

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 the 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