

## Not Even Close

Screeching Weasel

Fall back, this place is a punch-drunk heavyweight  
Ransacked, you can't help wondering  
If this ain't nothing but a politician's piggy bank

Oh, you see how it goes  
They built us a landfill and called it a chateau  
Don't call City Hall  
They're too busy testifying at each other's trials  
But hey, that's the price of doing business  
Right?

Big city's got small town insecurities  
It struts, chest puffed out, but who's watching?  
Scars out on display and talking too much

Somebody's locked in a cell  
No charges, bail, or a hearing  
But down at the tavern all's well  
We are the city that works  
We're gritty and real in a way  
That with all their pretensions and quirks  
You won't get in New York or LA  
Okay?

It's all we know  
Too tough to care, too scared to hope  
All we know  
We're not even close

In embracing our faults  
We take our own measure  
We'll answer the call  
But at our own pleasure  
What's a body or two as long as we stay on track?  
And the unions will give you the shirt  
Off of somebody else's back

God, I feel so alive  
God, I feel so strong  
Who really cares if I'm right if you can't prove me wrong?  
And the sun's gonna shine on us all  
On the north and the south and the west  
And if we can't help but stumble and fall  
Then we'll stumble and fall like the best  
Oh yes