

Uncle Tupelo

"Wait Up"

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I can only sing it loud
Always try to sing it clear
What the hell are we all doing here
Making too much of nothing
Or creating one unholy mess
An unfair study in survival, I guess
But it always comes down to
What to do when it's all around you
And this tightwire act
Leaving us here for dead to news of the world
And liquor piles up ahead
Dodging those with words of power
Forever on their breath
When the quality of life gets tripped upstrangled like
death
It seems it's getting harder out there especially without
time enough to see
True to life is another hangover
True to life is more and more politics
True to life is always having to look over your
shoulder true to life is assembly-line sickness
But it always comes down to
What to do when it's all around you
And this tightwire act leaving us here for dead to news
of the world
And liquor piles up ahead
Dodging those with words of power
Forever on their breath
When the quality of life gets tripped up and strangled
like death
It seems it's getting harder out there especially without
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