

Less Than Jake

"City of Gainsville"

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We have our master plan,
bottled and canned
living in the 352.
Steps one and two,
walk home drunk, wake up confused
with a stranger next to you.
The copied costumes and conversations
They seem to be constantly making this
into a strip mall kind of town.
I use my credit card to buy alcohol,
student loan spent at the mall, and I
I may be going broke,
but I'm never broken down.

We have our history
just you and me
but our future gets talked away.
Steps 3 and 4,
Staying drunk and sit on this porch,
planning out how to escape.
We're two truck stops off the interstate,
the promised land with a twist of fate,
we're a town for all the lost and the found.
So sleep tight in your smokey room,
still buzzed from this afternoon. And I
I may be going broke,
but I'm never broken down.

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