

The North Atlantic

"The Man Who Saved Your Ass"

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When I was your age I'd get the fuck down,
sex the girls all soft and round.
And plains spitting fire from their mouth
at cities a mile in the ground
And these buildings
a metal heaven built around us
And this city
you never did care that much for
And it's a dollar twenty five
and some ripple white eyes
and it's the longest drive
for the rest of your life
And it's a dial tone death
wired to the human head
and a machine that runs you down
until you're dead

there are turbines in the ground
where no one can hear them groaning
they're feeding the streets and the yards
the suburbs are growing
I gave them hell and they gave me traffic eyes
a bottle where I go to hide
I dream of planes in the sky
a tongue made of liquor knives

he dropped the bomb

And the city of the future
That we crawl through screaming drunk
Always building something over
what it was that came before

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