

Multitude Of Casualties

The Hold Steady

She drove it like she stole it. She stole it fast and with a multitude of casualties.

She said I shipped it out from boulder.

Packed in coffee grounds and wrapped around in dryer sheets.

We spent a few months just wandering the Sonoma.

High as hell and shivering and smashed. We were hoping for a vision quest.

We opened up three buttons. But all we saw was desert trash.

It's a funny bit of chemistry. How a cool car makes a guy seem that much cooler.

It's worth noting throughout history. Kids come around corners to a multitude of casualties.

We spent a few hours circling the city. Like a hawk out on the highways.

We were looking around for something that just died. We heard the deacon's hopeful eulogy.

At least in dying you don't have to deal with new wave for a second time.

After your party we got off the grid. We just couldn't get with all those clever kids.

Now we forage on the frontage roads. We drive at nights I guess it just feels somewhat safer.

We scrounge around for sustenance. We mostly eat it in the back half of the theaters.

We spent a few years nodding off in matinees. High as hell and shivering and smashed.

We were hoping for an action adventure. Something loud that we could feel through all the Feminax. And after the movie we got off the ground. Got in yr car and crawled around in lowertown.

While she was at the citadel. He was getting high as hell. When she came to in the matinee.

She was asking round for someplace else to stay. While he was down in lowertown.

She was feeling out the 5:30 folk mass. And the night that she got born again.

He was getting with her little hoodrat friend.

They did wade in the water into one tin soldier. She started to cry.

Youth services always find a way to get their bloody cross into your druggy little messed up teenage life.