

War On Drugs (Binghampton, NY 2-22-04)

Barenaked Ladies

She likes to sleep with the radio on
So she can dream of her favorite song
The one that no one has ever sung, since she was small
She'll never know that she made it up
She had a soul and we ate it up
Thrown away like a paper cup, the music falls
The only flaw in her detailed plan
Is where she wins back the love of her man
Everyone knows that he's never coming back
He took her heart and she took his name
He couldn't stand taking all the blame
He left her only with guilt and shame and then she cracked
Won't it be dull when we rid ourselves
Of all these demons haunting us
To keep us company
In the dream I refuse to have
She falls asleep in a lukewarm bath
We're left to deal with the aftermath again
On behalf of humanity
I will fight for your sanity
How profound such profanity can be?
Won't it be dull when we rid ourselves
Of all these demons haunting us
To keep us company
Won't it be odd to be happy like we
Always thought we're supposed to feel
But never seem to be
Near where I live there's a viaduct
Where people jump when they're out of luck
Raining down on the cars and trucks below
They've put a net there to catch their fall
Like it'll stop anyone at all
What they don't know is when nature calls, you go
They say that Jesus and mental health
Are just for those who can help themselves
But what good is that when you live in hell on earth?
From the very fear that makes you want to die
Is just the same as what keeps you alive
It's way more trouble than some suicide is worth
Won't it be dull when we rid ourselves
Of all these demons haunting us
To keep us company
Won't it be odd to be happy like we
Always thought we're supposed to feel
But never seem to be
Hard to admit I fought the war on drugs
My hands were tied and the phone was bugged
Another died and the world just shrugged it off

Songwriters

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