

# Ryan Adams, Political Scientist

He is drinking water from the faucet from the river  
From the tributary it comes through rusted pipes  
Outside his window he sees the water that's supposed to be clean  
By the chemicals polluted by the candy factory lines  
Someplace on the edge of town  
Someplace on the edge of town  
Is where they live --  
Political scientists

So now she is crawling on her hands and her knees  
She is dirtying her jeans choking on her own perfume  
With a pen she writes below the sink in someone's restaurant  
This place is inconvenient for my name  
She forgets to write it anyway  
She forgets to write it anyway  
The government supplies the cocaine  
Political scientists  
There's no guarantees  
There's no guarantees  
There's no guarantees

Banging hard upon a crooked drum  
She feels them tearing down Salvation Army houses back in Michigan  
Her husband's divorced but he treats her that way of course  
Because he needs her just like he needs medicine  
She forgets to write him anyway  
She forgets to write him anyway  
What's red and white and nearly over  
Political scientist  
Political scientist  
Political scientist  
There's no guarantees  
There's no guarantees  
There's no guarantees