Back In Town

Sound Team

Go for a lunch hour stroll
Why should you wind your way through Coca-Cola cabs
When you can jump your own shadow on Burnside Avenue?
I know you wish you'd stayed home
Now for the fourteenth time you are that kid
In backseats that blur under an angry moon

But the center cannont hold, that you cling to
You don't need to look for trouble
Trouble will find its way to you

But when there's nine thousand neckties in a swarm all around you
Lunch-counter girls are always so put on
Don't deconstruct the megadome it's inside you
Polaroids can't stand up when they're own
Ask me again if I can do you a favor
As the snow and the window get some business done
Your neighbor, who wishes you would stop getting locked out
It's all grist for your decay mill

So let the backlash begin
You would always say gray lightning was your only friend
The bleachers are empty the sky is an impossible blue
But I don't need to argue anymore
So I let you hack away
Until you decide you prefer the forest floor

But the center cannont hold
The center cannont hold
You don't need to look for trouble
Troble will find its way to you

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