Ryan Adams, Political Scientist

He is drinking water from the faucet from the river
From the tributary it comes through rusted pipes
Outside his window he sees the water that's supposed to be clean
By the chemicals polluted by the candy factory lines
Someplace on the edge of town
Someplace on the edge of town
Is where they live --
Political scientists

So now she is crawling on her hands and her knees
She is dirtying her jeans choking on her own perfume
With a pen she writes below the sink in someone's restaurant
This place is inconvenient for my name
She forgets to write it anyway
She forgets to write it anyway
The government supplies the cocaine
Political scientists
There's no guarantees
There's no guarantees
There's no guarantees

Banging hard upon a crooked drum
She feels them tearing down Salvation Army houses back in Michigan
Her husband's divorced but he treats her that way of course
Because he needs her just like he needs medicine
She forgets to write him anyway
She forgets to write him anyway
What's red and white and nearly over
Political scientist
Political scientist
Political scientist
There's no guarantees
There's no guarantees
There's no guarantees