Native Son

The Judybats

Can you spare me a quarter, though I have no one to call
I just thought it might save my ass one day
If the sky or the free world were to fall
This is the only thing that I can doThis is the only thing I know how to say
And when everything is gone and the night it seems grows long
Will you play this record anyway
There are a million ways to say itThere are a million lies to choose from
So don't look up
You might find that your head is stuck
No one's going to bail us out of this oneEvery time I call your name
Somehow I wish it was the same
For me and you and all the things we do
Not in vainMaybe I could give you a ride though I don't really own a car
Well, it isn't anything so different
Than living underneath a dying star
Well, this is what we all get up forWhen the clocks go out of time 'cause nothing short of
War and death and money
Will ever fucking change your mind
There are a million ways to die sonAnd there are a million places to choose from
So don't look up
You might find that your head is stuck
No one's going to bail us out of this oneEvery time I call your name
Somehow i wish it was the same
For me and you and all the things we do
Not in vainAnd who will kill this native son
Who will learn from everything that we have done
And who will we get to stand up for tomorrow?

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