

Agent 51, San Diego's Burning

I'm a hard working man, yeah I'm down on my luck
With a broom and a dustpan, just tryin' to raise a buck
It's not the fact that I don't wanna work
I'm just not gonna take it anymore
Spillin' my guts out every night
For a bunch of blank stares just looking for a fight
It's not that the fact that I don't wanna work
But we're screamin' for change once again.
Voices cry out deep in the night
The streets are empty again
But what's the explanation for just putting up a fight
When San Diego's burning within.
Yeah, nobody here wants to do it
Unless somebody else does it first
Take a look around, watch it burn into the ground
The condition's gone from bad to worse
Time is running out, and the future's full of doubt
Are the good times really over? We can make the good times now
A neurotic, self conscious, superficial wasteland
Is what I would call my town
I try to think back to other times
I try to remember when
What's the explanation for just putting up a fight
When everybody's trying to win
Burn it down to the ground