

Dad**"Lawrence of Suburbia"**

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Wide eyed
Open mouthed
Blank faced
Low clouds
Long walk
Up from hell
But I came back
Back unbent
What it means
Is that I'm good
That much
Is understood
But all in the room
Is dark because
Life is no longer what it was

Lawrence of Suburbia
Real life is murder
Wake up from Utopia
On it again
All aboard the moneytrain

Everyday
As a rule
I'm distant
I'm cool
Not the same
As before
I've folded up suicide
In four
But this dirty sun
Shining down
Pierce the dark
And the sound
All you'll see
Is a tightlipped smile
On a scared little man
As the train runs wild...

Lawrence of....

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