

# 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 cannot 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 cannot hold  
The center cannot hold  
You don't need to look for trouble  
Trobble will find its way to you

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