

# Kevin Devine, The Burning City Smoking

40 million refugees with no place on this earth to call their home  
One for every aimless graduate with nothing else to show for it but loans  
And those of us who make a mark using someone else's blood  
Our western stain won't wash away, won't vanish in the flood  
It's just deeper with each hurricane and tidal wave and war  
Oh whoa oh woh  
We want everything we see and once it's gone we just want more

Atlas had those shoulders, we've got Am bien and Jamesons and blow  
To bind us in a bubble, keep the newsprint nightmare distant and remote  
But when we wake in guillotines and pitch our screaming fits  
When the Governor strikes up the band and gags our parted lips  
When the worst case shows up dressed and dazzling ready for the ball  
Oh whoa oh woh  
Boy that bubble's bound to burst and what a tragic way to fall

The tabloids tell us hate the rat who strikes those subways closed and puts you out  
Forget those 50-hour tunnel weeks inhaling steel dust poison through his mouth  
Well if he don't deserve a pension that makes his family feel secure  
If we're now so disconnected it's our reflections we ignore  
And if our constant choice is skimming past the writing on the wall  
Oh whoa oh woh  
Then I'm sad to say we're lost and I'm embarrassed for us all

So most days I can't put to rest the burning city smoking in my mind  
And I play pretend the principals are nothing more than actors running lines  
And I stumble through a movie set where torture victims laugh  
At abandoned journalist who juggled knives and daggered glass  
While they entertain the marble Heads of State and CEO's  
Oh whoa oh woh  
I stagger past anarchist extras through saloon doors painted gold

So I turn and I see Uncle Sam, walks out of wardrobe ready for the shoot  
So I walk right up and talk to him, I tell him that I'm scared and I'm confused  
While they test the cameras out and get the lighting right, while catering fills coffee cups and carves  
And while the stylists trim his beard and straighten those lapels  
Oh whoa oh woh  
I ask was it pies that made him drive us straight to hell  
and as my daydream ends he stands there shamed, a shocked and shattered shell

But there's never any answer for my starving tongue to tell  
Oh whoa oh woh oh oh  
Cause the director's shouting action and from off set it's just as well