

The Dead Flag Blues: ("Slow Moving Trains")

Godspeed You! Black Emperor

The car is on fire, and there's no driver at the wheel
And the sewers are all muddied with a thousand lonely suicides
And a dark wind blowsThe government is corrupt
And we're on so many drugs
With the radio on and the curtains drawnWe're trapped in the belly of this horrible machine
And the machine is bleeding to deathThe sun has fallen down
And the billboards are all leering
And the flags are all dead at the top of their polesIt went like this:The buildings tumbled in on themselves
Mothers clutching babies
Picked through the rubble
And pulled out their hairThe skyline was beautiful on fire
All twisted metal stretching upwards
Everything washed in a thin orange hazeI said, "Kiss me, you're beautiful -
These are truly the last days"You grabbed my hand
And we fell into it
Like a daydream
Or a feverWe woke up one morning and fell a little further down
For sure it's the valley of deathI open up my wallet
And it's full of blood

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

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