

Bombs Over Providence, And The Award For Best

Once thought I could easily impart some beginner's knowledge to the upstart.
I've long since left such bombast to fight back, never win, try again iconoclast.
We are the nonsense we espouse to waking minds in sleepy towns.
Of the boroughs and the streets we've gleaned;
looking for a cleaner mind to drive obscene.

These eyes haven't been this dry since we gave up the first time.
Bad moves make great romance till you've grown fat on consequence
and all resolve is a chain link fence.

I've left before and I'll do it again.

Daydreamers, get your hopes up, Wage workers, throw your heads back.

Failed rebels sing with me.

I haven't been the same since the last time you saw me.

We get tired of the waking dreams we're in; of rubbing elbows and taking them on the chin.

Smile hard, this is what we asked for:

two for flinching and one more to grow on.

Goodbye hometown.

Good night old friends.

There's just no telling when I'll be back if I stay the course I have thus far,
and mark each mile with a scar.

They'll prop up what's left of me on the bar,
where I'll pose for a picture sent with a postcard.

Goodbye hometown. Goodnight old friends.

There's just no telling when I'll be back if I've tasted blood and known its source,
and hid my wounds from this dead horse.

Pull these strings and I'll run the course.

'Cause we are the wrenches?

We'll never grow up right.