

## The Winning Side

## The Airborne Toxic Event

Well I made some mistakes  
At least privately it takes  
And here's another one  
And I said "it would be okay"  
"But that's a lie, man"  
I mean...  
"Hey we're all dying... Young!"  
Now it's all reality...  
But it's more like a terrifying dream  
And I'm serious!  
It's either whiskey, or a bong,  
Or a car crash, or a bomb  
I'm serious!  
It's the only thing I think  
When I wake up in my bed  
With my stomach churns  
As these pages turn  
Is the world burnin'  
Or is it only in my head?

On a screen on a tv  
On a scene in front of me  
With all the white woods n the static  
And the static n the screams  
This is war, this is death  
This is really very bad  
On the winning side, the winning side,  
The winning side, the winning side

And I'm sick of the train  
Over Brooklyn in the rain  
All by myself  
When it finally occurs to me  
That all these people wanna be  
Just some where... else  
Like every day is just the last bit  
To argue with your boss over a coffee break  
Well it seems to me, I mean, want more dignity  
Or I'm going to... break  
Because the only thing I think  
When he walks out on the street  
He says, the sky falls  
And you're duty calls man,  
It takes some balls to be...  
So I'll see

On a screen on a tv  
On a scene in front of me  
With all the white woods n the static  
And the static n the screams  
This is war, this in death  
This is really very bad  
On the winning side, the winning side  
The winning side, the winning side  
The right side, the right side  
Oh the shit you watch  
When your parents cry

And it all falls away so quietly  
When you wake up to reality...

A Reality?

What's reality? What's reality? What's reality?  
You Don't Fucking Break!

Well I got a brother in Iraq  
I got no way to get him back  
Like all those people in the sands,  
Buried in Afghanistan  
I got a child in a crib  
I got a father in a bed  
I got no pills  
I got no skittles  
I know I do what I did  
I just wonder every second  
As they wheel the bastards by  
Are we living?  
Are we dreaming?  
Are we winning?  
Were we dying?  
In a cloud of dust,  
In a mushroom burst,  
In a series of deaths,  
As the agents burst?  
Or all alone in a hospital bed?  
Wondering what we  
Might of done instead...  
With a lifetime...  
A lifetime, a lifetime, a lifetime  
A lifetime, a lifetime, a lifetime  
A lifetime, a lifetime, a lifetime  
With a good attitude,  
Yeah we did our job  
But can you tell me,  
Exactly what was our job?  
Well I'm still stuck  
With this body of mine  
Well, were you inside  
When a militant died?  
I hope you choke!  
I... Own... Your... Life!