

Titus Andronicus

"In A Big City"

Visit "[In A Big City](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

I grew up on one side of the river
I was a disturbed, dangerous drifter
Moved over to the other side of the river
Now I'm a drop in a deluge of hipsters
Something a guy from the first side said:
"To die in a cipher, city to a cinder"
Male or female, beggars still the only ones calling me
"Mister"

And some of my dreams are coming true
And some of the smoke from the other room is seeping
through
And some other ghost in another tomb is screaming
too

Black hole, open up wide
Your lost son is coming inside
Spaceship? Or a lifeboat?
Put me out, coach, I'm ready to float
Who would fardels bear to grunt and sweat
'Neath a life that was so mundane?

And what would you expect from a guy like me
On a day such as Monday
When I know life begins at the moment
Of consumption?

So taxing on the dollars and the sense
Of deduction

And every cent I ever earned I spent
And I would again

It's easy turning me on
I'm nearly a robot
I've been building bombs
Bombs between beers and blowjobs
Lifeless automaton, feeling like a ghost
I don't know much but I know which side's buttered on
my toast
From Jersey I come, but I pump my own gas

I'm a dirty bum, but I wipe my own ass
If you're chasing any other kind of currency, son
You're really doing little more than twiddling your
thumbs

Visit [Titus Andronicus](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.