Young Man Blues (Remastered)

Modern Life Is War

I'm walkin' past liquor stores and immigrant homes...
Check into cash...
And men with eyes like ghosts.
As boys we were taught to dream in stacks and rows...
Cause to dream any bigger is to dig yourself a hole...
One bigger than you're already in from the moment your life begins.
I'm soaked to the bone at Lawson Arms at 3 a.m.
This cold world has convinced me to betray myself again.
Some faceless men.
Shivering.
Betrayal.
I am one of them.
Never again.
I feel the loneliness of the long distance runner now.
This sterility is rotting me out.
Can't live in service.
I'm dropping out.
Dropping out of tomorrow morning's white washed suburban schemes.
Billboard
Masturbation:
Satisfaction Guaranteed.
I am the 4 a.m.
Arcade Street white bloodshot witness.
I'm just another kid in the chorus.
An empty street corner prophet.
Grimy hands clawing at the gutter on the eve of letting go of crimes against my soul.
They planted their seed...
But I won't let them...
Won't let them tear through me.
'Cause I'm a real cool killer with a killer blow.
A lock-jawed apprentice to my guts of gold.
Plastic surgery to fit the mold.
They'll get you when you're ugly and you're feeling alone.
In this modern life...
Cheap and disconnected...
Where there is a siege going on and the besieged will be the last to know
That the race we are running is a joke,
And I'm a dropout.
Drop-Out.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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