pile of paperwork
That is my desk.
These letters will never
See the light of day.
Discover my responsibilities for the week,
Then i sit in my room and
Write these songs instead.
Kida like right now - i've got better things to do.

Then there's you - you are so well dressed
But you're so depressed
Your life is sickening to me.
And have you ever had ideas original?

You've got a reference for all things.
You are you're own biggest influence

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