

Miracle Mile

Silkworm

I was caught in a bad dream I was locked out on love
I got stuck in the slipstream until I lucked out for once
In the sky behind this club I saw her face high rise
It didn't want to lose it on that miracle mile But we played at CBGB on a 4th of July 3 a.m.
Sound man wanted to kill us then
He was strung out on Ex-Lax, he was fucked in his lungs
He got shot out on Avenue A while sucking on some slut's tongue
He would dress up like a whore just to get lucky once in a while
I didn't want to lose it on that miracle mile
But then we played at the Knitting Factory for fifteen people
Thirty bucks an' someone broke into the goddamn truck
He had shit in his pants, he had a needle in his arm
He just stole a couple sleeping bags that he needed to stay warm
He couldn't even walk, we found him crawling in a garbage pile
I didn't want to lose it on that miracle mile But we met with even greater misfortune in the
Armpit of the Americas
Four dumb hicks from hunger, we got ripped off by these assholes
At a Fort Lee garage, they didn't weld that motherfucking leaf spring
Now those sparks were a mirage, we hallucinated freely
Huddled shivering on the tile
And I didn't want to lose it on that miracle mile But six hundred dollars later we were still
drinking bad coffee
Couldn't sleep stomachs were full of pizza grease
Well I called her up long-distance there was freezing on the line
Did she trust me, could she throw me with a strong breeze from behind?
Oh, no and no again, no fucking shit a crazy smile
And I didn't want to lose it on that miracle mile
But the stage was set for tension so I cried and I spit
I drooled and wept and I hit the gas for Pittsburgh
I was caught in a bad dream I was out on the nod
I got stuck in the slipstream until I blacked out
Until I blacked out thank God

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