

In a Big City

Titus Andronicus

I grew up on one side of the river
I was a disturbed dangerous drifter
Moved over to the other side of the river
Now I'm a drop in a deluge of hipsters
Something a guy from the first side said
To die in a cipher city to a cinder
Male or female, beggars still the only ones calling me "mister"•
And some of my dreams
are coming true
And some of the smoke from the other room
is seeping through
And some other ghost in another tomb
is screaming too
Black hole open up wide
Yr lost son is coming inside
Spaceship? Or a lifeboat?
Put me out coach, I'm ready to float
Who would fardels bear to grunt and sweat
'neath a life that was so mundane?
And what would you expect from a guy like me
On a day such as Monday?
When I know life begins at the moment of consumptions
So taxing on the dollars and the sense of deduction
And every cent I ever earned, I spend and I would again
It's easy turning me on I'm nearly a robot
I've been building bombs
Bombs between beers and blow jobs
Lifeless automaton feeling like a ghost
I don't know much but I know which side's buttered on my toast
From jersey I come but I pump my own gas
I'm a dirty bum but I wipe my own ass
If you're chasing any other kinds of currency, son
You're really doing little more than twiddling your thumbs
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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