

# Front Page

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Holding up the bank in Belgrade  
She lost her mind  
Between the battle lines  
And the telephone rings A bell rung out  
As they talk about  
Sixteen kids gone in a school yard  
The papers read, she shakes her head  
And I said In the darkest night  
Come the darkest days  
In the worst of ways Close that town for good, the plagues here  
The skin from beneath  
All the way to the mouths they feed Then they're filtered clear  
The boys will try  
And the judge decides Get out while you can, she tells me  
You're wasting time  
That's fine In the darkest night  
Come the darkest days  
In the worst of ways All right, now From the silent cry  
To the naked eye  
She waves goodbye Holding up the bank in Belgrade  
I played a tune  
When, how, did it happen soon, she said  
Now we find a way to make it down The place smokes and the palace burns  
And the world keeps turning around  
And around, yeah  
Around and it's bringing me down In the darkest night  
Come the darkest days  
And the last bell rings out

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