

The Agent

"I Am Job"

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They want answers quick
Or else our lives are just this generation's garbage.
It doesn't matter if you're scared to death
Of mediocrity or banality...
It's all they deem
As a perfect ending to your fairy tale.
We're walking around campus with signs that say "for
sale"

I can't picture me at 45
With a briefcase and a tie.
Old and hooked to a machine.
(Let me go) What's there to keep alive?
Now who's ready to take the great American dive?

The great American dive...

Nothing is working out, I have my doubts.
How the fuck am I suppose to know this now?
Will it kill the world to not hear me yet?
Can't I wait to walk through the turnstile?
'Cause I'm not ready to walk through...
Well, I'm not ready to walk through...

The trains wont wait for me...
These maps all lie to me

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