

Tone Poem

Kurt Rosenwinkel

Like a heat wave breaking as you smell warm rain
We can fade away or start over again
In a high five season, in a cut-price land
The southern cross don't shine on that invisible hand
Where will you live when the fields are falling?
Where will you live when the feedlot's calling?
Everybody standing in the treetops saying
"Where will you live? Where will you live?"
Everyone doesn't have to beg or borrow
We're going to move into a new tomorrow
Where will you live? Where will you live?
Invisible hand clutching at the throat
Statistical sham, an emperor's rags, it's sad, it's so sad
Because equality's the only plea, green fields are burning
The reefs on fire and bellies are swollen, they're hurting
A willing victims I don't think so
We won't be pinned against the wall
There is no slogan that can feed you
Where will you live when the fields are falling?
Where will you live when the feedlot's calling?
Everybody standing in the treetops saying
"Where will you live? Where will you live?"
Tearing up your ticket for the new titanic
Heat haze refugee, no one panic
Where will we go when the water comes over?
Where will you live? Where will you live?
Take a deep breath, don't have to drown in sorrow
Take a deep breath for a new tomorrow
The bow will break the cradle fall
We won't be jammed against your wall
No, no, no
No, no, no no
No, no, no, no
No, no, no, no
No, no, no, no
Yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

Yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

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