

Chuck Prophet "Statehouse"

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Yes, indeed
It's oh
So very nice of you to ask
Still I can't help wondering
If I'm equal to the task
Of washing up
And getting dressed
And waiting on a train
To come so far
To watch the Statehouse
Burn down in the rain

Well, the highway's choked
With minivans
And traitors heading west
Here I am still wheezing
Like a sick bird in a nest
My heart is weak
My face is long
I'm not up to the strain
To breathe the smoke
And watch the Statehouse
Burn down in the rain

Well I'm not your father
And I'm not your lover
Something is rising
And it's boiling over
You'd better take cover
You'd better take cover
Something is rising
And it's boiling over

The Governor kept telling us
He was the People's voice
He said the time is high
For all of us to make a choice
Then he jammed his little finger
In a rusty weather vane
And ran out of the Statehouse
As it burned down in the rain
It's easy making plans

Out walking in the sun
Any fool can kick an old man
Down on the ground
And turn and run
But it's gonna take some doing
Yeah, some doing to explain
All the cheers the night
The Statehouse
Burned down in the rain

I'm not your father
I'm not your lover
Something is rising
And it's boiling over
You'd better take cover
You'd better take cover
Something is rising
And it's boiling over
Oh, yeah

The pillars and the amber waves
The bannisters and such
All that seemed too far away
Too far away to touch
We never found the numbers
Or the language to complain
Until the night the Statehouse up
And burned down in the rain

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