

Margot and The Nuclear So and So's, A light on a hill

A light on a hill
That's no way to live
all tangled up like balls of string.
And we woke at dawn
and watched the sun glide over the hill.
I just said the first
three words that popped into my head.
Let me off the bus; I'm tired and soar and should probably change clothes.
And the circuits are blown,
my woman is cold,
our children are stoned and worthless.
All waiting for you to tell them the truth. The truth is a line, that you'll never use.
And her dignity
shown so bright like a light on a hill.
And she burned for me,
and no other man came near the flame.
And back country songs the deafening twang of the rich-white-kid blues
You can own the stage,
but the lights and glares will not make you real.
She whispers to me, I was meant to be free.
This life that we've built is deadly.
She crawls from my bed, with a comb cross her head.
She crawls to the train and drives herself home.