

The Brakeman Has Resigned

Microwave

I've been pouring on cement
I'm in up to my face
Exploiting my demons
Laying myself to waste

It doesn't really get better
That's just something they say
No, we're all racing to the bottom...
Let's skip to the last scene
I want to be here to watch it all

Don't pray for me
I'm not blind
I'm just sick

Endlessly looping concrete
Rubbing stiff knees in the back seat
Feeling indolent sleeping and dulling
Sprained ribs and mucus with codeine and compliments
When all our stickers are peeled off
Of the bathrooms that we shit in
In the places that we visit, I'll have nothing
Nothing to show for this

I don't want to get sucked under the tracks
I'm not eager to prove myself right
But I keep shoveling coal under the boiler
This train is bound for hell, the brakeman has resigned

(Racing to the bottom)
Apart at the seams
(Racing to the grave)
This is a time piece
(Racing to the bottom)
Let's skip to the last scene
I want to be here to watch it all

Don't pray for me
I'm not blind
I'm just sick