

# Handsome Furs, Sing! Captain

There's a town, just a little town  
Raining cloud, a hollow sound  
When our lover gather round  
And if they're cold  
Then they're cold  
Feed them wine, feed them chrome  
We hate this place here  
It's our home, It's our home

And your car-collapsing trees and I  
Could turn them back to sound  
With the torches in our hands we will reduce it  
To the ground

I stood outside in the bright black night  
Beneath their buzzing power lines  
And I saw a number in the sky, in the sky  
And if there's a God, he's a little gun  
And he holds you closely inside these walls  
But he hates his babies most of all

And your car-collapsing trees and I  
Could turn them back to sound  
With our torches in our hands we will reduce it to the ground  
In the parliament there's a little  
Hands that are reaching out  
You can try and try and try but baby there's no way around

Sing Captain  
Sing out loud  
Sing, but we're bound  
Bound  
Sing Captain  
Sing out loud  
Sing Captain  
We're Bound