

Crime In Stereo

"New Harlem Shuffle"

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It's not the end! Forget what I said that fucking
letter says, I'm not going over. I'm not crossing
oceans for them. It's not defense and I won't let the
business of making new Soldiers roll over our making
promises. We'll tell them I was only joking when I said
all those things I swore I meant at the time, either
joking or lying. So better the stateside than brave
the great desert divide, The whole ride over I was
growing wings and better the road stretched ahead
than
the cheap threat of me stretched out dead. What's to
think over? Just grab your fucking things. They'll be
no statewide searches for some AWOL stateside kid
like
me. I swear it'll just be a few weeks of hotel rooms
and diner food, or face the new american exchange of
one rifle for every wife I'll lose. Listen! I've been
thinking we'll take all we've got and i can dodge the
draft and you can quit your job. and we'll make these
fuckers catch me if they want me. They'll find me a
fighter after all. So better the stateside than brave
the great desert divide . sound the sirens for a long
drive. better the days in for weeks than the days away
in the desert streets, so sound the psalms of retreat

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