

## Local Porn Star "Permanent Rewind"

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As I move forward I'm chained to the past,  
Mistakes and errors have left my mind crashed.  
The ball and chain has once again regained,  
Control of my present and control of my brain.  
As my foot rises to begin the next step,  
I'm distracted by the potholes I've left.  
Because these bumps in the road have taken their toll,  
As I start to move ahead because it's time to steam  
Roll.

No remorse as I bulldoze, bulldoze my course,  
I'm taking back the helm and I'm taken it by force,  
Shooting from the hip as the pilot of this ship,  
Takes a starboard turn out of the mist.  
The intersections reached, tracker beam release,  
And my time and space has now become breached.  
And just when I seem to break free at last,  
It's not back to the future but back to the past.

Back to the past with the memories in my head,  
Back to the past can't forget what you said.  
Back to the past, Back to the past.

I seem to have an unhealthy fascination,  
With verbatim quoting of past conversations.  
History won't allow me to find my peace,  
Instilled with the memories of things I must release.  
The lies, I'll never forget, maybe forgive,  
But now there's no water under the bridge.  
The past, a drought that's left the river dry.  
And absorbed more than just the tears in my ears.  
My pupils fixed on images transfixed,  
Inside the regions of this mental lunatic.>  
Draw a map of this mind and include a legend,  
X's mark the spots of the thoughts that I've  
Bludgeoned,  
To death a cemetery full of regret,

Of options, decisions and choices that I've left.  
Only leaving myself as the one who's abandoned,  
A candid strategy tends to leave my ass stranded.  
The side of the road is how it seems to go,

When the mind, the mind no longer seems to flow.  
Every time I look inside, I only seem to find,  
That I've been left on this permanent rewind.  
My minds got me on this permanent rewind,  
This permanent rewind takes me back to the past.

Back to the past,  
Memories in my head

Now it's time for me to make my confession,  
With the perfection of this history lesson.  
Total recall of my rise and my fall,  
The memories that hold me back, I despise them all.  
Rapid Eye Movements as I dose,  
Friends, lovers, now enemies and foes.  
My brains left with this mental residue,  
Of my dreams and goals, that have fell through.  
Slipped through the cracks and run down the drain,  
All attempts, attempts made in vein.  
Listen, Listen, listen to what I say,  
I can't live down the image, the imaged I portrayed.  
Directions of my hopes, off course and crashed,  
And through it all, I still stand fast.  
My mind's left in place as I stand still,  
I'll can only break free when I exert my free will  
And just when I seem to break free at last,  
It's not back to the future but back to the past.

Back to the past,  
Back to the motherfucking past.  
Back to the past with the memories in my head,  
The memories in my head lead me back to the past.

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