

Brasilia Crossed With Trenton

Bob Mould

I walk through the day
Through the open fields
I walk to my truck
To my truck and drive away
To the road
Through the broken roads, trusty road
I was headed for the road
The road that runs that way

And I, I see the train
The trains don't run to Brasilia
I walked through the fields
Through the fields to Brasilia
My ticket stub says I'm going
I'm going to Trenton

When my friends stop by
I try to impress them, no buildings over two stories high
Except my house, oh my my, I see
See crossed lattice work made out of brick
I see buildings
With laundry hanging out of the window
Never in my wildest dreams would I think I'd see
Brasilia crossed with Trenton

When you live in the middle of nowhere
Your imagination runs away and wild
You make games, I make games that I play most once a day
I pretend Brasilia turned to Trenton
Brasilia crossed with Trenton

Department store
The only place that I buy clothes anymore
I used to be a big shopper 'round the world
Big credit cards, they don't matter anymore
'Cause I can't pay any money that I owe
To these cards anymore
They don't take these things down at the bank
They just take money

Imagine yourself in the middle of nowhere
Imagination runs away for a while
I play games about once a day or so
I don't know, that's where I'd rather go
Brasilia crossed with Trenton

I wish that I could tell my story
To all the people that listened to my story long ago
I knew that this would happen sooner or later
That I'd get disillusioned with it all
Just throw my hands up to the sky and say
Oh Lord, what happened, what happened
To make things run this way

Imagine yourself in the middle of nowhere
Your imagination runs away for a while
You learn to play games about once every day or so

I walked to Brasilia crossed with Trenton
Brasilia crossed with Trenton