

# The Shadow Of Seattle

## Marcy Playground

Rain  
Like tin angels falling down  
Like a mission and we're halfway there  
From some old dried up, fried forgotten town  
Why  
Won't they let us be ourselves?  
With our potential we could toe the line  
And show the bastards up with our divine  
Light light light light  
Seize  
All the records from the past  
Hold for ransom all the artifacts  
This ragged town protects them to the last  
With lies lies lies lies  
  
See them running heading  
Homeward to Seattle  
Deem  
All the liars in your tribe  
To be the fires on the western side  
Of some old front we call 'The war of art'  
Rain  
Like tin angels falling down  
Like a mission and we're halfway there  
From some old dried up, fried forgotten town  
From some old dried up, fried forgotten town  
To some old dried up, fried forgotten town

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>