

The Grownup Noise

"Strawmen"

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Seeing in double the saints play your tune
Dreams of your maker they fall in on you

Stuck in a show and leaning on the ropes,
With sucker punches we didn't throw
Pushin the air between my busted teeth
What could you do, he studied your every move
Now your feet they're slipping on the rules
While the drunk and the cowards run down the avenue

Stuck in the age of strawmen
Drinking the spills of history
And how they're gonna shake him
And how they're gonna break him in two

Radio cues and all the static news
It drifts like winter, with no heat on
Playing your part and now the stock's on you
Down in the first you knocked him through the roof
And the crowd they wandered with defeat on
Quick in disguise they ran down the avenue

Stuck in the age of strawmen
Drinking the spills of history
And how they're gonna shake him
And how they're gonna break him

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