

Johnny Hates Jazz

"Harmony Parking Lot"

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This one's for every drug problem that got stopped in it's tracks by a trip to rehab. I'll miss railing pills with you in the park. This one's for every friend who decided not to drop out and stay at their mom's house. I'll miss you on the street corner when it starts to get dark.

Because tonight I'm cryin' about the crack house that got torn down in the center of town. And tonight I'm laughin' about the army recruitment station lying vacant. Here's to the rubble. A break through every window, a casket buried six feet deep for everybody's hero. Here's to our lives being meaningless. And how beautiful it is because freedom doesn't have a purpose.

This one's for every arsonist that got locked down before they burnt the cities down. I'll miss seeing the sky scrapers on fire! This one's for every friend who got taken off the streets so the upper class could sleep. So the upper class could sleep. I'll miss the spraypaint and slashed tires.

Because tonight I can't smell the pigs around the corner on the shortness of your breathe. And tonight I can't taste the whiskey from across the room in the stumbling of your steps. Here's to the rubble. A break through every window, a casket buried six feet deep for everybody's hero. Here's to our lives being meaningless. And how beautiful it is because freedom doesn't have a purpose!

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