Our Town

NoMeansNo

In our town, murders, happen everyday
When the temperature, rises they open the hydrants, and let the children play
In our town, friday, is payroll day
The taverns open, the sun goes down, the neon signs make a grand display
In our town, murders, happen everyday
There are whores walking the streets
They ain't pretty and they ain't cheap
We've got cops walking the beat
Stopping all the strangers they meet
Tn our town, martyrs, hang from the gallows pole
Newsboys cry on every corner, some high and mighty, has been brought low
In our town, friends, gather on the boulevard
The merchants are fat and happy, the beggar's life is hard
In our town, martyrs, hang in the gallows yardThere are guns, guns - banging on the door of flesh
There are guns, guns - the fire and smoke scratch my breath
There are guns, guns - and empty eyes staring up in death
There are guns, guns - banging on the door of flesh in our townMuezzins, call form the minarets
Monks bow before their beggar bowls
While christians smoke their cigarettes
In our town, prophets, warn of a judgement day
Young girls hang out of window sills, a flowery frame for their charms' display
In our town, the river, smells of oil and shit
A hundred cranes stand in the harbour, loading a hundred ships
In our town a thousand tongues speak from a thousand lips
We've got whores walking the streets
Stopping all the strangers they meet
We've got cops walking the beat
They ain't pretty and they ain't cheap
In our town, the skyline, is like a mountain range
The streets are wind swept canyons, the central park is a grassy plain
In our town, the saints, smile down on festival days
In tropical plumage, the black girls dance for the king of the big parade
In our town, the bosses, curse the working man
Husbands curse their wives, and then they raise their hands(Refrains)

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