

The Edge Of Town

The Suicide File

The Cul-de-sac jungle is a cruel place
It's a living rotting failure from a different age
And if you're looking for the place that dreams go to die
it's not in the city it's around the outside
You can mortgage your future for subbleached purity
and accept the sterility in exchange for security
but no matter how many times you run from your fears
the same problems always re-appear
Day after day it's all just decay
and the promised land just gets further away
On these dead lawns lie your father's dreams
White flight. White blight. White screams
On these dead lawns lie your mother's dreams
Rum, Romanism And Tammany Idealism is f**king dead
Laughed off the stage at countless conventions
Laissez faire is en vogue again
It's silver tongue has been heaven sent
One man, one vote, throw it away
One land, one hope, throw it away
When every candidate looks the same, born of noble blood
So don't f**king talk to me about our tradition of democracy
Who the f**k am I supposed to believe in