

House Gone Up in Flames

The Nightwatchman

It's in the grain of the wood
It's in the needle's rust
It's in the eagle's claw
It's in the eyes you trustIt's in the jackal's dreams
It's in the sleet and the hail
It's in the unmarked box
Came today in the mailIt's in the dead man's pocket
It's in the child's first sin
It's in the Constitution
Written in very small printIt's in Colin Powell's lies
It's in the Shaman's trance
It's in the cellar waiting
And it's in the best laid plansNow we could cut and run
Take half the blame
Yeah, don't stop now
That's why we came
House gone up in flamesIt's in the National Anthem
It's in the scurrying roach
It's in the closed partition
'Tween first class and coachIt's in the relentless fever
It's in the lonely room
It's in the hands of fate
And it's in the Pharaoh's tombIt's in the rich man's dreams
It's in the poor man's hands
It's in the body bags
Along the Rio GrandeIt's in the evening shade
It's on the zealot's tongue
It's in the widow's tears
And it's in the miner's lungsNow we could cut and run
Take half the blame
Yeah, don't stop now
That's why we came
House gone up in flamesIt's in the moon's dark spin
It's in the cloudless sky
It was in St. Peter's denial
That he'd thrice denyIt's in the distant thunder
It's in the whispered prayer
That they won't find us hidden
Here beneath the stairsSo consider yourself lucky

And watch what you say
I got what I wanted
You might get the sameIt's in bold print nailed
To the cathedral door
It's in the black cold pressure
On the ocean floorNow we could cut and run
Take half the blame
Yeah, don't stop now
That's why we came alone
This house gone up in flames

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