

# We Got Back the Plague

## The Fiery Furnaces

That easy-going man of blood  
Mucking out in the McLennan county mud  
If you're hoping he won't well of course then he must  
Driving his truck through the McLennan county dust I read in my book on Sunday afternoon  
So it's easy to think the end's coming soon  
But though sometimes the signs from heaven are vague  
Early November we got back the plague While beautiful Laura's sweeping the porch  
He's teleconferencing up his operation torch  
And I don't care if he bombs Babylon to hell  
Except for he's building Babylon here as well Waking up in Cedar Rapids asking for allies  
Praising his leeches and looking for likewise  
Down in St. Charles local talent he hawks  
Smirking and sowing the winds as he talks In Northern Virginia on their excursions  
L.U.V. in with all their diversions  
Horns for hounds and spurs for horses  
Release the committed 72-hour task forces Bentonville and Dallas with gasoline douse  
Then back to Crawford going over to the firehouse  
Behind the curtains not turning much of a trick  
Sicking ourselves to make ourselves sick That easy-going man of blood  
Mucking out in the McLennan county mud  
If you're hoping he won't well of course then he must  
Digging us down under the McLennan county dust

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