

Bombs Over Providence

"All The Good Guys Are Dead, And I'm Twisting My Moustache"

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So it's true: 1989 really is that far away and I wouldn't care,
Had I not the fortune to be shown the history of memory lost.
The sky is falling down and we're being convinced that it's rain,
With ideals as parasols we're soaked all the same.
Questioning what we've always known.
Here I reconcile the difference between my concern
And long weekend discussions of our weakest ends,
And parlour room socialism; activist party tricks.
I'll cut dead the pitch and wane of 10,000 voices screaming,
And I'll draw blood from the claims that Tiananmen isn't everywhere.
Beauty is a weapon.
Spark the fuse and we could be: just enough, just in time, just of thought.
Knowing that all this belongs to us.
We will not be sold away on this forum of rights exchange.
Where have all the students gone?
Have we been bought as well?
Did we die?
Are we as guilty?
And we'll burn before we learn,
We'll fan these burning textbook pages keeping us awake.

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