Welcome To Struggleville

Edwin Mccain

All is quiet on the Western front,
There appears to be a lull.
John and Jane Doe are sleeping well tonight
With the little thoughts inside their skulls.
Salome she's undressed to the nines
Although a few pounds fatter.
She's got Pavlov's bells on her ankles and wrists,
She coming at you with her platter.
I stole down to the waterfront
To escape the desert heat.
What on earth you gotta do around here
To try and get yourself a drink
Heard John the Baptist preaching
"Make way for the King,
But if you wanna recognize him,
You gotta tell me all your sins"
They are building a new gallows
For when You show up on the street.
Polishing the electric chair,
They're gonna give You a front row seat.

Heard a sneer outside the garden;
Salutation so well-heeled:
"Welcome all you suckers to Struggleville"
I've been trying to negotiate peace
With my own existence.
She's gotta stockpile full of weaponry;
She breaking every cease-fire agreement.
Whole thing is full of decay
Just as sure as I'm made of dust,
And into rust I know the beast is falling.
They are building a new gallows
For when You show up on the street.
Polishing the electric chair,
They're gonna give You a front row seat.
Heard a sneer outside the garden;
Salutation so well-heeled:
"Final Stop! No points beyond Struggleville,

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