

White Crosses

Against Me!

I wake up in the morning and I drink from the fountain.
I wake up in the morning with the same unanswered questions.
I don't know what's going to cure my unsettled stomach.
Street kids collect spare change in a conch shell on the sidewalk;
their teeth are yellow, their hair is tangled.
Their minds are vapid and they laugh wild in their depravity.

I'll make my way back home to you, head north on San Marco Avenue.
White crosses on the church lawn, I want to smash them all.
I want to smash them all.

Pony tails swinging back and forth behind beach blonde college girls out for a jog.
Saint Augustine, shine your light down on me!
Pop hits from the 90's echo out of tourist filled bars.
I am met with arms crossed under dirty looks, I am treated like a common thief.

I'll make my way back home to you, head north on San Marco Avenue.
White crosses on the church lawn, I want to smash them all.
I want to smash them all.

Eaves-dropping in on conversation, I wander aimless leering at strangers.
Strung out on the amphetamines that you gave to me.
Eye-balled with suspicion by a pencil skirt in high heels,
you realize that you're talking to yourself.
Cannon fire explodes out over the bay.

I'll make my way back home to you, head north on San Marco Avenue.
White crosses on the church lawn, I want to smash them all.
Looking for context and perspective, looking for some kind of distraction.
White crosses on the church lawn, I want to smash them all.
I want to smash them all.