

The Shadow Of Seattle

Marcy Playground

Rain
Like tin angels falling
Down
Like a mission and we're Halfway there
From some old dried up
Fried forgotten town
Why Won't they let us be ourselves
With our potential we
Could toe the line
And show the bastards up With our divine
Light
Seize
All the records from the past Hold for ransom all the artifacts
This ragged town protects
Them to the last
With lies See them running heading
Homeward to Seattle
Deem
All the liars in your tribe To be the fires on the
Western side
Of some old front we call
The war of art Rain
Like tin angels falling
Down
Like a mission and we're Halfway there
From some old dried up
Fried forgotten town
From some old dried up Fried forgotten town
To some old dried up fried
Forgotten
Town

Songwriters

WOZNIAK, JOHN K. Published by

Lyrics © Warner/Chappell Music, Inc. Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>