

Modern Man

Mandolin Orange

The modern man is he who pulls himself away
From the screen, free from mainstream
He's seen it all before, when forced to face a modern door
He reaches for his Tylenol and water
Water, clean water
That's all he needs, yeah, free from mainstream
His drink is filled before, when forced to stomach one else more
He turns around and searches for
His pillow and his mattress and his quiet little room
Tries to sleep, yeah, deep in his dreams
Modern man doesn't need reality, he'd rather
Shoot at the moon, though he knows that it won't fall, no matter how
Many holes
That he may try to claim
Such an honest man, who fires away

At nothing in particular, simply because testicular motives seek
Yeah, to roam free in the scene
His lust controls it all, when forced to face another wall
He turns and lights his last menthol and drags it all
Till the whole damn thing is gone, no matter how
Many holes
In his lungs may come to be
Such an honest man, and honest way

To kill off all the little things, smoke 'em out, and fire away at life
Yeah, don't be shy, be obscene
Go turn your head and smile, you'll soon be gone in quite a while
And make more room for one new pile of skin
And bones