

# San Diego's Burning

## Agent 51

I'm a hard working man, yeah I'm down on my luck  
With a broom and a dustpan, just tryin' to raise a buck  
It's not the fact that I don't wanna work  
I'm just not gonna take it anymore  
Spillin' my guts out every night  
For a bunch of blank stares just looking for a fight  
It's not that the fact that I don't wanna work  
But we're screamin' for change once again.  
Voices cry out deep in the night  
The streets are empty again  
But what's the explanation for just putting up a fight  
When San Diego's burning within.  
Yeah, nobody here wants to do it  
Unless somebody else does it first  
Take a look around, watch it burn into the ground  
The condition's gone from bad to worse  
Time is running out, and the future's full of doubt  
Are the good times really over? We can make the good times now  
A neurotic, self conscious, superficial wasteland  
Is what I would call my town  
I try to think back to other times  
I try to remember when  
What's the explanation for just putting up a fight  
When everybody's trying to win  
Burn it down to the ground

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