Sudan

Crime In Stereo

...Vanished in fury of smoke. Before she left she spoke about a problem and a plan. She said "I plan to make my escape, gonna check out the United States. Can't take this island wasteland. How can I be who I want when they know me as who I am? Besides, people work their whole lives hoping to get here. I figure they could use the room. A great place to get rich, have kids and die. I probably won't be coming back so soon. How can I be who I want if I stay here with you? So goodnight, Dark Island. It's the weight of life spent peeking out from beneath the trees...the way the front lawns wander on endlessly. And it's not a bad life. Working 9-5, weekend gardening and cheating on your wife. But if you find yourself broken in the slow mercury of days, and have the courage for the traffic, I know a secret to escape: just be who it is they want. It's easy to find your way. I can't help feeling like there's never enough friends or any friendly faces, just a bunch of clever ways to say "Jesus Saves'"

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