# A Better Way

## The Alternate Routes

1...2...3...4Well he's waiting at the bus stop, seven years old
Breathing on his collar in the freezing cold
And he doesn't know a thing about minimum wage
But his mother's gone early and she gets in lateAnd by the time he's 18 he's got nobody else
But god knows college won't pay for itself
So he traded in scraping for a uniform.
And I'm starting to see what he's fighting for
Standing on the front line
Now he's waiting on a land mineAnd maybe there's a better way
Maybe there's a better wayMona Lisa moved up and she moved away
From the people she knew, now she works all day
For a walk-in closet and a master bed
She swore that she'd never be poor againAnd she can't stop shopping, she's so damn bored
And I'm starting to see what we're fighting for
Standing on the front line
Living in a gold mineAnd maybe there's a better way
Maybe there's a better way
Maybe there's a better wayI did some diving on the street today
I put my head against a window pane
I did some thinking about the way it is
I did some thinking about the way we live and,
I wanna talk about Jesus Christ
I wanna talk about living a lie
I wanna talk about the Pentagon
It doesn't matter what side your on, well
I'm only really trying to figure it out
But you can't hear me cause you talk so loudAnd maybe there's a better way
Maybe there's a better wayMaybe there's a better way
Then sending them off to die
Maybe there's a better way
Then drinking alone tonight
Maybe there's a better wayMaybe there's a better way
Then sending them off to die
Maybe there's a better way
Then drinking alone tonight
Maybe there's a better way

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