

Rosanne Cash, Burn Down This Town

This hills are burning, fields turn to steel
the big house is haunted with what we don't feel
the streets are empty, no one ever comes around
so you know they won't make a sound
burn down this town

My lungs are blackened with the smoke and sobs
so just be a man and finish the job
and I'll watch you from this distant place I've found
oh you know I won't make a sound
burn down this town

The clapboard jail and the co-op board
the garden club and the bedroom door
the sprinkled lawn and the mirrored hall
the Christmas tree

just burn it all

The sky is falling with ash and mud
we gotta make the promise, yeah blood to blood
so shut the door then slowly turn around
now you know you can't make a sound
burn down this town

The clapboard jail and the co-op board
the garden club and the bedroom door
the sprinkled lawn and the mirrored hall
the Christmas tree
just burn it all
burn down this town