

Cave In, Burning Down The Billboards

We are here, we were there, they are nearing people everywhere we go.
People catching in their hands the ashes of the Marlboro man.
Burn them down, burn them down with our canteens pouring gasoline;
It's never what they're saying but why oh why they say it.
Burning down the billboards to the ground and not a sound will touch
these ears, for the sights to be gained will everlast us through the years.
Five o'clock rush hour traffic gazing upward at our magic.
Calvin Klein went down in flames,
the authorities aren't asking for the names.