

# 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