

# Brasilia Crossed With Trenton

Bob Mould

I walk through the day  
Through the open fields  
I walk to my truck  
To my truck and drive away  
To the road  
Through the broken roads, trusty road  
I was headed for the road  
The road that runs that way

And I, I see the train  
The trains don't run to Brasilia  
I walked through the fields  
Through the fields to Brasilia  
My ticket stub says I'm going  
I'm going to Trenton

When my friends stop by  
I try to impress them, no buildings over two stories high  
Except my house, oh my my, I see  
See crossed lattice work made out of brick  
I see buildings  
With laundry hanging out of the window  
Never in my wildest dreams would I think I'd see  
Brasilia crossed with Trenton

When you live in the middle of nowhere  
Your imagination runs away and wild  
You make games, I make games that I play most once a day  
I pretend Brasilia turned to Trenton  
Brasilia crossed with Trenton

Department store  
The only place that I buy clothes anymore  
I used to be a big shopper 'round the world  
Big credit cards, they don't matter anymore  
'Cause I can't pay any money that I owe  
To these cards anymore  
They don't take these things down at the bank  
They just take money

Imagine yourself in the middle of nowhere  
Imagination runs away for a while  
I play games about once a day or so  
I don't know, that's where I'd rather go  
Brasilia crossed with Trenton

I wish that I could tell my story  
To all the people that listened to my story long ago  
I knew that this would happen sooner or later  
That I'd get disillusioned with it all  
Just throw my hands up to the sky and say  
Oh Lord, what happened, what happened  
To make things run this way

Imagine yourself in the middle of nowhere  
Your imagination runs away for a while  
You learn to play games about once every day or so

I walked to Brasilia crossed with Trenton  
Brasilia crossed with Trenton