Spin Doctors "Someday All This Will Be Road"

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Lights on the bridges and a smokestack far away Smoke turns to indigo in the ending business day The taxicabs' assault on the potholed asphalt They parry and lunge 'neath the thin winter sun who's Painting the bedroom grey

Computer mage, the plastic age Someday all this will be a road

"where will it take us? "

"it's got seventeen lanes."

"where will it run? "

"it's an interstate parkway."

"where will it go? "

"it's a boot print of progress."

"where will it take us? "

"it's gonna be a road, be a road."

"domesticated primates," the leary convict sez Sewn up together in paper foil like a pack of pez, of course,

School was a fine bunch of rehashed lines, there was Nothing really said, I could have stayed home in bed and watched

Reruns of desi arnaz

"time is just a concept," sez einstein's kid, the dunce.

"people's way of keeping everything from happening at once

Overtake the light, and time is in your sight And black holes bend the beams so nothing's where it seems and

Finding out the truth could take you months."

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