

Light Pollution

Bright Eyes

John A. Hobson was a good man
He used to loan me books and mic stands
He even got me a subscription
To the Socialist Review Listening 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 you And freedom yells, it don't cry
Whatever sells will decide
But there's no hell when you die
So don't look so worried He got a night life, lost his day job
Pushing papers, swinging pendulums
Anything to serve a function
Or to occupy some time You gotta earn this living somehow
You're good as dead without a bank account
But it's funny how alive he has felt down
In that unemployment line With all that trash at his feet
The pools of piss in the street
All of that filthy empathy
For the way we're feeling Don't worry
Don't worry
Don't worry The billboards shade
The flags they wave
The anthem's playing loud
The baseball game was letting out And all at once
You saw the dust and heard
Every tiny sound
Got in his truck and turned around Drove out through the crowd and the cops
Drove out past that center mall
Drove out past that sickening sprawl
Out past that fenced in gold And maybe he lost control
Fucking with the radio
But I bet the stars seem so close
At the end At the end
At the end
At the end

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