

Bombs Over Providence, Cobra Constant Commi

I've been falling harder with this city's decline.
And I know I'm not getting any smarter.
Every blackened skyline has some failure in mind that rains on down around quitting time.
And we drink in gulps, through sobs and old gridlock;
trekking for wiles the longest damn street in the world.
And although we're young wide eyed and crooked tongued, we're sick of our streets.
Don't know how to love them.
Concrete's made us stronger because one thing's for sure;
these pop songs don't come easy anymore.
Our mayor's been shooting for the 'leftist crator.'
But that's gone south like town hall jumpers.
Hell, I'll just ask Jane Doe 'bout all the lengths
one goes to turn up the volume on the neighbourhood screams and shrieks;
to want to paint it red, until the chief is dead and paraded downtown all damn day.
So let them bury me anywhere but home because it's been so long,
I don't care where I'm from.
I've never been homesick as long as I've walked all alone.
Just let them bury me anywhere but home because it's been so long,
I don't care where I'm from.
Though hallowed, still shallow, this ground couldn't keep my ghost down.
Assaults we still permit our poet-politic:
my violet bruises grand as sunsets that we missed?
We're still falling for old talk 'bout newer mores;
Habourfront circus plans where once we took a stand.