

## Alternate Routes, The "A Better Way"

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1...2...3...4

Well he's waiting at the bus stop, seven years old  
Breathing on his collar in the freezing cold  
And he doesn't know a thing about minimum wage  
But his mother's gone early and she gets in late

And by the time he's 18 he's got nobody else  
But god knows college won't pay for itself  
So he traded in scraping for a uniform.  
And I'm starting to see what he's fighting for  
Standing on the front line  
Now he's waiting on a land mine

And maybe there's a better way  
Maybe there's a better way

Mona Lisa moved up and she moved away  
From the people she knew, now she works all day  
For a walk-in closet and a master bed  
She swore that she'd never be poor again

And she can't stop shopping, she's so damn bored  
And I'm starting to see what we're fighting for  
Standing on the front line  
Living in a gold mine

And maybe there's a better way  
Maybe there's a better way  
Maybe there's a better way

I did some diving on the street today  
I put my head against a window pane  
I did some thinking about the way it is  
I did some thinking about the way we live and,  
I wanna talk about Jesus Christ  
I wanna talk about living a lie  
I wanna talk about the Pentagon  
It doesn't matter what side your on, well  
I'm only really trying to figure it out  
But you can't hear me cause you talk so loud

And maybe there's a better way  
Maybe there's a better way

Maybe there's a better way  
Then sending them off to die  
Maybe there's a better way  
Then drinking alone tonight  
Maybe there's a better way

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