

## All You Can Ever Learn is What You Already Know

The Ataris

Is this how it was intended?

The sunrise over smoke stacks in the Midwest, the beauty of this abandoned factory.

Christmas lights blinking on and off all out of time in what used to be, your pink house dreams of a middle class America.

I'm trying to believe in you, but all these satellites and shattered dreams are blocking out my view.

Please don't forget who you really are, because nothing really matters when we're gone.

Fell in love with his keno waitress.

They honeymooned in Memphis; they were married by the drive up window.

Trailer parks, neon signs, and an empty box of Lucky Strikes: all used up from the dashboard of America.

I'm trying to believe in you; this world sold its fate for parking lots and drunk sincerity.

Please don't forget who you really are, because nothing really matters when we're -

You'll be saddened to know the train tracks you once walked as a young boy are now nothing but a graveyard.

Please don't forget how small we really are, because nothing really matters when we're gone.