

Bandages & Scars

Son Volt

Can't taste holy water.
Can't find it in a well.
Been doing a lot of thinking,
Thinking about hell.

Thinking about the ozone.
Thinking about lead.
Thinking about the future,
And what to do then.

The words of Woody Guthrie ringing in my head.

Blame it on the system,
Those that came before.
Updated consciousness.
Knocking on doors.

Piecemeal solutions will only leave scars,
Bandages for nosebleeds,
In this city of artificial stars.