

TV On The Radio, Red Dress

Hey Jackboot, fuck your war!
Cause I'm fat and in love and no bombs are fallin' on me for sure
But I'm scared to death
That I'm livin' a life not worth dying for

And your ploughshare, it's a sword
And its wide arcing swing chops the heads off of many things
Mono crops, laughter roars
Oh high hilarity! Oh muck bury me!
Oh standard bearer carry me burnin' home from another tour

Go ahead, put your red dress on
Days of white robes have come and gone, come and gone
Oh you rivers, oh you waters run
Come bear witness to the whore of Babylon

"Hey slave," they called and we caved, we answered
To a new name. Shout it loud shout it lame! But blackface it
You're such a good dancer. Oh you're a star. You're carnival, Jacaranda petals fall
Mix with the blood of the saints shot down in the square
Don't track it in on the soles of your shoes when you're dragged into the back of this car!

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It's a trap, that much is plain
Still, maybe send snapshots of all your sweet pain. Playin' tortuous games
It goes: Lens. Light. Fame. Read my names on your lips. When the man cracks the whip
And you'll all shake your hips. And you'll all dance to this
Without making a fist. And I know that it sounds mundane
But it's a stone cold shame. How they got you tame, and they got me tame

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