

## Dead End Days

Cursive

Dead end days, all we get is poorer  
Painting ourselves into a corner  
Dead end days burdened on your shoulder  
That chip is growing like a tumor  
Spreading across your equator  
Dead end days, how did we end up so lost?

Who can afford a home?  
Who qualifies for business loans?  
The banks are our masters  
So bring on the pile of debt  
We've all got a ransom on our heads  
Some bigger than others

Dead end days, living on the fringes  
Fake smiles buckle at the hinges  
Dead end days, crumple up your wish list  
Some folks are luckier than others  
Some folks are bound to be smothered  
Dead end days, everybody's so pissed off

Gone are the dreams of youth  
Gone are the creeds and absolutes  
We've lost all conviction  
If only a ray of truth  
Would part through the clouds so destitute  
A beautiful beacon

If only, if only  
Life were a story  
All our hopes and cares and boats  
Would be docked along the shores of weekend homes  
If only, if only  
But that's no reality  
Life is like a bowl of grapes  
Stomped on until bitter wine is made

If only, if only  
Life were a story  
All our bones would never break  
Crashing like atoms on the interstate  
If only, if only  
But that's not reality  
Life is fine but short on time  
Best to adapt to your cul-de-sac