

The sun came up with no conclusion  
Flowers sleeping in their beds  
This city's cemetery's humming  
I'm wide-awake, it's morning

I have my drugs, I have my woman  
They keep away my loneliness  
My parents have they have their religion  
But sleep in separate houses

I read the body count out of the paper  
And now it's written all over my face  
No one ever plans to sleep out in the gutter  
Sometimes that's just the most comfortable place

So I'm drinking, breathing, writing, singing  
Everyday I'm on the clock  
My mind races with all my longings  
But cant keep up with what I got

I hope I don't sound too ungrateful  
What history gave modern man  
A telephone to talk to strangers  
Machine guns and a camera lens

So when you're asked to fight a war that's over nothing  
It's best to join the side that's gonna win  
And no one's sure how all of this got started  
But we're gonna make them goddam certain how its gonna end  
Oh ya we will, oh ya we will!

Well I could have been a famous singer  
If I had someone else's voice  
But failure's always sounded better  
Lets fuck it up boys, make some noise!

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