Self Destructive Zones

Drive-By Truckers

It was 1990 give or take I don't remember
When the news of revolution hit the air
The girls hadn't even started taking down our posters
When the boys started cutting off their hair
The radio stations all decided angst was finally old enough
It ought to have a proper home
Dead fat or rich nobody's left to bitch
About the goings' on in self destructive zones

The night the practice room caught fire
There were rumors of a dragon headed straight for Muscle Shoals
"Stoner tries to save an amplifier"
And it's like the dragon's side of the story is never told
When the dream and the man and the girls hang around long enoug
h
To make you think it's coming true,
It's easier to let it all die a fairy tale,
Than admit that something bigger is passing through

The hippies rode a wave putting smiles on faces,
That the devil wouldn't even put a shoe
Caught between a generation dying from its habits,
And another thinking rock and roll was new
Till the pawn shops were packed like a backstage party,
Hanging full of pointy ugly cheap guitars
And the young'uns all turned to karaoke,
Hanging all their wishes upon disregarded stars

My Grandaddy's shotgun is locked in a closet
And it never shot a thing that could have lived
An old man decided that you couldn't choose your poison
Till you're nearly old enough to vote for him
They turned what was into something so disgusting
Even wild dogs would disregard the bones
Dead fat or rich nobody's left to bitch
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