

driving

by Tim G. Young

gravel coughing up tires at 90 miles an hour
and just getting under way
scenery barks by along low flying aircraft
while the wind shudders like a school girl
inside a clown infested fun house
where everything the mind plays is a trick

a pair of aces dances exposed in front of the brothel window
the queens run back into the closet
while the kings gobble up everything on the table

start your engines monsieur
make the heavy metal play among the
lightning and thunder

here comes the horrible, menacing racing face
escape only possible through the looking glass
the mirror shaved into a million shards
covered in black cloth laced tight as new shoes

mama mama you can't see me now
cause i'm lost in space
i'm spaced in my lost cause
but if i keep on running
if i run run running
i hope to catch myself
in the middle of the dark end of the street
casually laughing at enormous shadows
teasing me with their thick tongues

don't waste your crazy dreams on me
motherfucker

i'll wake up next to you and spit in your face
because thinking has resulted in nothing
but pain and misery

look out the back door son
you'll see what it is i'm talking about
for the rest of your life
yes a sled named rosebud
conquered everything in my world
that ever meant a thin dime to me
you'll see

but now the need of a vaccination
is clear
as the needle in my eye
saving my vision
turning all that i own
back into the dust
my love swept off the floor
one morning in the scorching daylight
gone incredibly wrong

must be the answers remain lost
in the high speed of gravel spinning
gold like a madman
selling rings at the circus

is the light still the light
is the dark still the dark
sitting slowly by my window
the accelerator pushed to the floor
there's amazing crashes in my ear
as the brakes sail by the storm
forecast inside my brain

