

Marcy Playground, The Shadow Of Seattle

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

Seize
All the records from the past
Hold for ransom all the artifacts
This ragged town protects
Them to the last
With 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