

Broadways

"I Hear Things Are Just As Bad Down In Lake Erie"

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another ugly fucking stare
friendly faces seem so few and far between
the older i get it seems i'm just a piece of shit
to those even older than me
why am i so fucking bad?
i've been to school ever since i was three
and i'm part of a happy family
well my agenda might not be the same as yours
more to do with peace of mind and less to do with
greed
i don't live vicariously through my tv
if i had a wish i'd do away with capitalist society
i'd build a world where smiles and love are worth more
than money
and if this world blew up i'd finally get a decent night's
sleep
and every night i pray for sweet dreams and an h-
bomb
but my bomb didn't fall today
looked at the sky and prayed for metal rain
yesterday i stared out at the water, lawn chair in the
sand all day
and as the sun kissed the horizon and the day began to
fade
and people got into their cars and drove the fuck away
and the sounds of modern industry drifted lazily into
space
but the fish are still dead in the water
and the machine starts up again at 8
and when the by-products of progress are human lives
instead of fish
it will be too late to realize our mistakes
our quest for progress has become so fucking absurd
thank god for juicers vcrs and quisinarts
meanwhile people are still fucking blind
meanwhile we're all dying of aids
o the neutron bomb is so fucking ingenious
kill a million people instantly but preserve their
machines
erase a culture and a race
but their fax machines are safe
just another fucking reason why i hate this fucking

place
the fish are fucking dead in the water
and the ugly stares persist
and i forgot how to smile
is it our culture, our species or just our sick state of
mind
that makes us so proficient in hate?
yeah we blew up japan and they bought our real estate
and the indians never saw a dime
we look out for #1 so much that #2 is dehumanized
if you don't believe me then take a look out on the
street
human fucking beings living in refridgerator boxes
begging assholes like you and me for money just to eat
the fish are all dead in the water and the feelings are
dead on the shore
and the only dream i have is for an h-bomb to come
and blow us fucking up
so you don't have to hear me bitch anymore

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