

## In A Big City

Titus Andronicus

I grew up on one side of the river  
I was a disturbed dangerous drifter  
Moved over to the other side of the river  
Now I'm a drop in a deluge of hipsters  
Something a guy from the first side said  
To die in a cipher city to a cinder

Male or female, beggars still the only ones calling me Mister  
And some of my dreams are coming true  
And some of the smoke from the other room is seeping through  
And some other ghost in another tomb is screaming too  
Black hole open up wide

Yr lost son is coming inside  
Spaceship? Or a lifeboat?  
Put me out coach, I'm ready to float  
Who would fardels bear to grunt and sweat  
'Neath a life that was so mundane?  
And what would you expect from a guy like me  
On a day such as Monday?

When I know life begins at the moment of consumptions  
So taxing on the dollars and the sense of deduction  
And every cent I ever earned, I spend and I would again  
It's easy turning me on I'm nearly a robot  
I've been building bombs

Bombs between beers and blow jobs  
Lifeless automaton feeling like a ghost  
I don't know much but I know which side's buttered on my toast  
From jersey I come but I pump my own gas  
I'm a dirty bum but I wipe my own ass  
If yr chasing any other kinds of currency, son  
Yr really doing little more than twiddling yr thumbs