

Bombs Over Providence

"Anybody Remember John Enis, Chair Of The Board Of Tourism For Bad Sex, Ont.?"

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Miles 'tween and what I'll see yet, but I still shudder.
The engine's struggling.
The snowy drifts of the home we left betray the warmth
of the hearts it kept.
These prairie mile kids, in droves, put knuckles into
things they know.
The people and pits in Sydney, that Corless knew we
had to see.
Don't give me those eyes.
Yea, it's still damn good to be here.
Now let's start with the making eyes and sharing scars.
And planning more.
Well you've heard the grumbling by now, I'm sure.
Now how's about we get down to the hard part?
We'll get the sex, the drugs,
And the rock down flat in one trip flat and live out the
rest in liner notes.
Next stop at the free clinic 'cause grumpy Adam's
grumbling again:
I'll never see home again.
Not that this whine and cheese ain't great and all,
But I surely do detect some pretence to it all.
We no-balls jabberjaws no not the history we offend
When we put our feet up on the words of those who've
burned.
These days we say it's better to get your lumps than
never have seen your blood at all.
We know the cost.
We're consumed by loss as hearts explode on the road.
You want some Parecon, well we got that in spades.
It's every rock show. Let's go employ that ethos
elsewhere.
These networks wane and die with every sneezing eye.
My boys ain't here for nothing.
Show me how your town does it.
The underground is on fire.
Who's gonna put it out?
Tell my family and friends, whatever's left of them...
Scream it from the rooftops, bellow till your heart stops.
Sorry Boss, I'm afraid that I'm not coming in...

Scream it from the rooftops, bellow till your heart stops.

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