

The Gone Jackals "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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