

Operation Ivy, Big City

Concrete and chaos rise up
Spiderweb across the land
Like a giant rash
Forests lie down below
Foundations of buildings in a bed of ash
Some people here got it real good
Cuz the glass towers bring prosperity
Other people starve in the street
Because concrete knows no sympathy

Big city, big city, big city
Big city its a wishing well
Big city its a living hell

This town its fucking insane
How one will starve and another will gain
Like a giant mechanical brain
And the people are cells and the streets are veins
It thinks only of itself
A thousand limbs crawling as it expands and grows
And still the concrete sits there
Sits there stark grey and cold

Big city, big city, big city
Big city its a wishing well
Big city its a living hell

And I think I wanna be a brick layer
So I can put another brick in the wall
Its sanitary rational happy and sane
Growing like a flower to surround us all

Big city, big city, big city
Big city its a wishing well
Big city its a living hell