

## Dredg

# "Eighteen People Living In Harmony"

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The opera is over, singers have all gone home,  
Seats are empty, the kitchen is closed,

The sidewalks are sprayed down,  
The blinds are pulled down, foundations unstable,  
The wrecking ball's back,  
Quiet business vacancy, quiet business vacancy.

Rents are rising, our lease is up, culture is down.

The symphony's concluded,  
The instruments are all cased up,  
The notes are silent, music's still apparent.

Rents are rising, our lease is up,  
Culture is down, spirits are jaded,

Art is dying, is art dead?  
Art is dying, is art dead?  
Believe it, we need to move on.

A one track mind in a one way time,  
Let's go ahead and gentrify,  
We let art die with robot minds,  
They steal the brush and paint boundary lines.  
A stale kind of people we'll find,  
Walking in single file line,  
I think it's time we finally rewind,  
Let's go ahead, we might as well

Rents are rising, our lease is up,  
Culture is down, spirits are jaded

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