Ballad Of Bloody Run

Strike Anywhere

Echoes like the sound of a gunshot
'cross the Richmond city night
and are all the punks too drunk
to stand upright
She's still walking the streets
until the daylight comes
she says 'I'm the last one
to grow up numb.
My footsteps leave these
little prints of light"I'm the last one
Let me be the last one
to grow up numb'On the rotting docks
near the auction blocks
of which we don't speak
and the lights on
floods rebuilding
covers up this old creek
While our grandmothers walked
past every numbered street
a twelve hour day
just for something to eat
this long walk home is not
taught in our history'I'm the last one
Let me be the last one
to grow up numb'Here's to the sweet smell
of all the banks burning
All the food is freed
from the storehouse
all the teachers are learning
Fuck the laws
For their greed
the ratchet's thrown
and we won't bleed
our true wealth lies in the
song of the land
communities freed from
this prison of god and men'Let me be the last one
to grow up numb...'Echoes like the sound of a gunshot
'cross the Richmond city night

and are all the punks
too drunk to stand upright?Are you addicted to the sight
of spaces in-between
when the night birds cry
do you know what it means?
It's the forgotten ones who ask us
never to give up'I'm the last one
Let me be the last one
to grow up numb'

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