

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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