

Jill Sobule, Attic

Would you have hidden me in your attic
That's the question I'd like to know
Would you have climbed up to serve my dinner
Well I hope so

When the jack-booted men
Wore those great uniforms
Would you have wanted the blackest
Would you have hidden me in your attic

If let's say in some caf'
We saw the tanks roll by
Would you take my hand and lead me
Cross the border line
Would you have hidden me in your attic

If the neighbors accused me of casting spells
And bowing down to the gods in hell
You would leave me there alone
Or would you cast the very first stone
You'd be there to ease my pain
Or pack me on that awful train

Would you have hidden me in your attic
That's the question I'll never know
Would you have climbed up to serve me dinner
Well I hope so