Johnny Hates Jazz "New Mexico Song"

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As he lights an American spirit
He asks how I can smoke such shit
I say there's nothing like chaining
G-P-C cigarettes.
Cuz any smokes will kill ya
But these will make you feel like it.

I sit back down, On the parking lot curb And remember back to February The trip to Hartford

And five minutes ago
He was passed out on the staircase
Trying to make it to his apartment
But not making it all the way.

And now he's driving us 100 miles an hour down the interstate Another beer in his hand Swearin' we won't be late.

That was before everyone moved to New Mexico. They all left a couple of months ago Until the day my friend When I sleep on the floor of your van again

I'll be waiting in this parking lot, And in my dreams, I am dirty broke, beautiful, and free.

My hands clenched in a fist, and my face in a smile, after hitching to many miles.

We aren't revolutionaries, but we are the revolution.

And sometimes I think that the whole movement is just me and you

And maybe we'd all be better off if that was true

Cuz then we'd at least know where we stand And we could tell our comrades apart from the man Cuz if the world isn't that simple Maybe this town is at least

And if I'm not marching with them for war I'm sure not marching with you for peace

Class traitor? What fucking ever!
I'm just another middle class kid, too.
But if I'm not good at changing, I'm good at self loathing
So I'll class hate myself with you.

May our only occupation be not having a job And may the only cocktails we make be Molotov

May that day be now, and for as many days after that as we know how
It starts in this parking lot, and in my dreams,
I am dirty broke beautiful and free.
My hands clenched in a fist, and my face in a smile,
After hitching too many miles.

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