

## Seized Up

### The Suicide Machines

My friend Steve pissed away all his years cuz he  
was slaving building cars blood and sweat upon  
the gears all of his off time spent at the bar  
years and years of nothing but sorrow I wonder  
how can he be content fucking just to wake up  
tomorrow he'll do it all over again gonna  
wake up tomorrow and do it again

On the streets of Detroit on the streets  
of this town all their dreams are destroyed once  
you're in you can never get out

See Reggie sleeps on Jefferson Avenue on the  
courthouse heat exhausts he's no different than me  
or you in 1984 he got layed off a motor city dead of  
we shared a joke and I gave him some change  
wonder is there a hope his future I don't know I  
never saw him again don't think that I'll ever see him again

\*Tons of casinos, miles and miles of factories thousand's of co  
ndemned homes, every corner there's churches and liquor stores a  
ll i need is a match and some gasoline.\*

I'm gonna burn it down My father put in his best year yeah work  
ing for one  
of the big 3 still remember my mother's tears we're  
born to die in a factory coming home at dawn early  
break see he's strung out from the late night shift  
pills and powder to stay awake I see his bottles are empty agai  
n  
empty again prescription bottles are empty again  
Sometimes I want to burn it down