

Fiction Plane

"Sadr City Blues"

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Sadr City Blues, seen it on the news
Kids today get the lights turned out
You got to shine on
Shine on

Sadr City Blues, there is no excuse
Write your name down
Get your name crossed out
You got to shine on, shine on

Sitting in the back on your very own
This ain't jack, or ain't wack
This is real life
You got to shine on, shine on

You can't wait
For the sun to be born
To hold you, keep you warm
The desert has its ice storm

It's too late
For the flowers to arrive
On the road of the cross and knives
When you're looking for just war

You got to shine, shine, shine, shine on
To make it through the Sadr City Blues
You got to shine, shine, shine, shine on
To make it through the Sadr City Blues

Oh, the work is never done burying your son
The television lights are lives
You got to shine on
Shine on

Sitting in the back on your very own
You get divorced over the telephone
You got to shine on
Shine on

You can't wait

For the sun to be born
To hold, to keep you warm
The desert has its ice storm

It's too late
For the flowers to arrive
On the road of the cross and knives
When you're looking for just war

You got to shine, shine, shine, shine on
To make it through the Sadr City Blues
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You can't wait
For the sun to be born
To hold, to keep you warm
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It's too late
For the flowers to arrive
On the road of the cross and knives
When you're looking for just war, just war

You got to shine, shine, shine, shine on
To make it through the Sadr City Blues
You got to shine, shine, shine, shine on
To make it through the Sadr City Blues

You got to shine on, you got to shine on
To make it through the Sadr City Blues
You got to shine, shine, shine, shine on
To make it through the Sadr City Blues

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