

Nightwatchman, The "House Gone Up In Flames"

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It's in the grain of the wood
It's in the needle's rust
It's in the eagle's claw
It's in the eyes you trust
It's in the jackal's dreams
It's in the sleet and the hail
It's in the unmarked box
That came today in the mail
It's in the dead man's pocket
It's in the child's first sin
It's in the Constitution
Written in very small print
It's in Colin Powell's lies
It's in the shaman's trance
It's in the cellar waiting
And it's in the best laid plans

We could cut and run
And take half the blame
Don't stop now
That's why we came
House gone up in flames

It's in the National Anthem
It's in the scurrying roach
It's in the closed partition
'Tween first class and coach
It's in the relentless fever
It's in the lonely room
It's in the hands of fate
And it's in the pharaoh's tomb
It's in the rich man's dreams
It's in the poor man's hands
It's in the body bags
Along the Rio Grande
It's in the evening shade
It's on the zealot's tongue
It's in the widow's tears
And it's in the miner's lungs

We could cut and run

And take half the blame
Don't stop now
That's why we came
House gone up in flames

It's in the moon's dark spin
It's in the cloudless sky
It was in St. Peter's denial
That he'd thrice deny
It's in the distant thunder
It's in the whispered prayer
That they won't find us hidden here
Beneath the stairs
So consider yourself lucky
And watch what you say
I got what I wanted
You might get the same
It's in the bold print nailed
To the cathedral door
It's in the black cold pressure
On the ocean floor

We could cut and run
And take half the blame
Don't stop now
That's why we came
House gone up in flames

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