

# The Edge of Town

## The Suicide File

The cul-de-sac jungle is a cruel place  
It's a living rotting failure from a different age  
And if you're looking for the place that dreams go to die  
It's not in the city, it's around the outside  
You can mortgage your future for sub-leached purity  
And accept the sterility in exchange for security  
But no matter how many times you run from your fears  
The same problems always re-appear  
Day after day, it's all just decay  
And the promised land just gets further away  
On these dead lawns lie your father's dreams  
White flight, white blight, white screams  
On these dead lawns, lie your mother's dreams  
Rum, Romanism And Tammany idealism is fucking dead  
Laughed off the stage at countless conventions  
Laissez-faire is en vogue again  
It's silver tongue has been heaven sent  
One man, one vote, throw it away  
One land, one hope, throw it away  
When every candidate looks the same  
Born of noble blood  
So don't fucking talk to me about  
Our tradition of democracy  
Who the fuck am I supposed to believe in?

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