

## Schroeder's Songbook "Nj Coup De Grace"

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In this town, man, you don't kill time  
In this town, time commits suicide  
So we watch it die and we toast to the clock  
As if the second hand is sending you off

And we talk for hours  
About love gone sour  
And childhoods  
We'll never have again  
From the petty shit to the politics  
And the great debate:  
Blue or Pinkerton

But one day  
You called to say  
You packed up and made your escape  
From this town  
To higher ground  
But tell me what is up there anyway?

Eyeliner and jet black hair  
Packed interstates and dirty air  
Come back home, yeah - we miss you, man  
Get out of New Jersey while you still can

In this town, man, you don't kill time  
In this town, time commits suicide  
So we watch it die and we toast to the clock  
As if the second hand is sending you off

You tell me hip hop quotes  
I tell you lines I wrote  
You tell me which songs I write  
That you don't like  
And now our vision is slurred  
And our speech is blurred  
And neither of us will admit  
We've had too much to think tonight

But one day  
You called to say  
You packed up and made your escape

From this town  
To higher ground  
But tell me what is up there anyway?

Eyeliner and jet black hair  
Packed interstates and dirty air  
So, come back home, yeah - we miss you, man  
Get out of New Jersey while you still can

Fighting the man next to a congressman  
Embracing hypocrisy the best way you can  
I'm sorry, but it's hard to give a damn

When all I see is

Eyeliner and jet black hair  
Packed interstates and dirty air  
So, come back home, yeah - we miss you, man  
Get out of New Jersey while you still can

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