

We're About 9, Big Green Box

there's a big green box
at the top of the cul-de-sac
used to have this whole town hypnotized
glazed over eyes
mesmerized by the sidewalk tiles

a bright blue wind used to lift me away
i drift off to the next planned community
"where's the McDonalds?"
somebody asked me politely

but the golden arches were stripped away
there's family businesses and lakefront cafes
it almost makes me want to stay

i see the trained suburban army
heading this way
i can feel you treading backwards
through my veins

there's a big green box
at the top of the cul-de-sac
a home base, target, jail, king of the mountain hill
used to bring me power
now it only brings me electricity

the bike paths weave into
long dark ?parades
the tot lot is free
and the lifeguards get paid
it almost makes me want to stay

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heading this way
i can feel you treading backwards
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it cracks me up when my
little neighbor will say
there's nothing to do
i say "sonny didn't you see
the big green box at the top
of the cul-de-sac?"