

RED DRESS (THE GLITCH MOB)

TV on the Radio

Hey Jackboot
Fuck your war
Cause I'm fat and in love
And no bombs are falling on me for sure
But I'm scared to death
That I'm living a life not worth dying for And your plow shear
It's a sword
And its wide arcing swing chops the heads off of many things
Mono crops... Laughter roars
Oh high hilarity
Oh muck bury me
Oh standard bearer carry me burning home from another tour Go ahead put your red dress on
Days of white robes have come and gone
Come and gone
Oh you rivers, oh you waters run
Come bear witness to the whore of Babylon "Hey Slave" They called
And we caved
We answered
To a new name
Shout it loud shout it lame
But black face it
You're such a good dancer
Oh you're a star
You're carnival
Jacaranda petals fall
Mix with the blood of the saints
Shot down in the square
Don't track it in on the soles of your shoes
When you're dragged into the back of this car Go ahead put your red dress on
Days of white robes have come and gone
Come and gone
Oh you rivers, oh you waters run
Come bear witness to the Whore of Babylon It's a trap
That much is plain
Still, maybe send snapshots
Of all your sweet pain
Playing tortuous games
It goes: Lense, light, fame
Read my names on your lips

When the man cracks the whip
And you'll all shake your hips
And you'll all dance to this
Without making a fist
And I know that it sounds mundane
But it's a stone cold shame
How they got you tame
And they got me tame. So go ahead put your red dress on
Days of white robes come and gone
Come and gone
Oh you rivers, oh you waters run
Come bear witness to the Whore of Babylon

Songwriters

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