

If You're Shooting with the Left It Means the Right Side Is Working

Ashbury Heights

I was born in the land of plenty
I was raised as a privileged child
This was once a great community
So they say, I don't know why

We built ships and automobiles
We made unions, guns and steel
Money talks in the angel's silence
Selling out once great ideals

Living in a ghost town
Feeling like the class clown
Running with the magpies
Walking like a crow
Never saw the factory
When it made out history
Now it's just a patch where the pennyroyal grows

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Born with promise and chance of plenty
Walked that road in paramount shoes
Couldn't play the abacus melody
All I ever wanted was to be of use

One big choir of mocking birds
Cover the sky like a big f-word
Fame will get you heaps of treasure
Dedication is just a word

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(Pennyroyal grows... pennyroyal grows...)
Woah-oh-oh-oh
Woah-oh-oh-oh
...

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