

A Day at the Fair, Erasing Wilkes

It's a small town built on novel objections,
And white local papers with only corrections,
There's grease on the collars and ties,
And a life conceived to die,
And I could pass you by with that look on my face,
That says "hey go fuck off,"
I'm leaving this place,
So warm up the pavement hot,
To make a nice big parking lot,

For all those drug stores and bars meant to erase,
The reasoning why we live here anyways,

So fire up your engines,
Bring the gasoline,
And we'll burn this city down,
Bring the past, I'll bring the lighter,
And we'll dance in flames of this old town,
As we watch all the buildings come tumbling down,
This is love, this is hell, this was home,

It's a bar room filled with branded rejections,
While passing the girls we regret that we slept with,
There's stains on the mattress and sheets,
In a bed so hard to sleep,
With the impressions the drunkenness seems to create,
And the swallowing sound your jaw seems to make,
This is me, into you,
And it's ending,

For tomorrow I'll pretend to be asleep,
As you grab up your shirt and take one last look at me,

So fire up your engines,
Bring the gasoline,
And we'll burn this city down,
Bring the past, I'll bring the lighter,
And we'll dance in flames of this old town,
As we watch all the buildings come tumbling down,
This is love, this is how this was done,

And tomorrow's skies are gray and looking bleak,
It's all the weather guy can tell me,
My days are brighter than my property,
And what I have, and what it lacks to me,

So fire up your engines,
Bring the gasoline,
And we'll burn this city down,
Bring the past, I'll bring the lighter,
And we'll dance in flames of this old town,
As we watch all the buildings come tumbling down,
Goodbye lust, goodbye hell, and goodbye home,
Goodbye home,
Goodbye home,
Well goodbye home