

## The Broadways

# "I Hear Things Are Just As Bad Down In Lake Erie"

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Another ugly fucking stare  
Friendly faces seem so few and far between  
The older i get it seems i'm just a piece of shit  
To those even older than me  
Why am i so fucking bad?  
I've been to school ever since i was three  
And i'm part of a happy family  
Well my agenda might not be the same as yours  
More to do with peace of mind and less to do with  
greed  
I don't live vicariously through my tv  
If i had a wish i'd do away with capitalist society  
I'd build a world where smiles and love are worth more  
than money  
And if this world blew up i'd finally get a decent night's  
sleep  
And every night i pray for sweet dreams and an h-  
bomb  
But my bomb didn't fall today  
Looked at the sky and prayed for metal rain  
Yesterday i stared out at the water, lawn chair in the  
sand all day  
And as the sun kissed the horizon and the day began  
to fade  
And people got into their cars and drove the fuck away  
And the sounds of modern industry drifted lazily into  
space  
But the fish are still dead in the water  
And the machine starts up again at 8  
And when the by-products of progress are human lives  
instead of fish  
It will be too late to realize our mistakes  
Our quest for progress has become so fucking absurd  
Thank god for juicers vcrs and quisinarts  
Meanwhile people are still fucking blind  
Meanwhile we're all dying of aids  
O the neutron bomb is so fucking ingenious  
Kill a million people instantly but preserve their  
machines  
Erase a culture and a race  
But their fax machines are safe  
Just another fucking reason why i hate this fucking

place  
The fish are fucking dead in the water  
And the ugly stares persist  
And i forgot how to smile  
Is it our culture, our species or just our sick state of  
mind  
That makes us so proficient in hate?  
Yeah we blew up japan and they bought our real estate  
And the indians never saw a dime  
We look out for #1 so much that #2 is dehumanized  
If you don't believe me then take a look out on the  
street  
Human fucking beings living in refridgerator boxes  
Begging assholes like you and me for money just to  
eat  
The fish are all dead in the water and the feelings are  
dead on the shore  
And the only dream i have is for an h-bomb to come  
And blow us fucking up  
So you don't have to hear me bitch anymore

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