

The Break

Soul Asylum

Candy coated cannibalistic news flashed across the screen
Stay tuned, we'll define
What's wrong and what's right
What's obscure and what's obscene And the fat cat laughs as you lose your last chance
As his pants split right down the seams
But if I ever get my break for God's sake
I'm gonna make my break clean Yes, I may be a dirty old man by the time
I can beat down this dirty old scene
But if I ever get my break
I'm gonna make my break clean I've got bars on my windows and lines on my face
I can't compete in this race
I don't like it when she's on the street at night
She can barely go any place And everybody wants control of her body
And I'm hoping the choice might be me
If I ever get my break for God's sake
I'm gonna make my break clean If you ever give me a break
I'm gonna make my break clean Shake me, I've painted myself
In the corner of an escape artist's dream
And you know I believe it 'cause I just can't leave it
I don't really know what it means I may be buried alive or just left in the dirt
I'm fading as fast as my jeans
If I ever get my break for God's sake
I'm gonna make my break clean

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