Suffering Jukebox

Silver Jews

Planes on the downtown skyline is a sight to see for some
It ought to make a few reputation in the cult of number one
While these seconds turn these minutes into hours of the day
All these doubles drive the dollars and the light of day awaySuffering jukebox, such a sad machine
You're all filled up with what other people need
And they never seem to turn you up loud
Got a lot of chatterboxes in this crowdSuffering jukebox in a happy town
You're over in the corner breaking down
They always seem to keep you way down low
The people in this town don't want to knowWell, I guess all that mad misery must make it seem true to you
But money lights your world up, you're trapped, what can you do?
You got Tennessee tendencies and chemical dependencies
You make the same old jokes and malaprops on cueSuffering jukebox, such a sad machine
You're all filled up with what other people need
Hardship, damnation and guilt
Make you wonder why you were even builtSuffering jukebox in a happy town
You're over in the corner breaking down
They always seem to keep you way down low
The people in this town don't want to know

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