

Paid with the union, drywall in your hair
Lights in the back rooms, the swelling of stairs
Smoke to the ceiling, bricks on the street
Glass on the side walk, a gross kind of need
Sweat in your palms, hair in your face
Feet that keep running, fists that stay made
Weeds in the garden, masks in the chains
You're proud and stubborn, you're dumb and enraged

I get choked up sometimes on the rides home
I get lonely sometimes on the rides home
I feel guilty sometimes on the rides home
I feel silly sometimes on the rides home

Where should I go?
Where should we go?
Where should we go?

Done with the office, done with the chair
Sick of time tables, perfume in the air
Caught in the leash, died for the dream
That constant ticking, ignore all feeling
Tight in the chest, just blending in
Die for the week, live for the weekend
Cooler of beer, traffic that sneers
What are we doing? Tell me, my peers

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(I get choked up sometimes on the rides home)
(I get lonely sometimes on the rides home)
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Now that you're a pile of dust in a wall
I visit on long weekends and when I can
I stare at the names and all the flowers around
And tell myself I've done what I planned
And I get choked up on the rides home
And I get lonely on the rides home
And I feel guilty on the rides home

Engine of destruction, rush hour glare
Tight and congested, dirt in the air
Contentious objector, stuck in a line
For peace of mind, with interest to pay
I ran away from all of my options
Left you alone to deal with my problems
Didn't come back till it was too late
Now I'm still stuck here, finally changed

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