

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 light light light Seize
All the records from the past
Hold for ransom all the artifacts
This ragged town protects them to the last
With lies lies lies 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

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