

## **Gone Jackals, The "Can't Slow Down"**

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I'm driving hard, punching holes in the heat  
The air is clammy, a hamper full of nightmare's sheets.  
I'm goin' fast like a fading blonde  
No time for nothing but goin, goin', goin' - gone.  
My brakes are failing, blasting through all the lights  
My radiator's been blown since I was five.  
The night is clinging and the sidewalks reel  
My body's rusted, I'm rotten, screaming steel.

Tire treads are smooth and hot  
goin' 'round.  
Sirens wailing long and loud  
but what's a man to do  
If he can't slow down.

I'm knockin', knockin' underneath my hood.  
Don't you inspect me, you know I just ain't no good.  
I'm spittin' licorice in the D.M.Z.  
Both sides sit helpless - ironic equality.

Like a warrior who fights without shield  
I'll go down.  
You'll see me smashed to bits in this town  
long before I'm due  
'Cause I can't slow down.

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