

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