

The Suicide File

"The Edge Of Town"

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The cul-de-sac jungle is a cruel place
It's a living rotting failure from a different age
And if you're looking for the place that dreams go to
die
It's not in the city, it's around the outside

You can mortgage your future for sub-leached purity
And accept the sterility in exchange for security
But no matter how many times you run from your fears
The same problems always re-appear

Day after day, it's all just decay
And the promised land just gets further away
On these dead lawns lie your father's dreams
White flight, white blight, white screams

On these dead lawns, lie your mother's dreams
Rum, Romanism And Tammany idealism is fucking
dead
Laughed off the stage at countless conventions
Laissez-faire is en vogue again

It's silver tongue has been heaven sent
One man, one vote, throw it away
One land, one hope, throw it away

When every candidate looks the same
Born of noble blood
So don't fucking talk to me about
Our tradition of democracy
Who the fuck am I supposed to believe in?

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