

# Michael Penn, Bunker Hill

Always thought it was a game with us  
Move until enough's enough  
Into a picture-perfect view  
I'd like to rip it up with you  
Why would anybody leave this place?  
It's overdrawn  
And won't erase  
And if you're feeling incomplete  
The line is stretching up the street

So take a look  
But you might stay until  
You have counted every light from Bunker Hill  
Take a coat you're going to freeze

My baby sees every sentence with an underline  
Never uses turpentine  
Put out a fleece and build a kite  
A siren's going off tonight  
Lay your head down  
Do you call this chance?  
Found the exit  
This entrance  
Now's the time  
And it is still  
I'm sorry that I kept you waiting here until

Hey, Luanda  
Do you want a thrill?  
We can watch the lights shine up from Bunker Hill  
But if it puts your heart at ease  
My baby, please

Try,  
But you can't hide  
Impossible. You're lit from the inside  
And all I've got to do is  
Keep my eyes above the ground  
To see you move around

The only points of light are fires on Vermont  
Somebody must suspect that all we really want  
Is a tranquilizer gun to fill  
It's a free-for-all on Bunker Hill  
And everybody wets their knees  
On the trapeze