

# Condition Oakland

## Jawbreaker

I rode down to the tracks  
Thinking they might sing to me  
But they just stared back  
Broken, trainless and black as night  
Climbed out onto my roof  
So I'd be a poet in the night  
Beat the walls off my room  
I saw the big room that is this life  
This is my condition, naked and hysterical  
Reaching to grab a hand that I just slapped back at  
This is my condition, desperate, alone, without an excuse  
I try to explain, Christ, what's the use?  
Read and I felt so small  
Some words keep speaking when you close the book  
Drank and just about smiled  
Then I remembered us in that bed  
Put my ear to the door  
I just heard hot rods and gunshots and sirens  
People kill me these days  
There's keys in their eyes but they lock from the inside  
This is my condition, naked and hysterical  
Reaching to grab a hand that I just slapped back at  
This is my condition, desperate, alone, without an excuse  
I try to explain, Christ, what's the use?

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>