

# Rocky Votolato, Uppers Aren't Neccesary

lead me through these cities of imaginary trends  
something's gonna be changing come the morning time my friend  
as fickle as these streets are they might not even wait around till then

I've got a lot to loose so come and take it from me quick  
everything you loose if it makes you stronger it makes you sick  
take these cities from me I'll build buildings up with my own bare hands

the uppers aren't necessary the guilt is the coal  
that keeps the fire burning to drive out the cold  
that creeps in every corner crack and never leaves you alone  
till the lonely messengers come calling you back home

the trees are stacked in rows on the side of the road  
stripped of any dignity a birthing may have had  
100 thousand crucified on the Mojave I-5 line  
singers shepherds and salesmen all longing for someone  
to kill the joy of wondering and end all their desire  
to help them to remember that the road is nothing but a liar

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to the red door, cracked and crooked walk way  
the fence impaling the stars  
ghostly keepers lead the way through railroads of abandoned cars  
the tracks and city streets cut through like scars

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