

Crack The Sky, All Fly Away

Your golden bombs go off
Your military struts its stuff
You buy and sell and waiting for the big one

Tales that the money's gone
Keep 'em ignorant and stripped of song
Feed the fire, Peace remains the thin one

Oh no, you'll see they'll be crying in your streets
When the Dancer, the Teacher, the Writer ... all fly away
the Players, the Painters

I see you black and white
Computerized and very right
Guns on every door and every window

You're the picture of security
Keep 'em ignorant and you're worry free
No one hears the music at Ground Zero