

# Latin Quarter, Something Isn't Happening

His eyes are dry, his skin's like nicotine  
In lines that stretch to spell where youth has been  
This epitaph in smoke has wreathed the door  
You sense how much this air's been breathed before

Something isn't happening here  
Something isn't happening here, it isn't like it should have been

The Bible belt they tighten one more hole  
And crush the spirit so they save the soul  
While those out on rafts without a single oar  
Watched as the new wave crashed against the shore

Oh, but you don't have to ask who? or wherefore? or why, ma?  
'Cos that's what it's there for and this might be Weimar  
Don't give up the ghost when you give up your thanks  
'Cos they send in the clowns before they send in the tanks  
Something isn't happening here, oh no  
Something isn't happening here, oh no

His eyes are dry, his skin's like nicotine  
In lines that stretch to spell where youth has been  
And this tear came from sitting on the fence  
Snagged upon the pattern of events