

Tilt "Acathasia"

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One laydown machine burned a road, right through the
prairie, stream of =
boiling ash painted up with perfect lines, discount labor
packing each =
lane, bargain basement homes sewn to the road,
slipshod directions do =
not explain. I got these shoes for nothing and they have
lasted me =
forever, searching up and down the lost highway. I can
read the grid, I =
have memorized the key, counting every inch from C-4
to J-3, I can think =
in scale 'cause I know it ain't on my map, scraping off
the typeset, dig =
into the atlas. Well they can paint it up, make it appear
to go =
somewhere, well they can paint it up, but I know where
it doesn't lead.
Submitted by: Mel

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