

# Dinner At Eight In The Suburbs

All-Time Quarterback

This is the proper place where I'm growing older without grace  
And all of the people seem contented with the urban routine

Cause the backdrop fell on my closing evening  
And the actresses left for the farewell party

And I left the timberline for oil slicks and parking fines  
And I found that its too late to read you the lease at 113A Ell  
is

All the punker kids need to be home by 7  
Cause theres dinner at eight in the suburbs  
With sister and father and mother  
I wanted to end it there, to save myself for once and for all  
But it turns out, its not that good  
Now im stuck, summer turns to fall

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And all of the people seem contented with the urban routine