

Midnight In America

Modern Life Is War

I sit on my roof and I smoke.
Stare across the street at the funeral home.
And drive out past the factories on the gravel roads where it gets so dark.
And I can see all the stars and I feel so small 'round midnight
.
The paper says the whole world is on fire. But this street is quiet.
The paper says the whole world is on fire. But this street is quiet...
And the silence is the violence of sex and dying in the middle classes.
The silence is the violence of sex and dying in the lower classes.
The silence is the violence of sex and dying in the upper classes.
My love overflows. My skull overflows. But my heart never breaks.
We pray for petty things in our petty lives as if god has the time.
There is a reason we feel so small when we've lost our reason to thrive.
Everyone is fucked. Everyone is damned. But no one will open their eyes.
Have you ever heard a joke like this before? I raise a toast to a genius god.
I live in a big house with all of my friends. I sing these stupid songs.
I roam all these highways. I hope it never ends.
And when I think about it all it's almost too much to bear.
It's hell and it opens your eyes.
When I think about it all it's almost too much to bear.
It's heaven and it opens your eyes.