

# The Dragon Upstairs

## Futurist

Sidewalk chalk and a bottle of juice  
you take off your winter coat and jump out the window.  
The sun's coming out and we're walking above.  
There's a ghost in the dirt who needs some lovin'.  
He's tied up to the ankles of this man who is selling me a credit card.  
but you know i got this far with very little money and i'll take you apart. I'll take you apart.

And if you get a choice then choose well  
and if you got to go, then go and take these walls we  
thin we're up against and bury them at sea.

Now we're singing songs about where we've been on our May parade.  
A sea of stars with outstretched arms we're raising hell, not dropping bombs on our unmade beds.  
And all that heat rises from the sheets to this dragon upstairs whose had to much to drink, and he says  
war is yesterday!

And there in all that open space  
the fools unveil the guiltless weather and  
when it rains, it rains  
and the moon sips whiskey lemonade.  
There was music in the streets  
when we sacrificed our names to the rain.

War Is Yesterday. War Is Yesterday.

And if you get a choice then choose well  
and if you got to go, then go and take these walls we  
thin we're up against and bury them at sea.  
You know you've got a choice so choose well.  
The more you find your voice you'll stand up and sing  
stand up and sing out to that crown in walls  
and you'll bury them at sea.

You'll bury them at sea.  
credits

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Lyrics submitted by Sigmund Birch.