

Styrene, Goodnight

Last Monday night I got packin'
Revved up and ready to leave
The smog sodden skies of New Jersey
For some fresh Cincinnati breeze

A last-minute call at the airport
Gave me an awful scare
"Stay away from that Ohio Valley
There's poison all over the air"

Styrene, Goodnight
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Goodnight, Styrene
Goodnight, Styrene
I'll breathe you in my dreams

My eyes are red and burning
My tongue has no sense of taste
My lungs are two smold'ring cauldrons
Of acrid industrial waste

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