

Smokestacks

The Lawrence Arms

I listened to the megaphone man
He said we were facing the end
That's so much different than my mom and dad
Who said this is just the beginning

Cause they're in love with their shiny new world
They're in love with their airplanes and cars and hotels
It gets invented and produced en mass the very next day
It seems that they've tried everything but nothing has failed

No need to wait for tomorrow
Cause everything is blowing up today

The grass beneath the feet's
A synthesized version of the work of a dying perfectionist
Animals and open spaces, trees, plants, and sunny days
Are all in line to be replaced with

Smokestacks, concrete, and power plants
With therapy, cosmetic surgery and waist reduction plans
No compassion from the sky, smeared with billboards and dirt
It seems that they've tried everything but nothing has worked

No need to worry about tomorrow
Cause everything is blowing up today

I'm in and out of clubs and stores, and restaurants and bars
Dodging people and buildings, advertising, eye contact and cars
Another day unfolds and the structures all get old
Another day unfolds and the structures all get old

Do you think that maybe you could save me?
Cause it's coming and I don't want to be on board
Miles from solitude, incredibly alone
Miles from solitude, incredibly alone