

Modern Life Is War, Marshalltown

Driving in from the edge of town
Ice cold winter sun is going down
And I'm staring just the way I used to
Through that dirty all-night restaurant window

Just thinkin' bout the things I wish I could give up
Just thinkin' bout the things that just won't let me go
But I know I'm gonna be alright
My mind won't focus
I take an out of the way drive-
In and around, the north side of town
Where the smoke from hell's exhaust pipe
Lingers above the cheap rent in the dark night
Hours pass through me,
I'm tired of wasting time
Half hour later towards the downtown lights
I don't know what I'm still doing here

The Coliseum Blue Room, has been empty for a long time
You have to push these kind of thoughts
Right out of your mind-
And I try!

Something has been wasted
At least that's what it seems
All the bars have long closed down
There's no one but me

In the streets of my hometown
I've already said too much!
I'm all lovesick for endless, broken white lines
And I say to all the young wild ones
For you
On your way up
The world isn't against you, my dear, it just doesn't care!