

Marshalltown

Modern Life Is War

Driving in from the edge of town.
Ice cold winter sun is going down.
And I'm staring just the way I used to through that dirty all night restaurant window.
Just thinkin' bout the things I wish I could give up and the things that won't let me go.
But I know I'm gonna be alright.
My mind won't focus
I take an out of the way drive in and around the north side of town
Where the smoke from hell's exhaust pipe lingers above the cheap rent in the dark night.
Hours pass through me.
I'm tired of wasting time.
Half hour later towards the downtown lights.
I don't know what I'm still doing here.
The Coliseum Blue Room has been empty for a long time.
You have to push these kind of thoughts right out of your mind.
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And I try.
Something has been wasted.
At least that's what it seems.
All the bars have long closed down.

There's no one but me in the streets of my hometown.
I've already said too much.
I'm all lovesick for endless broken white lines.
And I say to all the young wild ones...
For you...
Yeah on your way up...
The world isn't against you, my dear, it just doesn't care.