Crimes (Alt. Version)

The Blood Brothers

And there's a fire on
the Junk island where
they send their garbage.
Is anybody listening?After work we'll watch
the seagulls diving in
and out of the lashing towers of flame.It twinkles like a pile
of rotting jewels left
to bake in the sun.
Is anybody listening?And we're just like those condom wrappers
used up, torn up.
Thrown away.
And we're just like yesterday's headlines:
drifting, floating, towards the blaze.'If we rob the
liquor store we could
be in Tijuana by the crack of dawn.
and if we rob the
Mayor's mansion
we could pawn his modern art and make a fortune.
and if we rob the lonely widow,
we could steal her credit cards
and buy a cottage by the Ocean
And we could swim in to Junk Island
we'll burn up like the seagulls and the whiskey bottles.We're scrapped Valentines.
We're tangerine rinds.
We're Crimes, Crimes, Crimes, Crimes, Crimes.And the children
in the subway
eating applecores.
Is anybody listening?
They're breathing paint out of plastic bags.
Their mumbled mouths say:
"Is anybody listening?"Oh-Ooh. Oh-Oooh.

Songwriters
WHITNEY JOHNNY, MORGAN HENDERSON, CODY VOTOLATO, MARK GAJADHAR, JORDAN BLILIEPublished by
Lyrics Â© MOTHERSHIP MUSIC PUBLISHING

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/