

Trunks & Tales

"On The Conspiracy Shelf, Between Roswell And Marilyn Monroe"

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I cannot believe
I left my pride beating out of my chest
All across these United States
I've been there, yes I've been there
And everything has changed

These roads have known our names
None of you can say the same
Our sweat drips down the walls in empty rooms
These lungs have known the sting
Of continuing to sing
Up and down a coast that won't remember us
My heart has never burned like this
Spent a whole life screaming
No one will even notice
We're shaking, we're not breaking
We've worked so hard, never gotten very far

Screamed at basement walls
They've never screamed back
They're too interested in beer and cigarettes
I've propped up this crumbling foundation
I've held up every wall
But no one seems to care

Now it seems you can't trade sweat
For all the things we'd never get
And you used to have to work to get where you are
So we'll drive right through the night
And we'll count the highway lines
Let this country swallow and spit us out again

And if I don't return home
Know that I'm doing fine
Send my love to my mother and my friends
Be sure to tell them I'm still alive

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