

## **Loud Family**

# **"720 Times Happier Than The Unjust Man"**

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Twenty miles walking down El Camino  
I was starving for young people we know  
No one calls but to weigh in against us  
No one comes but to leave on the next bus

I forget who could hand out the birth rights  
I forget who could break up the cat fights  
I forget who adjusted our high chairs  
I forget who could talk us down out of our nightmares

720 times happier than the unjust man  
Dream the heaven where women fight hand to hand  
Help the galley slave be all he can

I can tell that the industry's ravaged  
I could steal gas and live like a savage  
Sell it off if it isn't a canned good  
Break the twelve-string acoustic to pieces for firewood

I can tell that you'd cut through the chatter  
I can tell that the critics would scatter  
I can tell by intangible somethings  
I can tell by your preference of smart things to dumb things

Carve a way for the greater good  
Lose the dogs at the river bank  
You were kissing the summer gods, hot and rank  
Choose your meal from our display tank

Eyes still adjusting  
I have nothing to look at you with  
But the mood that I'm in  
I fill my days with work because I am lazy  
The way a coward is hungry to get in any fight  
That he can win

What to do now with Pallas Athena  
Sharing space with the vats of retsina  
What to do with two heros in one plot  
What to say to two Johnnies who showed up on one spot

Something old better fall and die  
When you ride in on something new  
And that's the deal that's been made between death  
and you  
That's the deal that's been made between death and  
you

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