

Ride "Cool Your Boots"

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Even a stuffed crook
Gives the right time, twice a day

Across 50 states of mind
I didn't feel inclined
You waited yesterday
I didn't come your way

Now, time is moving on
I know it won't be long
Till I'm shuffling away
With nothing more to say

When I'm printed on your wall
My face won't change at all
The smile beneath my hair
Hangs lifeless in the air

Like a net in water
I'm running through it all
And I'm shuffling away
With nothing more to say

It's been preying on my mind
And now, I'm just resigned
You smile for yesterday
I think I'm in the way

You seem concerned
And say I should slow down
But how can I see the stars
If my feet are on the ground?

[Incomprehensible]

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