

Noose Dressed Like A Necklace

Kevin Devine

A cadillac drives down my street
A bead of sweat pourin slow down a palm line
I see a bumper sticker
It's a bearded man with a wanted sign

A myth we've made to scare out fears away
A slogan that we slap on all our misdirected hate
A muddy symbol meant to mitigate our pain
But it's really just a desert corpse
We've painted on the wall out in some cave

Anyway
I don't know where he's gonna park that thing

My neighborhood drunk's on line at the deli
With his shaky hands and his swollen face he waits for his coffee
He blacks out curbside every night
And every day crawls back towards wall street

So I don't see it like it's us and them
I just see everybody working for that same eternal weekend
Droning on and on and on and never doing what we wanted
Heavy legs two steps behind some forever dangling carrot

And I'm tired of this
So who's to say that we can't just fucking change it?

And I know it seems dramatic
But I treat it like a crisis
The office to the coffin
All our time and talent wasted
And that weight against your throat
Is that a noose dressed like a necklace?

From here I couldn't
Really tell the difference
Either way I say
Let's not take any chances

'Cause I don't know where he's gonna park that thing
No I don't know where he's gonna park that thing
No I don't know where he's gonna park that thing