

Stone Temple Pilots, Transmission From A Lonely

Miles above your circumstance
There's water on your mind
I've wrestled with convictions
And I've settled with the tide
It's more or less uncertainty
But still you play the game
A pedicure won't change the score
But all of this will fade
So low, better get on
Everything's stopped (down)
So slow, better get on
Everything's slowed down
Take a bath with consecrated water
From the shrine
And wash away the mud of all the
Miles you left behind
Triplicates and wedding rings
Both lethal to obtain
So batten down the credit cards
The devil's in the den