

The Manhattan Transfer, This Independence

The light is bending early
Around the prodigal
The gunner whispers gently
His shadow on the wall
The crowd is bursting from me
A single animal
It finds its freedom early
They're going to take it all

This independence
We are the metal shell
10,000 bodies
Run from an empty well
All of your lovers
Are heroes in my bed
All night the echoes
Of breathing heads

A falling body near me
A silent angry cry
A miracle of purpose
Looks up into the sky
A camera crew is running
The world is shrinking fast
Tonight you drink your coffee
And watch the world aghast

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