

The Lawrence Arms "Smokestacks"

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I listened to the megaphone man. he said we were facing the end. that's so much better than my mom and dad who said this is just the beginning 'cause they're in love with their shiny new world. they're in love with their airplanes and cars and hotels. it gets invented and produced in mass the very next day. it seems that they've tried everything and nothing has failed. no need to wait for tomorrow, 'cause everything is blowing up today. the grass beneath my feet is a synthesized version of the work of a dying perfectionist. animals and open spaces, trees, plants and sunny days are all in line to be replaced with smokestacks. concrete and power plants ... with therapy, cosmetic surgery and waist reduction plans. no compassion from our sky, smeared with billboards and dirt. it seems that they've tried everything but nothing has worked. no need to worry about tomorrow, 'cause everything is blowing up today. i'm in and out of clubs and stores and restaurants and bars dodging people and buildings, advertising, eye contact and cars. another day unfolds and the structures all get old. do you think that maybe you could save me? 'cause it's coming and i don't wanna be on board. miles from solitude. incredibly alone miles from solitude. incredibly alone

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