

Wonderful Life

Failure

It's not about the boy
found slain
It ain't about his lips
blood drained
You should've seen his
dreams dissolve
Into the dumpster behind
the mall

I'm goin' down to the
wonderful life
I'm goin' down inside
a satellite
I'm goin' down on the
bullet train
I'm goin' down on the perfect dream

It's not about the
freeway drone
That score her tired
journeys home
Softly licking her to sleep
Her eyes are closed to
the brake light streaks

Sleep in the softest bed
Eat everything you need
Never ask anyone
For anything at all

Why can't I stroke this
world to sleep
Please help me stroke
this world to sleep

It's not about his
prescription brain
Deprived of pills that
keep it sane
He told himself he could
go it alone
See him plead with the
unplugged phone

Sleep in the softest bed
Eat everything you need
Never ask anyone
For anything at all
That restless old monkey
Prisoned inside of me
Stiff bones that
close him in
He waits trapped
deep within

I'm goin' down to the
wonderful life

I'm goin' down inside
a satellite
I'm goin' down on
the SST
I'm goin' down on the
perfect dream
I'm goin' down to the
wonderful life
I'm goin' down like a
ripped up kite
I'm goin' down with
broken ribs
I'm goin' down to a
dirty crib