Electric President "Some Crap About The Future"

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You spread your rusty fingers across the ledge.
You get your coat and peer down under the edge.
You watch the city moving, breathing by -great.
You're not a part of it,
You're broken now like us.

I turn and brush the birds from off my shoulders, And cross sidewalks with an air full of white noise.

You sit up on your perch for the rest of the night. You watch the moon and hope the damn thing crumbles.

You count the stars reflecting in the windows, And then you realized just how minimal you are.

I stop and watch the airplanes leave the city And I silently wish I was on one.

You sit downtown and watch yourself from the glass. You reach inside and tears out all your cables; Snakes of smoke are dripping from your fingers You have no body- just a cage to hold your parts.

I have no answers; I'm rambling.
I was never one to solve whatever ask my mom.

You lied out on the roof and watched the sunrise. It's burning fingers run next to your insides, And for a moment you feel like you're alive, And then it's gone so you get up, Up, up, up,

Baby, there's blood on the sidewalks of this town We've got, we've got us, We've got us sober looks, But we don't have to take it lyin' down anymore Our hands aren't tied now.

Down, down, down, baby, Down in the center of this town We've got, we've got em, We've got em buried deep Under layers of concrete are the bumps of the past

Ohh no, no, no,
We'll leave on the evening train
Won't be long but it feels that way
That home never meant very much to us anyway
So we convince ourselves that we're better off gone
Maybe we're right

Then we collapse on a road
On a old dirt road
Where the sun doesn't look like such a waste.
And we fall asleep under leaves
Of a couple of the nearby trees
And we never wake again.
Never again...
No, never again.
No, never again.

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