

Ryan Adams "Political Scientist"

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He is drinking water from the faucet, from the river
From the tributary it comes through rusted pipes
Outside his window he sees
The water that's supposed to be clean
By the chemicals polluted by the candy factory lines

Someplace on the edge of town
Someplace on the edge of town
Is where they live
Political scientists

So now she is crawling on her hands and her knees
She is dirtying her jeans, choking on her own perfume
With a pen she writes below
The sink in someone's restaurant
This place is inconvenient for my name

She forgets to write it anyway
She forgets to write it anyway
The government supplies the cocaine
Political scientists

There's no guarantees
There's no guarantees
There's no guarantees

Banging hard upon a crooked drum
She feels them tearing down
Salvation army houses back in Michigan
Her husband's divorced but he treats her that way of
course
Because he needs her just like he needs medicine

She forgets to write him anyway
She forgets to write him anyway
What's red and white and nearly over
Political scientist, political scientist
Political scientist, political scientist

There's no guarantees
There's no guarantees
There's no guarantees

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