

# R.E.M., Burning Down

From the back of my neck, oh oh oh  
Wired a glass jaw, oh oh  
Plantation burning your boat is coming in  
Strum your jew's-harp, you're reeking gin

Running water in a sinking boat  
Going under but they've got your goat  
Burning down - my hands are tied my feet are bound  
Burning down - can't you see that my hands are bound

Johnny Mike is reading in the yard  
His story's timely, oh oh oh  
What river is it anyway, radio  
Not in a boat, in your ear

Running water in a sinking boat  
Going under but they've got your goat  
Burning down - my hands are tied my feet are bound  
Burning down - can't you see that my hands are bound

You pick your island in the sun  
Take your island off he's got a gun  
Burning down - my hands are tied my feet are bound  
Burning down - can't you see that my hands are bound

He's cooking in the woods, a brush fire in your neck  
Feeling mighty mighty, oh oh oh  
You can pick your island in the sun  
Take your island off he's got a gun

Running water in a sinking boat  
Going under but they've got your goat  
Burning down - my hands are tied my feet are bound  
Burning down - can't you see that my hands are bound