

# Welcome To Struggleville

Edwin McCain

All is quiet on the Western front,  
There appears to be a lull.  
John and Jane Doe are sleeping well tonight  
With the little thoughts inside their skulls.  
Salome she's undressed to the nines  
Although a few pounds fatter.  
She's got Pavlov's bells on her ankles and wrists,  
She coming at you with her platter.  
I stole down to the waterfront  
To escape the desert heat.  
What on earth you gotta do around here  
To try and get yourself a drink  
Heard John the Baptist preaching  
"Make way for the King,  
But if you wanna recognize him,  
You gotta tell me all your sins"

They are building a new gallows  
For when You show up on the street.  
Polishing the electric chair,  
They're gonna give You a front row seat.  
Heard a sneer outside the garden;  
Salutation so well-heeled:  
"Welcome all you suckers to Struggleville"

I've been trying to negotiate peace  
With my own existence.  
She's gotta stockpile full of weaponry;  
She breaking every cease-fire agreement.  
Whole thing is full of decay  
Just as sure as I'm made of dust,  
And into rust I know the beast is falling.

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For when You show up on the street.  
Polishing the electric chair,  
They're gonna give You a front row seat.  
Heard a sneer outside the garden;  
Salutation so well-heeled:  
"Final Stop! No points beyond Struggleville"