

Lone Star

Sun Kil Moon

I'm walking under the Lone Star
Along the rocks and the shiny black water
At the end of a pier a woman is alone, hands folded, praying
I left her alone, I didn't feel comfortable staying
Inside of all of us, this pain, we pity ourselves
Boo fuckin' hoo
Well guess what, you fucking asshole?
It ain't all about you

There are people in this world who have dead children
They're deeply grieving
So quit your bitching, you poor little minor victim
That woman on the pier was suffering something heavy
Her eyes were drippin' with tears
I'm 49 years old and let me tell you something
I'm intuitive, my dear
I gave her space, and in my throat was a lump
And I watched her from a nearby secluded place for an hour and a half and made sure she didn't jump

Cars beating down the Carquinez Bridge
Shit coming out the smokestack
Trains coming down the train tracks
Starbucks on my walk back
Cars beating down the Carquinez Bridge
Shit coming out the smokestack
Trains coming down the train tracks
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Planted some cacti by the picnic table
Where the little grey cat is cutely cradled
And the orange California poppy
Sniffing the euphoric scent of the Eucalyptics tree

Walked past the 7-11 I went to the taco truck
Sunny California day, no rain in April, good luck
Pet my two favorite cats, they're so cute in their usual tucked away spaces
They're so cute, I want to eat their faces

This part of the song sounds like a beautiful Cameron Crowe film score
Jimmy Page-influenced, or a Nancy Wilson
All three artists whom I deeply adore

One December under the Christmas tree
Heart's Dream Boat Annie and Led Zeppelin III
That's the way it ought to be
That's the way it ought to be

I was banned by a church leader from playing a city in the state of Texas
Said he heard from this dude that they read that I was sexist
I said guess what, San Antonio, Texas?
I still love you, you Jack Johnson-
born and bred state of the country, very best barbecue
Gonna ban me from San Antonio? No you don't
I'm gonna be back and play a show and get me some tacos
At Rosario's
And North Carolina, let me tell you something

I reiterate, you take the cake
For the most beautiful of all hillbilly states
But you won't let a transgender use a bathroom of their choice?
What kind of bullshit is that, you good old hillbilly boys
Gonna play a show in Chapel Hill next year, you'll see
And all transgenders are invited, I'm gonna let them get in for free
And they can use the men's bathroom in the venue if they used to be a girl
And they can use the women's bathroom in the venue if they used to be a boy

What the fuck is it to you
They're worthy of dignity and respect and use of any goddamn toilet

Why are you fucking wearing that shit? (fuck!)
Why are you fucking wearing that shit? (fuck!)
Why are you fucking wearing that shit? (fuck!)
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Why are you fucking wearing that shit? (fuck!)

Got me some friends over there and they're good smart hillbillies
Billy and Chucky and Kimmy and Bobby and Becky
They don't support this transgender law
They'll be driving to my show in Chapel Hill from Asheville
I'm from Ohio and therefore I'm a hick
Call me one, and I won't be offended by it
Hicks and hillbillies, unite and get along
Rednecks, bury your axe with transgenders and be strong
Rednecks, bury the axe with transgenders and be strong
Rednecks, bury the axe with transgenders and sing along

Rednecks, lighten up and amend transgender law
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When Donald Trump becomes president
Blame it on Facebook, Yelp and reality TV
And Twitter and Uber and Google and video games and every other thing that h
as turned this country
Into a bunch of dumbed-down slaves of technology
We wanted dumb headlines, well baby, we got it
We wanted instant gratification, right well baby, we got it
We wanted stupid entertainment, baby, we asked for it

This dumb motherfucker will be on the news every fucking day
And we willed it
He is a hundred percent full-on our creation
He is proof that we choose apps over education
He is proof of our mind-numbing Internet obsession
He's the result of our dumb-fuck-starin'-at-our-
phones attention span limitations

People sittin' around hatin' on Donald Trump
We can't face it, but we asked for this junk
Not directly, but we fail to see
How our stupidity willed him into candidacy

Go ahead and take your smartphone out
Send a tweet to the world and pout pout pout
We planted the seed, and it's come to its fruition
Make no mistake, Donald Trump is our creation
Go ahead and have your 'Oh my fucking God' reaction
When he's elected, threaten to move to Vancouver, Canada, or Athens, Greece
As George Carlin said one night, "I believe you have to be asleep
To believe in the American Dream"
So all of us zone the fuck out a minute, get some popcorn, watch some Trump
Check your Facebook and keep up with the Kardashians