

Two Thirty Eight, That Sad And Holy Glow

I saw it in the eyes of the checkout girl -
that sad and holy glow every blue-collar knows,
like the lit windows on my childhood street
where the deep, dark secrets of the family are kept.

Beneath the mire and stench of growing debt,
the deep, dark secrets of the family are kept.

Credit is a whore who won't wake up and leave,
but believe me I'm not sleeping with her anymore.
I don't want to be a slave, I just want to be free
and honestly I'm sick and tired of people chasing me