

Light Pollution

Moe's Implosion

Johnny Hobson was a good man
He used to loan me books and mic stands
 He even got me a subscription
To the Socialist ReviewListening to records in his basement
 Old folk songs about the government
 It's love of money not the market
He said these fuckers push on youAnd freedom yells, it don't cry
 Whatever selves will decide
 But there's no hell when you die
So don't look so worriedHe got a night life, lost his day job
 Pushing papers, swinging pendulums
 Anything to serve the function
Or to occupy some timeYou gotta earn this living somehow
 You're good as dead without a bank account
 But it's funny how that life has felt down
In that unemployment lineWith all that trash at his feet
 The pools of piss in the street
 All of that filthy empathy
For the way we're feelingDon't worry
 Don't worry
 Don't worryThe billboards shade
 The flags they wave
 The anthem's playing loud
The baseball game was letting outAnd all at once
 You saw the dust and hurt
 And turned the sound
Got in his truck and turned aroundDrove out through the crowd and the cops
 Drove out past that center mall
 Drove out past that sickening sprawl
Out past that fenced in goldAnd maybe he lost control
 Fucking with the radio
 But I bet the stars seem so close
 At the endAt the end
 At the end
 At the end
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