

Son Volt, Bandages & Scars

Can't taste holy water
Can't find it in a well
Been doing a lot of thinking
Thinking about hell

Thinking about the ozone
Thinking about lead
Thinking about the future
And what to do then

The words of Woody Guthrie ringing in my head

Blame it on the system
Those that came before
Updated consciousness
Knocking on doors

Piecemeal solutions will only leave scars
Bandages for nosebleeds
In this city of artificial stars