

Spin Doctors, Bags Of Dirt

The more things change, the more they stay the same.

And the more it rains, the less I know.

Why do these foreign skies change the way home?

Why do these hotel walls hang their strangeness on my own?

Oh mama, I'm gonna roll, with a truckload of hurt.

These wheels have rolled across I don't know how many bags of dirt

Barefoot in the back of the van, toss an arcing empty soda can.

Long ways, long days, waitresses frayed and underpaid we were harried and waylaid.

We arrived that evening and not a moment too soon.

Finding a place it was, you may say, cool.

These sketches of an infinite architecture are ink and unconfirmed conjecture

A dream glimpse of the puppeteer's knuckle a fragment of a fraction of a gesture

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These wheels have rolled across I don't know how many bags of dirt