

Streetlight Manifesto, Here

How did Camus really die that night?
were they right when he died was it really his time?
or was it suicide?
and Holden Caulfield is a friend of mine
we go drinking from time to time
and I find: it gets harder every time

Back off
but you're out on the street again
don't you stop
did you know you couldn't swim
back off
until you're out on the street again
I'm not going to play if there ain't no way I'll win

Hemingway never seemed to mind the banalities of a normal life
and I find: it gets harder every time
so he aimed a shotgun into the blue
placed his face in between the two and sighed:
here's to life!

Back off
but you're out on the street again
don't you stop
did you know you couldn't swim
back off
until you're out on the street again
I'm not going to play if there ain't no way I'll win

Hey there Salinger, what did you do?
just when the world was looking to you
to write anything that meant anything
you told us you were through
and it's been years since you passed away
but I see no plaque, and I see no grave
and I can't help believing you wanted it that way

Vincent Van Gogh, why do you weep?
you were on your way to heaven but the road was steep
and who was there to break your fall?
we're guilty, one and all
and I don't know much, but I do know this:
with a golden heart comes a rebel fist
and I can't help agreeing with those that would not quit

and it makes me sick when I think of it
all my heroes could not live with this
and I hope you rest in peace because with us you never did
and K.D.C. you were much too young
and you changed my life
but I draw the line at suicide
so here's to life!