

# Failure, Wonderful Life

It's not about the boy  
found slain  
It ain't about his lips  
blood drained  
You should've seen his  
dreams dissolve  
Into the dumpster behind  
the mall

I'm goin' down to the  
wonderful life  
I'm goin' down inside  
a satellite  
I'm goin' down on the  
bullet train  
I'm goin' down on the perfect dream

It's not about the  
freeway drone  
That score her tired  
journeys home  
Softly licking her to sleep  
Her eyes are closed to  
the brake light streaks

Sleep in the softest bed  
Eat everything you need  
Never ask anyone  
For anything at all

Why can't I stroke this  
world to sleep  
Please help me stroke  
this world to sleep

It's not about his  
prescription brain  
Deprived of pills that  
keep it sane  
He told himself he could  
go it alone  
See him plead with the  
unplugged phone

Sleep in the softest bed  
Eat everything you need  
Never ask anyone  
For anything at all  
That restless old monkey  
Prisoned inside of me  
Stiff bones that  
close him in  
He waits trapped  
deep within

I'm goin' down to the  
wonderful life  
I'm goin' down inside  
a satellite  
I'm goin' down on  
the SST  
I'm goin' down on the  
perfect dream  
I'm goin' down to the

wonderful life  
I'm goin' down like a  
ripped up kite  
I'm goin' down with  
broken ribs  
I'm goin' down to a  
dirty crib