

Kevin Devine, Noose Dressed Like A Necklace

A Cadillac drives down my street,
A bead of sweat pouring slow down a palm line.
I see a bumper sticker: it's a bearded man with a wanted sign
A myth we've made to scare our fears away;
A slogan that we slap on all our misdirected hate;
A muddy symbol meant to mitigate our pain,
But it's really just a desert corpse we painted on a wall out in some cave, anyway.

I don't know where he's gonna park that thing.

My neighborhood drunk's on line at the deli
With his shaky hands and swollen face he waits for his coffee.
He blacks out curbside every night, and every day crawls back toward Wall Street.
So I don't see it like it's "us" and "them";
I just see everybody working for that same eternal weekend
Droning on and on and on and never doing what we've wanted
Heavy legs, two steps behind some forever-dangling carrot.

And I'm tired of it.
Well, who's to say that we can't just fucking change it?

Well I know it seems dramatic but I treat it like a crisis --
From the office to the coffin, all our time and talent wasted
And that weight against your throat, is that a noose dressed like a necklace?
From here, I couldn't really tell the difference.

Either way, I say let's not take any chances

'Cause I don't know where he's gonna park that thing.
No, I don't know where he's gonna park that thing.
No, I don't know where he's gonna park that thing.