

Terrible Thing

The Killers

The parking lot is rammed with shotgun pickup trucks
At the Jones Rubber plant where all the guys end up
Beer-drinking boy scouts living life like they ain't stuck
On these quicksand streets with their girls in a sling
I'm in my bedroom on the verge of a terrible thing

Around here, we all take up our cross and hang on His holy name
, But the cards that I was dealt will get you thrown out of the
game

Hey momma, can't you see your boy is wrapped up in the strangle
silk

Of this cobweb town where culture is king?

I'm in my bedroom on the verge of a terrible thing

I close my eyes and think of the water

Out at the Salt Creek when I was young

Down at Old Mill Park, half the town's in tow

To crown the Bathing Beauty of the rodeo

While her mother fights back proud tears a young cowboy gives t
he nod

The chute opens, bull draws blood, and the gift is accepted by
God

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In this barbed wire town of barbed wire dreams

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