

SR-71, Blue Light Special Life

There's a hole
In my Goodwill shoes
From walking down
The eastside street too long
Well I'm trying to get out
Get out while I can
Cause this town's wonder years
Have come and gone

I can't express myself
I just depress myself
Of all your choices man
You think you just get one right
I never wanted this
Dirty white trash kiss
Thanks for giving me
Your blue light special life

The kid next door
With the filthy face
Scrapes his gum
Right off the sidewalk
A ripped t-shirt
A new used pair of jeans
He's a clothesline clepto
Backyard parking lot

Now I know it's all your fault

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[breakdown]

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