

Modern Life Is War, Young Man Blues

I'm walkin' past liquor stores, and immigrant homes
Check into cash, and men with eyes like ghosts
As boys we were taught to dream in stacks and rows
Cause to dream any bigger is to dig yourself a hole

One bigger than you're already in from the moment your life begins
I'm soaked to the bone at Lawson Arms at 3 a.m.
This cold world has convinced me to betray myself again
Some faceless men
Shivering, betrayal
I am one of them
Never again

I feel the loneliness, of the long distance runner now
This sterility is rotting me out
Can't live in service, I'm dropping out
Dropping out of tomorrow morning's white washed suburban schemes
Billboard masturbation:
Satisfaction Guaranteed

I am the 4 a.m.
Arcade Street
White, bloodshot witness
I'm just another kid in the chorus
An empty street corner prophet
Grimy hands clawing at the gutter on the eve of letting go of crimes against my soul.
They planted their seed
But I won't let them-
Won't let them tear through me!
'Cus I'm a real cool killer, with a killer blow
A lock-jawed apprentice to my guts of gold
Plastic surgery to fit the mold

They'll get you when you're ugly, and when you're feeling alone.
In this modern life, cheap and disconnected
Where there is a siege going on and the besieged will be the last to know
That the race we are running is a joke, and I'm a dropout-
Drop-Out! (x9)