

Ghost Mice "Bloomington, IN"

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I live on an island
In the middle of the sea
That's filled of hungry sharks
That like to eat people like me
It's been called a utopia
And a punk rock paradise
My island isn't perfect
But my island's pretty nice

And I can ride my bicycle
Anywhere I wanna go
I can ride it to the health foods
Store I can ride it to the show
And all I gotta deal with is
A stupid SUV filled with future
Yuppies who try to run me
Off the streets

And I know
I'm not alone
There's lots of good people here
That make it a nice place to call home
And I know
I'm not alone
We'll all fight the good fight
Till we make this place our own

Tree City, USA
It's what the signs all say
But it seems like they're cutting
Down more each and every day
Now they're trying to tell us
We need a new interstate
Trees don't mean nothing
When there's money to be made

And when I was a young boy
Some evil factory
Polluted all the water with
A lot of PCBs
They never got it cleaned up
And I doubt it can be done

And I bet they'll still be laying
There for many years to come

But I know
I'm not alone
There's lots of good people here
That make it a nice place to call home
But I know
I'm not alone
We'll all fight the good fight
Till we make this place our own

And I wish this college would
Just shrivel up and die
And even though I sing it
Well I know that that's a lie
If it wasn't for the college
Well I wouldn't be here
I'd be working at the
Cemetery down in Louisville

And I know
I'm not alone
There's lots of good people here
That make it a nice place to call home
And I know
I'm not alone
We'll all fight the good fight
Till we make this place our own

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