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Subject: Re: fps get down to 1\0 when go into westwood online

Posted by [mision08](#) on Sat, 29 Apr 2006 09:12:43 GMT

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If this is an old rig with a new problem, it will most likely be a system configuration issue. Did you try a system restore before you reinstalled the game? Have you added any new hardware or software? The first thing that I would look into is the sound card drivers, and BIOS settings(if you have a PCI card the on board sound should be disabled). To combat the low FPS change your display settings to the high performance low quality settings desktop -> properties -> settings -> advanced. Reduce the resolution to 800x600 and set the refresh rate at 75 or 85. I bet it's something simple. sound card drivers and settings display configuration, or some such.

### Tangled Up In Blue

Early one morning the sun was shining, I was laying in bed,  
wondering if she'd changed it all, if her hair was still red.  
Her folks they said our lives together sure was gonna be rough.  
They never did like Mama's homemade dress, Papa's bankbook wasn't big enough.  
And I was standing on the side of the road, rain falling on my shoes,  
heading out for the East Coast, Lord knows I've paid some dues getting through, tangled up  
in blue.

She was married when we first meet, soon to be divorced.  
I helped her out of a jam I guess but I used a little too much force.  
We drove that car as far as we could, abandoned it out West,  
split it up on a dark sad night, both agreeing it was best.  
She turned around to look at me as I was walking away,  
I heard her say over my shoulder "We'll meet again someday on the avenue." Tangled  
up in blue.

I had a job in the great north woods, working as a cook for a spell.  
But I never did like it all that much and one day the ax just fell.  
So I drifted down to New Orleans where I happened to be employed,  
working for a while on a fishing boat right outside of Delacroix.  
But all the while I was alone, the past was close behind.  
I seen a lot of women, but she never escaped my mind and I just grew, tangled up in blue.

She was working in a topless place and I stopped in for a beer.  
I just kept looking at her side of her face in the spotlight so clear.  
And later on as the crowd thinned out, I's just about to do the same.  
She was standing there in back of my chair said to me "Don't I know your name?"  
I muttered something underneath my breath, she studied the lines on my face.  
I must admit I felt a little uneasy when she bent down to tie the laces of my shoe, tangled up in  
blue

I lived with them on Montague Street in a basement down the stairs.  
There was music in the cafes at night and revolution in the air.  
Then he started into dealing with slaves and something inside of him died,

she had to sell everything she owned and froze up inside.  
And when finally the bottom fell out, I became withdrawn.  
The only thing I knew how to do was to keep on keeping on like a bird that flew, tangled up in blue.

So now I'm going back again, I got to get her somehow.  
All the people we used to know, they're an illusion to me now.  
Some are mathematicians, some are carpenter's wives.  
Don't know how it all got started, I don't what they do with their lives.  
But me, I'm still on the road heading for another joint.  
We always did feel the same, we just saw it from a different point of view, tangled up in blue.

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