

Chicago

Portugal. The Man

The pig's spitting taxes and unwanted tasks

We say,

"Send me to the battle please sir!"

Chicago is dancing in xylophone laughter

We say burn the fucker down

Burn the motherfucker down

But would you please speak up

I can't hear with these clouds in my ears

The system's down

I doubt we'll get through

Send your money for

The caterpillars to entertain

The horse has been taken

Running clubs in the pasture

Lyrics powered by lyrics.tancode.com

written by GOURLEY, JOHN BALDWIN

Lyrics Â© Warner/Chappell Music, Inc., Universal Music Publishing Group, Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC,
EMI Music Publishing

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>