

# NoMeansNo, Our Town

In our town, murders, happen everyday  
When the temperature, rises they open the hydrants, and let the children play  
In our town, friday, is payroll day  
The taverns open, the sun goes down, the neon signs make a grand display  
In our town, murders, happen everyday  
There are whores walking the streets  
They ain't pretty and they ain't cheap  
We've got cops walking the beat  
Stopping all the strangers they meet  
In our town, martyrs, hang from the gallows pole  
Newsboys cry on every corner, some high and mighty, has been brought low  
In our town, friends, gather on the boulevard  
The merchants are fat and happy, the beggar's life is hard  
In our town, martyrs, hang in the gallows yard

There are guns, guns - banging on the door of flesh  
There are guns, guns - the fire and smoke scratch my breath  
There are guns, guns - and empty eyes staring up in death  
There are guns, guns - banging on the door of flesh in our town

Muezzins, call from the minarets  
Monks bow before their beggar bowls  
While christians smoke their cigarettes  
In our town, prophets, warn of a judgement day  
Young girls hang out of window sills, a flowery frame for their charms' display  
In our town, the river, smells of oil and shit  
A hundred cranes stand in the harbour, loading a hundred ships  
In our town a thousand tongues speak from a thousand lips  
We've got whores walking the streets  
Stopping all the strangers they meet  
We've got cops walking the beat  
They ain't pretty and they ain't cheap  
In our town, the skyline, is like a mountain range  
The streets are wind swept canyons, the central park is a grassy plain  
In our town, the saints, smile down on festival days  
In tropical plumage, the black girls dance for the king of the big parade  
In our town, the bosses, curse the working man  
Husbands curse their wives, and then they raise their hands

(Refrains)

In our town the sirens answer to 911  
Another soul is flying free from another mother's son  
In our town, the bodies, are cremated by the riverside  
Up to the morning sun they rise  
The flames, the smoke, the widow's cries  
A stain of ashes, soot and sparks upon the dawning, rosy light  
In our town, the skyline, looks down upon the riverside