

Pinhead Gunpowder, Benicia by the Bay

They're so proud of this city's history
Like an old war hero reveling in his faded glory
But the present day, that's another story
The old buildings they're so proud of are crumbling down
And the condos in the picturesque part of town
Are sinking, sinking into the bay

But that's the way I like it
Don't want a utopian society
Yeah, it's far from perfect
It's all fucked up and two-faced just like me

The quaint scenery can't hide the fact
That it's a cultureless wasteland
But they're so proud of what they lack
They're so proud... of what?
Proud of such a nice little suburbia
Still living in the shadow of the Zodiac Killer
Maybe it was the toxins in the water

Well you can't beat the cheap rent
Who needs water or electricity?
We're all far from perfect
And now we got our own hypocritical community

Yeah, raise a family
Hang out and watch T.V.
And go and feed the Grebes
Unt. Unt. Unt.