

Seized Up

The Suicide Machines

My friend Steve pissed away all his years cuz he
was slaving building cars blood and sweat upon
the gears all of his off time spent at the bar
years and years of nothing but sorrow I wonder
how can he be content fucking just to wake up
tomorrow he'll do it all over again gonna
wake up tomorrow and do it again

On the streets of Detroit on the streets
of this town all their dreams are destroyed once
you're in you can never get out

See Reggie sleeps on Jefferson Avenue on the
courthouse heat exhausts he's no different than me
or you in 1984 he got layed off a motor city dead of
we shared a joke and I gave him some change
wonder is there a hope his future I don't know I
never saw him again don't think that I'll ever see him again

*Tons of casinos, miles and miles of factories thousand's of co
ndemned homes, every corner there's churches and liquor stores a
ll i need is a match and some gasoline.*

I'm gonna burn it down My father put in his best year yeah work
ing for one
of the big 3 still remember my mother's tears we're
born to die in a factory coming home at dawn early
break see he's strung out from the late night shift
pills and powder to stay awake I see his bottles are empty agai
n
empty again prescription bottles are empty again
Sometimes I want to burn it down