# The Winning Side

**The Airborne Toxic Event**

Well I made some mistakes
At least privately it takes
And here's another one
And I said "it would be okay"
"But that's a lie, man"
I mean...
"Hey we're all dying... Young!"
Now it's all reality...
But it's more like a terrifying dream
And I'm serious!
It's either whiskey, or a bong,
Or a car crash, or a bomb
I'm serious!
It's the only thing I think
When I wake up in my bed
With my stomach churns
As these pages turn
Is the world burnin'
Or is it only in my head?

On a screen on a tv
On a scene in front of me
With all the white woods n the static
And the static n the screams
This is war, this is death
This is really very bad
On the winning side, the winning side,
The winning side, the winning side

And I'm sick of the train
Over Brooklyn in the rain
All by myself
When it finally occurs to me
That all these people wanna be
Just some where... else
Like every day is just the last bit
To argue with your boss over a coffee break
Well it seems to me, I mean, want more dignity
Or I'm going to... break
Because the only thing I think
When he walks out on the street
He says, the sky falls
And you're duty calls man,
It takes some balls to be...
So I'll see

On a screen on a tv
On a scene in front of me
With all the white woods n the static
And the static n the screams
This is war, this in death
This is really very bad
On the winning side, the winning side
The winning side, the winning side
The right side, the right side
Oh the shit you watch
When your parents cry

And it all falls away so quietly
When you wake up to reality...

A Reality?
What's reality? What's reality? What's reality?
You Don't Fucking Break!

Well I got a brother in Iraq
I got no way to get him back
Like all those people in the sands,
Buried in Afghanastan
I got a child in a crib
I got a father in a bed
I got no pills
I got no skittles
I know I do what I did
I just wonder every second
As they wheel the bastards by
Are we living?
Are we dreaming?
Are we winning?
Were we dying?
In a cloud of dust,
In a mushroom burst,
In a series of deaths,
As the agents burst?
Or all alone in a hospital bed?
Wondering what we
Might of done instead...
With a lifetime...
A lifetime, a lifetime, a lifetime
A lifetime, a lifetime, a lifetime
A lifetime, a lifetime, a lifetime
With a good attitude,
Yeah we did our job
But can you tell me,
Exactly what was our job?
Well I'm still stuck
With this body of mine
Well, were you inside
When a militant died?
I hope you choke!
I... Own... Your... Life!

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