

Less Than Jake, The Upwards War And The Down

All my friends always talk about
The stories of moving on and getting out
Then packing up and heading south
Their heads full of hopes and dreams
They're just like me

My friends aren't going anywhere
My friends all act so unaware
Now they have to face
Their best plans have all gone up in flames

They're just looking for something to take
To break up the day to day and all it's
Loneliness, vacant space
The tragedy of minimum wage

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My friends are worried about last calls
And working jobs at shopping malls
Because they're in between
A mixed up pride and apathy
So tonight they'll talk of calling in
Calling in with bitter grins
Laughing at the state they're in
What a mess, I'm just like them

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So they're sleep walking their way through life
Sitting there and getting by
Like all the other friends of mine
Wishing for something more
Wishing for something more

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