

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