

When you walk home from the party  
Drunk on bacardi and listening  
To the voices that lie to you nightly,  
Make you frightened of everyone,  
Make you sorry for something.  
You go home and spend your life alone with the stereo,  
Watching the late show; or force yourself  
Out in the night to meet your generation.  
You feel like claymation in fluorescent light.  
On our knees, we made it hard to see,  
We made it hard to breathe and the air was thin.