

# Noose Dressed Like a Necklace

[Kevin Devine](#)

A cadillac drives down my street  
A bead of sweat pourin slow down a palm line.  
I see a bumper sticker  
it's a bearded man with a wanted sign.  
A myth we've made to scare out fears away  
A slogan that we slap on all our misdirected hate  
A muddy symbol meant to mitigate our pain  
But it's really just a desert corpse  
We've painted on the wall out in some cave. Anyway...  
I don't know where he's gonna park that thing. My neighborhood drunk's on-line at the deli  
with his shaky hands and his swollen face he waits for his coffee.  
He blacks out curbside every night  
and every day crawls back towards wall street.  
So I don't see it like it's us and them  
I just see everybody working for that same eternal weekend  
Droning on and on and on and never doing what we wanted  
Heavy legs two steps behind some forever dangling carrot. and I'm tired of this  
So who's to say that we can't just fucking change it? and I know it seems dramatic  
but I treat it like a crisis  
The office to the coffin  
All our time and talent wasted  
and that weight against your throat  
is that a noose dressed like a necklace? From here I couldn't really tell the difference  
either way I say let's not take any chances cause I don't know where he's gonna park that thing  
Well I don't know where he's gonna park that thing  
No I don't know where he's gonna park that thing

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