

Dead City Dealers

"This City's Dead"

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Chorus:

I hate this place, but I can't leave
Suffocation, I can't breathe
Everybody's so complacent
I hate this place, but I can't change it
This city's dead (x12)

Television or petty crime - how will you spend your free
time?

A pack of smokes and a case of beer
Another work week's almost here
Idle hands with an idle education
The city's empty plans for rejuvenation

Gimme somethin' to pass my time, divert my attention
from
the Greyhound station

(Chorus)

Disco plays on the oldies station
I switch the radio off
All the other frequencies are too boring and too soft
Local bands all sound like shit, or break up like a
teenage love
Won't have my idle hands involved in any of the above

(Chorus)

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