

No Lodging for the Mad

The Taxpayers

I have been making presentations
For a final escalation, I have been praying
To the God of giving up
She says, "Lock, lock, lock the door behind you, now
Before the criminals and the cops break in your house"

Oh, I have looked so hard
For a place where I could die
But the winners up there, of high-end living
Won't allow the broken, insane to arise

So fuck this city, fuck this job
They break you down before you even reach the top
In a God-fearing land, there ain't no lodging for the mad
You can't get high enough to breathe before you drown

I'm gonna go back to that factory
Where they make, make, make moving parts
That will take, take, take you very far away
In the flash of a pack of matches, I will be gone

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