

Uncle Sam

"Satan Your Kingdom Must Come Down"

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Way in overhead
Caught off guard by the gutter
Everybody's spending his time
Just building and making
Someday someone will say, for what
Nine to five in a blind alley
Equals three sheets to the wind
Can't remember when it started
Don't know where that it ends
And there's never a dull day
When you're beaten by nonfiction
God still reads the headlines the front page hope is
missing
Working away on a rebuilt freeway
Straight away from the slash and burn cities
Hindsight is there
On a road sign pointed nowhere
No one gets off here
No way to slow down
There's peace of mind somewhere
For every someone that never thinks about it
And there's never a dull day
When you're beaten by nonfiction
God still reads the headlines we're all listening
For every drop of sweat that it takes
To speak out in wonder
Never knowing how or when to duck next
Just sitting here punch drunk, all the wiser

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