

The sun came up with no conclusion
Flowers sleeping in their beds
This city's cemetery's humming
I'm wide-awake, it's morning

I have my drugs, I have my woman
They keep away my loneliness
My parents have they have their religion
But sleep in separate houses

I read the body count out of the paper
And now it's written all over my face
No one ever plans to sleep out in the gutter
Sometimes that's just the most comfortable place

So I'm drinking, breathing, writing, singing
Everyday I'm on the clock
My mind races with all my longings
But cant keep up with what I got

I hope I don't sound too ungrateful
What history gave modern man
A telephone to talk to strangers
Machine guns and a camera lens

So when you're asked to fight a war that's over nothing
It's best to join the side that's gonna win
And no one's sure how all of this got started
But we're gonna make them goddam certain how its gonna end
Oh ya we will, oh ya we will!

Well I could have been a famous singer
If I had someone else's voice
But failure's always sounded better
Lets fuck it up boys, make some noise!

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