

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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