

## No Future Part I

Titus Andronicus

Just give me a suitcase and I'll promise to not look back  
Just point me, point me towards the railroad track  
I've been staring at the gates, but I've never found a crack  
So I'm just looking up, saying, "Deliver me a heart attack."

If you're weary, I don't mind sharing the load  
Just keep me some company on the road  
All I've got is a bottle that I ought to leave alone  
But it's the only thing that I can call my own

So I'm saying goodbye, and no, I won't forget to write  
It's just been too long racing towards a yellow light  
And I know that I say this every night  
But I don't think I've ever been so tired of life

And if things should not get better, will you wait for me to change  
Or will I see you waving goodbye from the window of an aeroplane?  
If I told you it was hopeless, would you try to understand  
Or will you leave me for a palm tree and its shadows on the sand?  
Because I've been waiting all year for the temperature to drop  
But now I've got a fever and I don't know how to make it stop

There's still one shoe that hasn't dropped yet  
It's hanging on by an aglet  
This world seems like a nice place to visit  
But I don't want to live in it

There is not a doctor that can diagnose me  
I am dying slowly from Patrick Stickles Disease  
There is not a medication that can cure what's ailing me  
The only treatment they offer is to hang me from a tree  
Life's been a long, sick game of "Would You Rather"  
So now I'm going to medical school - as a cadaver

Now if I could say only one thing with the whole world listening,  
it would be  
"Leave me the fuck alone  
Or welcome to the Terrordome."

Good-times  
Good-times are here again

God sent me a vision of the future