Light Pollution

Slacker Astronomy

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