

Johnny Hobo And The Freight Trains

"Not My Revolution"

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I say I've got nothing to live for like, there's someone who does. I say I feel so betrayed like there's someone that's safe to trust. And I'm not for inaction, but I am for despair. May this resignation lead us to battle against forces we know will destroy us before they really know we're there. I'm fighting for something between apocalypses and liberation. I'm struggling for something between apathy and desperation. And just because I'm an anarchist doesn't mean that I won't burn a black flag while you're wishing for utopia, I just hope the cops don't search my paper bag. Who-o-oo. Who-o-o-o-o-o-oo. Oi! Oi! Oi! Oh-o-o Who-o-o-o-o-o-oo. Oi! Oi! Oi!

You look out over the on-ramp and all you can do is sigh. I can see that the interstate and the litter make you wanna die. But the way that the morning sun hits the gasoline rising over concrete; well it just seems so beautiful to me. Yeah! You're fighting for a globe covered again in fields and forests. I'm thinking of a world without bricks and it just seems so boring. But keep your thumb out and we'll make Burlington by 7:30. You wish the world was clean but I'm in love with the way it's dirty. Who-o-oo. Who-o-o-o-o-o-oo. Oi! Oi! Oi! Who-o-oo. Who-o-o-o-o-o-oo. Oi! Oi! Oi!

He listens to a traffic report about the jam on the way to the city. It's only a couple of exits but it seems like a thousand miles to Philly. But I know that we'll make it to the basement show somehow. And I know that as soon as we walk in the door it will be about who can talk feminism the best to get into girls pants, and who can quote Emma Goldman the most without having to dance. And singing those stupid protest songs. He says music can change the world, but with lyrics like that, I'm so glad he's wrong. Whoa. Whoa. Oi! Oi! Oi! Whoa. Whoa. Oi! Oi! Oi!

