

## Bright Eyes - *Light Pollution*

John A. Hobson was a good man  
He used to loan me books and mic stands  
He even got me a subscription  
To the Socialist Review  
Listening to records in his basement  
Old folk songs about the government  
"It's love of money, not the market"  
He said, "these fuckers push on you"

"And freedom yells, it don't cry  
Whatever sells will decide  
But there's no hell when you die  
So don't look so worried"

He got a night life, lost his day job  
Pushing papers, swinging pendulums  
Anything to serve a function  
Or to occupy some time

You gotta earn this living somehow  
You're good as dead without a bank  
account  
But it's funny how alive he felt down  
In that unemployment line

With all that trash at his feet  
The pools of piss in the street  
All of that filthy empathy  
For the way we're feeling

The billboards shade  
The flags they wave  
The anthem was playing loud  
The baseball game was letting out



And all at once  
he saw the dust  
And heard every tiny sound  
Got in his truck and turned around

Drove out through the crowd and the cops  
Drove out past that center mall  
Drove out past that sickening sprawl  
Out past that fenced in crawl

And maybe he lost control  
Fucking with the radio  
But I bet the stars seemed so close  
At the end  
At the end  
At the end