

# 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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