

## Pushing Corn

### The War on Drugs

Please don't wake your mother up  
Tell her where to go, you know it's wrong  
You can find direction from  
Wagons on the road you know are lost  
Or you could hang around  
Show me this town from the underground  
Or you could hang around  
Pushing corn

When the bones of shade are different than of that before  
The approach you take, dead on the kitchen floor  
Shakes will come, drugs that you know are wrong  
When we're done there's nothing that we can't control

We have got technology  
I promise it will get you off  
But it won't take you back to your former self  
Back to a form of self  
Back where I could hang around  
Leaving underground  
I all really need to know  
Of how your god it was so low  
And your all your friends, oh they won't help you now

Or you could hang around  
Digging underground  
For all you really need to know  
Of how your god it was so low  
And your all your friends, they'll be on your side now

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