

# Mark Eitzel, Fresh Screwdriver

On the freeway  
The traffic fixed in front of me  
Like a still-life  
I don't want to survive

I can't stay in between the lines  
With my hands held just so  
I watch the sky and a silent race  
As fast as you can go

I forgot there was such a thing  
As good people left  
Can't you just save my life?

I got a fresh screwdriver  
Right before closing time  
I got a fresh screwdriver  
Right before closing time

A quote from the architect  
That designed the slums  
Said, Beauty just don't matter  
It's a function of form  
I said, Yes, you're right, you're right  
You must be right  
Your truth is part of a bigger lie  
That sews our lives up tight.

And I forgot there was such a thing  
As good people left  
Can't you just save my life?

I got a fresh screwdriver  
Right before closing time  
I got a fresh screwdriver  
Right before closing time

Set me up  
For my last breath  
I watch you wave your hands over a top hat  
Boring me to death

I got a fresh screwdriver  
Right before closing time  
I got a fresh screwdriver  
So what if I'm dying?  
I got a fresh screwdriver  
Right before closing time