

# Red Dress (Remixed By THE GLITCH MOB)

## TV on the Radio

Hey Jackboot  
Fuck your war  
Cause I'm fat and in love  
And no bombs are falling on me for sure  
But I'm scared to death  
That I'm living a life not worth dying for And your plow shear  
It's a sword  
And its wide arcing swing chops the heads off of many things  
Mono crops... Laughter roars  
Oh high hilarity  
Oh muck bury me  
Oh standard bearer carry me burning home from another tour Go ahead put your red dress on  
Days of white robes have come and gone  
Come and gone  
Oh you rivers, oh you waters run  
Come bear witness to the whore of Babylon "Hey Slave" They called  
And we caved  
We answered  
To a new name  
Shout it loud shout it lame  
But black face it  
You're such a good dancer  
Oh you're a star  
You're carnival  
Jacaranda petals fall  
Mix with the blood of the saints  
Shot down in the square  
Don't track it in on the soles of your shoes  
When you're dragged into the back of this car Go ahead put your red dress on  
Days of white robes have come and gone  
Come and gone  
Oh you rivers, oh you waters run  
Come bear witness to the Whore of Babylon It's a trap  
That much is plain  
Still, maybe send snapshots  
Of all your sweet pain  
Playing tortuous games  
It goes: Lense, light, fame  
Read my names on your lips

When the man cracks the whip  
And you'll all shake your hips  
And you'll all dance to this  
Without making a fist  
And I know that it sounds mundane  
But it's a stone cold shame  
How they got you tame  
And they got me tame. So go ahead put your red dress on  
Days of white robes come and gone  
Come and gone  
Oh you rivers, oh you waters run  
Come bear witness to the Whore of Babylon

Songwriters

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