

Modern Life Is War

"Humble Streets"

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No, this is not what we wanted.
Yes, this is all that we've got.
Listen to the streets in this town
And you'll hear a plea for dignity in a life without.
It's near midnight on Saturday Night.
These sad clowns will chatter till Sunday morning light.
We're common. We're desperate...
We'll do this our own way.
We grew up strong in these humble streets.
We worked all week and we're drinking tonight.
There's no end in sight in these humble streets.
Methamphetamine still rampant.
Churches and bars are full but the library is vacant.
Baby faced veterans and factory men
Singing the same jukebox songs with bottles stuck to
their lips.
So many children raised on welfare and T.V.
It's easy to see how the circle remains unbroken.
And I am one of the lucky ones...
We're common. We're desperate.
We'll do this our own way.
We grew up proud in these humble streets.
We can work every day. Watch T.V. every night.
There's no end in sight in these humble streets.
But I'm just singing my cheap white boy blues.
When I get back home I'll be drinking right next to you.
We're Common. We're Desperate.
I'll do this my own way.
Wherever I may roam this is where I remain.
And I belong to these humble streets.

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