

Slumlord Crocodile (115 E. 3rd St.)

Gabriel Kahane

Wake the sky!
Burn up the chaparral,
Light it on fire! Break the horizon line!
Scatter the travelers,
Birds on the wire. When I survey the city
From my perch upon a hill, there are dark buildings
Shrouded in fog, shrouded in still. I would lay it all to ruin,
I would alchemize it all to sand,
I would watch metropolis crumble
To prove that I'm your man. End this jag
Of anger and loneliness,
Of failure at peace. Fill the bottle and soak the rag;
Don't limit collateral -
Ignite for release! I would set it all to flame,
I would set it all to flame,
And the laborers will crawl out
Of the smoking windows, And they won't know who to blame,
And they won't know who to blame,
And the slumlords will be
Crocodiles before the council. When the coastline's turned to ashes
And the movie stars have run away,
I will build my love a castle
And there we two shall stay. And if anyone should trespass,
I'll have it rigged through with wire
That the slightest false disturbance
Would turn our palisade to a pyre.

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