

The Burning City Smoking

Kevin Devine

Forty million refugees with no place on this earth to call there home
One for every aimless graduate with nothing else to show for it but loans
And those of us who make our mark use someone else's blood
Our western stain won't wash away, it won't vanish in the flood
It seeps deeper through each hurricane and tidal wave and war

Oh woah oh oh

We want everything we see and once it's gone we just want more
Atlas had those shoulders, we've got Ambien
and Jameson's and blow

To bind us in a bubble and keep the newsprint nightmare distant and remote
But when we wake in gulitines and pitch our screaming fits
When the govenor strikes up the band and gags our parted lips
When the worst case shows up dressed and dazzling, ready for the ball

Oh woah oh oh

But that bubbles bound to burst and what a tragic way to fall
The tabloids tell us hate
The rat who strikes those subways closed and put's you out

Forget those fifty hour tunnel weeks

Inhaling steel dust poison through his mouth

Well if he don't deserve a pension it makes his family feel secure

If we're now so dissonected it's our reflections we ignore

And if our constant choice is skimming past the writing on the wall

Oh woah oh oh

Then I'm sad to say we're lost and I'm embarrassed for us all
So most days I can't put to rest the burning city
smoking in my mind

And I play and pretend the principles are nothin' more than actors runnin' lines
And I stumble through a movie set where tourtered victims laugh
And embedded journalists who juggle knives and daggered glass
While they entertain a mob of heads of state and CEO's

Oh woah oh oh

I stagger past anarchist extras through saloon doors painted gold

Songwriters

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Published by
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