

Soul Asylum, The Break

Candy coated cannibalistic newsflashed across the screen
Stay tuned we'll define what's wrong and what's right
What's obscure and what's obscene
And the fat cat laughs as you lose your last chance as his pants split right down the seams
But if I ever get my break for God's sake
I'm gonna make my break clean

Yes I may be a dirty old man by the time I can beat down this dirty old scene
But if I ever get my break
I'm gonna make my break clean

I've got bars on my windows and lines on my face
I can't compete in this race
I don't like it when she's on the street at night
She can barely go anyplace
And everybody wants control of her body and I'm hoping the choice might be me
If I ever get my break for God's sake
I'm gonna make my break clean

If you ever give me a break
I'm gonna make my break clean

Shake me I've painted myself in the corner of an escape artist's dream
And you know I believe it cause I just can't leave it
I don't really know what it means
I may be buried alive or just left in the dirt
I'm fading as fast as my jeans
If I ever get my break for God's sake
I'm gonna make my break clean