

J Church

"The Dramatic History Of A Boring Town"

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Like the old cliché, "alone in the crowd",
At the top of your lungs you still won't hear a sound,
The unlocked cage both protects and surrounds,
The dramatic history of a boring town

The faint scent of a faint notion,
Goes from my house to the Richmond
(Which we'll burn to the ground),
It dissipates in the strength of the ocean,
The sad aroma of an exaggerated town

We're out of our minds when we're out of the house,
We're selling revolutions by the ounce,
We never even care to burn the city down,
We're selling our souls to so-called undergrounds

All of your plans are so precise,
If nothing else the movement will be organized,
Why don't you shrink it down to size?
You seem more than happy to compromise

Paint doesn't dry before it's erased,
You're passing out flyers to save the human race,
Unfortunately, isn't that the case?
"Who will win the next election?"
I don't care about the politics you wear,
When it falls who will hear a sound?
The city you love so very much,
Is begging to be burnt to the ground

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