

I Must Soon Quit the Scene

The American Analog Set

All the kids you follow around
Know what it's all about
Or at least that's what they'll have you believing
You walk when there's no cabs going south
And your light goes out
And they're waiting there the following evening

It's eight 'til two when you're drinking in town
And you turn around
For ten to seven in shipping and receiving
You remember when nothing was wrong
But it's been so long
And you're tired of the scene and you're leaving