

# 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

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