

Uncle Tupelo "Wipe The Clock"

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Hunted down
Someone said, "No story, no gain"
Wipe the clock right now
I despise what you crave

I remember you
When you wore a different face
Never heard a story of anyone
Who drove the blacktop insane

Leanin' on a stoplight
Waitin' for eventual change
Once it matter, right now
It's not so easy to gage

Every time
That you ask for more
It's the sound that makes
The colors go blind

And everything comes in three's
But your face shows two
Lost in the watershed
Way out of tune

Ain't it hard
When the spirit doesn't catch you?
Gravity's the winner
And it weighs you down
It weighs you down

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