

The Ataris, All You Can Ever Learn Is What You A

Is this how it was intended?

The sunrise over smokestacks in the Midwest
The beauty of this abandoned factory
Christmas lights blinking on and off all
out of time in what used to be,
your pink house dreams of a middle class America

I'm trying to believe in you, but all these satellites
and shattered dreams are blocking out my view
Please don't forget who you really are,
'cause nothing really matters when we're gone

Fell in love with his Keno waitress
They honeymooned in Memphis,
they were married by the drive-up window
Trailer parks, neon signs, and an empty box of Lucky Strikes
all used up on the dashboard of America

I'm trying to believe in you but
this world sold its faith for parking lots and drunk sincerity
Please don't forget who you really are,
'cause nothing really matters when we're...

You'll be saddened to know, the train tracks
you once walked as a young boy
are now nothing but a graveyard

Please don't forget how small we really are,
'cause nothing really matters when we're gone
(Nothing really matters)

I'm trying to believe in you
I'm trying to believe in you
I'm trying to, I'm trying to, I'm trying to
believe in you