

Burning Down

R.E.M.

From the back of my neck, oh, oh, oh
Wired a glass jaw, oh, oh
Plantation burning your boat is coming in
Strum your Jew's-harp, you're reeking ginRunning water on a sinking boat
Going under but they've got your goatBurning down
My hands are tied, my feet are bound
Burning down
Can't you see that my hands are bound?Johnny Mike is reading in the yard
His story's timely, oh, oh, oh
What river is it anyway, radio?
Not in a boat, in your earRunning water in a sinking boat
Going under but they've got your goatBurning down
My hands are tied, my feet are bound
Burning down
Can't you see that my hands are bound?You pick your island in the sun
Take your island off, he's got a gunBurning down
My hands are tied, my feet are bound
Burning down
Can't you see that my hands are bound?He's cooking in the woods, a brush fire in your neck
Feeling mighty, mighty, oh, oh, oh
You can pick your island in the sun
Take your island off, he's got a gunRunning water in a sinking boat
Going under but they've got your goatBurning down
My hands are tied, my feet are bound
Burning down
Can't you see that my hands are bound?

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