

Bob Mould, Surveyors And Cranes

Surveyors and cranes
And all that remains is a creek where
The water runs away when the rain begins to fall
A golden retreat
An idyllic surrounding, Mother's gone mad
From the ennui of parking in the same spot every day
Suburbanites know there's no turning back
They fell for the siren song of
Compilations heavy in rotation at the mall
Another Old Navy
A few less trees, I guess it's not wrong to want
Your own little piece of the American dream

I'm driving a vehicle
Bigger than my father's Oldsmobile
At least 30 miles each way
Passing by surveyors and cranes
I wonder out loud:
When will this traffic die down?
If they would expand this road to 10 lanes
Maybe I could get home

Now I sit by the river
But not in my quadrant, there's no river here
There's no way to get away from here
In a couple of years, there'll be
More buildings a few miles from here
Pushing out the trailer park beyond the reservation
And, the freeway's collapsing
A constant reminder of plans gone awry
Speculators watching real estate investments going dry
The sewers are full of disposable diapers
As landfills appear, tucked up
Neat against the driveway of the corporate farm