

# The Devil In My Bloodstream

The Wonder Years

We wiped out all the Buffalo  
Around the turn of the last century,  
And so it's factories and sawgrass,  
Wheat fields and asphalt laid in front of me.  
The Midwest feels like a hollow place  
That we filled with love and industry.  
And we're staring at the frozen ground in Goodwill suits,  
Silent as the pastor reads the eulogy.  
Well I wanted to see just a little bit of everything.  
Let me be.

Two blackbirds on a highway sign  
Are laughing at me at four in the morning.  
They played the war drum out of time  
So I'm not sure where I've been marching.  
I wanna be strong, but it's not easy anymore.  
I'm hoping I'm wrong.

It's sixteen hours straight to home  
From the heart of North Missouri,  
And so I searched through my great-grandpop's memoirs  
For the devil in my bloodstream.  
Depression grabbed his throat  
And choked the life out of him slowly.  
I've got the same blood coursing through my veins  
And it'll come for me eventually.

I bet I'd be a fucking coward.  
I bet I'd never have the guts for war,  
'Cause I can't spend another month away from here.  
These frantic rest stop phone calls don't get answered anymore.  
But I, I wanted to know if I could please come home.  
So let me know.

Two blackbirds on a highway sign  
Are laughing at me at four in the morning.  
They played the war drum out of time  
So I'm not sure where I've been marching.  
I wanna be strong, but it's not easy anymore.  
I'm hoping I'm wrong.  
I'm hoping I'm wrong.

I know how it feels to be  
At war with a world  
That never loved me.

Two blackbirds on a highway sign  
Are laughing at me at four in the morning  
They played the war drum out of time  
So I'm not sure where I've been marching.

I wanna be strong.  
I wanna be strong, but it's not easy anymore.