

## Midwest

Joseph Arthur

There's nothing to do in the Midwest but dream  
There's spiders on the walls of abandoned factories  
Setting fire to the trash, dance beneath the fog  
When the cops come, we run like hell  
Stealing from our souls, born cheap out here  
A dream that can't compete  
Up against the fear of never getting away  
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Into the earth and out of the past  
We plug in our guitars and begin to feed  
Off the spirits in the air flying in our minds  
The sound we try to hear is  
So many years from ever being defined  
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