

Vigilantes Of Love

"Welcome To Struggleville"

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Artist: Vigilantes of Love

Song: Welcome to Struggleville

All is quiet on the Western front,
there appears to be a lull.

John and Jane Doe are sleeping well tonight
with the little thoughts inside their skulls.

Salome she's undressed to the nines
although a few pounds fatter.

She's got Pavlov's bells on her ankles and wrists,
she coming at you with her platter.

I stole down to the waterfront
to escape the desert heat.

What on earth you gotta do around here
to try and get yourself a drink

Heard John the Baptist preaching

"Make way for the King,

but if you wanna recognize him,
you gotta tell me all your sins"

They are building a new gallows
for when You show up on the street.

Polishing the electric chair,
they're gonna give You a front row seat.

Heard a sneer outside the garden;
salutation so well-heeled:

"Welcome all you suckers to Struggleville"

I've been trying to negotiate peace
with my own existence.

She's gotta stockpile full of weaponry;
she breaking every cease-fire agreement.

Whole thing is full of decay
just as sure as I'm made of dust,
and into rust I know the beast is falling.

They are building a new gallows
for when You show up on the street.

Polishing the electric chair,
they're gonna give You a front row seat.

Heard a sneer outside the garden;
salutation so well-heeled:

"Final Stop! No points beyond Struggleville,
Welcome all you suckers to Struggleville"
In the hole from the beginning/wherever

Truth shows up, it'll go on the chopping block.

Note: Inspired by Edward Knippers' painting, "The Prize"

(Salome with the head of John the Baptist

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