

# 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)