

The Subways

"2003"

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In the end what's left
Won't be your feathered hair or your fake breasts or
your fast food or your slow death.
All the rallies and all the marches,
All the fireworks and all the garbage.
The politics of hate and your so called friends
And I'll stop now if you know how this ends.
Last chance to dance and then slip away.
No love, just sex. the american way.

We're going down now.
We're already dead.
We're going down now.
We're already dead.

The politics of hate and your so called friends
And I'll stop now if you know how this ends.
Last chance to dance and then slip away.
No love, just sex. the american way.
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