

Firewater, Electric City

(Now let's continue our broadcast with music.)

You were thrown into a tin can
And you learned how to beg and borrow
And you grew into a thin man
In the land of success, sin and sorrow
Now you're sleeping in a suitcase
With a pill bottle for a pillow
When you're hanging by a shoelace
It can get to be hard to swallow

When you're spinning on the subway
Naked lights sent in on the river
No you're never gonna leave her
Though you think someday that you might forgive her
Slipping into a slow dive
Cold black water makes you follow
Swimming into a spiral
Still you're singing

Shine, electric city, shine
In the cool of your emptiness
Around the curve of your spine
Come on and shine, electric city, shine
Like six thousand wings in the sky
Over the scene of the crime

When you come to an ending
Never reaching no conclusion
And you're sick of bending
In us and every fresh contusion
When you're lying in the soft arms
Of a silent ambulance that's speeding
And you're trying to tell the doctor that it's only a broken heart

You don't have to be a soldier to fight
But you'd better have a killer in you
You don't have to be a poet to die
It's the little things that kill you
Everybody gets a bad break
A little hit of pain and sorrow
Just forget about tomorrow
Keep on singing

Shine, electric city, shine
From the back of the cold beyond
Out to the end of the line
Come on and shine, electric city, shine
Like the sun in a hurricane's eye
Diamonds drowning in brine

Come on and shine
Shine
Shine
Shine