

The Refugee

Ezra Furman

I am a refugee now
I am running like mad across a frosty green Poland
 My head in a sack
 And the blood in my brain screaming
 "How did this happen?"
 And "Where am I now?"
 Who is so blue in this freeze
 Who is so grey with the history
 Rain dancing all on my face without mercy
 And the muscles relax
 And I just have to laugh
 Through the loose teeth and tissue
 The symphony builds under your boot
 And the horns drool in harmony
 Dancers all swoon
 This is my bloody tune
 My last gasp of the past
 My thorn in the side of the violence of time
 I won't scream, I won't writhe
 I am laughing and burning alive
 Like a thornbush
 That grew in the hot countryside
 Now the fire is high
 And I am not consumed
 Yes, this is the room
 This is the old song from memory
 This is the sound of the Jew
 Who refuses to die
 April 4th, 1944
 I recall my old address no more
 I live day to day on the glossy dancefloor
 Of a wide countryside full of disappeared people
 I sleep in the churches
 Eat grass like a goat
 The calendar hangs on the wall of my memory
 My name is inscribed up the sleeve of my coat
 Here I amTake this document with you
 The lines that I wrote as I bled through the night
 In a strange rusted land

I have ripped the page out
It is here in my hand
 Here I am
 Person of the book
But I have lost my page like so many others
 I am left to inscribe my own name
 On a torn one
 We will have a new book scattered far
 Across the expanses
 The scrapbook of signatures scrawled
 In forgotten, lost diaries
 Texts to recite when time's bloody boot
 Dances and kicks in the bone of our chest
 Like soft earth
 And our ancient hoarse voices
 Will echo in song
And resound off the curve of a high stony ceiling
 The curve of the arch
 From our death to our birth

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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