

Johnny Hobo And The Freight Trains "The Politics Of Holy Shit I Just Cut My Hand On A Bottle"

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He talks about nothing using too many words.
He talks revolution for an hour without using any verbs.
She acts the rage which is most of her problem.
In love with everyone until she wakes up tomorrow.

Another Saturday night.
Another fucking shitty Saturday night.

I'm spinning in the next room.
Slurring along to my isolation
At the top of my lungs.
I'm sitting here next to you.
Sore throat from jokes about all the dumbest things I've
done.
I don't want to be anywhere at all.
Here or at my house kicking at the wall.

If home is where the heart is
Then I live in my upper chest.
I'm gonna drink until these tears
Start to taste like the cheap beer.
I'm gonna drink tonight until these tears
Start to taste like the cheap beer.

The bottles are stacked like they show how we're
different.
And that maybe if we were sober we could explain what
this all meant.
But pints of Vodka don't write poetry.
You can't rearrange crushed pills into melodies.

But I swear to fuck;
That a brick through a broken Starbucks window means
more.
And I swear to fuck;
That we fight more systems when we're passed out on
the floor.
Than the words of Kurt Vonnegut ever could.
And all the works of Karl Marx ever fucking could.

I'm puking in the next room.

Sorry about the carpet,
Clean it up or your mom'll be mad.
I'm pretending that I'm too good for you.
So you can't see the worthless pathetic person I am.

Better to seem like an asshole,
Than what you are.
The billionth teenage boy with social problems
To plays the guitar.

I'm not sure what I want you to say to me.
But I know the look on your face that I want to see.

If home is where the heart is
Then mine is a cigarette.
I'm gonna drink until these tears
Start to taste like the cheap beer.
I'm gonna drink tonight until these tears
Start to taste like the cheap beer.

I'm not you and that's good enough for me.
The only word that I use is fuck,
So you can forget the dictionary.

I can't tell what question you're asking.
I don't care 'cause no is my answer.

Another Saturday night.
I kissed everything on a Saturday night.

I'm bleeding in the next room.
Let it happen 'cause maybe the blood-loss will add to
my high.
I'm here beating up on you.
'Cause I'm just drunk enough to be sure that I'm ready
to die.

I don't care that you don't care that I don't care.
The only card game I know is strip solitaire.

If home is where the heart is
Then I got evicted this week.
I'm gonna drink until these tears
Start to taste like the cheap beer.
I'm gonna drink tonight until these tears
Start to taste like the cheap beer.

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