

Open Road

J Church

This is no Vietnam,
A battleground mechanical
Of sexuality,
This is a haunted house,
Ghosts of our dead fathers
Walk the halls here eternally

When all your bankrupt dreams
Die somewhere in space,
Tell me that you're satisfied,
You blink whenever you lie,
When all your middle class dreams
Blow up in your face,
Losing trying to be right,
That's the story of your life,
The story of your life

This isn't Chinatown,
You can't pretend not
To understand half of what you see,
This is a shopping mall,
You take your fetish
And pass it off as cheap commodity

When all your bankrupt dreams
Die somewhere in space,
Tell me that you're satisfied,
You blink whenever you lie,
When all your middle class dreams
Blow up in your face,
Losing trying to be right,
That's the story of your life,
The story of your life

My open road,
My open road,
Driving through L.A.
With no special place to go,
My open road,
My open road,
Everyone wants to move,
They want to move out to the coast