White Town "The Straight-Edge Atheists' Hymn"

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Winter turns into spring That won't mean a thing Unless you see every grain You have to watch every leaf unfurl Every new pretty girl Every boy win his name

Oh, my life isn't the same The pleasure and pain are both sharper for me Oh, my life isn't a game I know where I come from I know where I'll be

See the drunken kids dance It's their only chance To pretend they're free As the real world shoots them down Ten years from now They won't feel a thing

Junkies, drunkards and whores They're sometimes bores But they're my best friends Clean and sober I'll stand with them all Waiting to fall Everything must end.

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