

## **Diesel Boy**

# **"Real Life In The Big City"**

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The sun comes up on Santa Rosa  
The garbage men are cleaning up the street

There's a junkie sleeping in the shadows  
and all around me I can feel the weight  
Up in the sky I see Orion  
And he's telling me a lie  
The windows laugh at me 'cause its so easy to see  
through me  
Connect the dots and do your time  
Every thought I have reminds me not to trust the  
headlines  
Eat a peach and walk the line

From up on the roof I can see the sunset  
And everybody coming home from work  
Except for me and my headache  
'cause loneliness a tired man makes

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