

Johnny Hobo And The Freight Trains ""No Trespassing" Waltz"

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And it's true that we're teenage fools,
Trading five days a week to work and school.
Just to sneak around on weekends watching for the
cops,
To dance in abandoned parking lots,
And call these cracks in the system a revolution.
But to the Vanguard Party that's criticizing:
What have you been up to the Soviet Union?
When you're not starving,
Life is just the mechanics of eating.

Talking to you is raw eternity, but what isn't these
days?
And if our only gift is this dark black void, to me that's
okay.
Because our nihilism is the terrorist wing of youthful
apathy:
Burn everything down just to drink in the ruins of what
used to be an American city.

So if it's all the same, then I'll pass out tonight still
hating punk rock,
But in love with you and the kitchen floor that you let
me sleep on.

There's whiskey in my bottle!
And you know there's enough for you.
I'll join you in that grave you're digging if there's room
enough for two.
Where there's no risk of death, life is just the logistics
of breath.

Tomorrow I'll wake up in a ditch
With every friend that ever meant anything
Lying right there next to me.
Tomorrow I'll wake up in a ditch with every friend
That ever meant anything on the opposite side of the
country.
But I still wouldn't trade anything for the nights
When the rain promised us at 2 AM in some burnout
industrial shell
Of a town that will never be dry again.

And I'll keep walking, and running,
And drinking towards a day that I can see suicide as a
tragedy.

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