

## **Marcy Playground**

# **"The Shaddow Of Seattle"**

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Rain

Like tin angels falling down  
Like a mission and we're halfway there  
From some old dried up, fried forgotten town

Why

Won't they let us be ourselves?  
With our potential we could toe the line  
And show the bastards up with our divine  
Light light light light

Seize

All the records from the past  
Hold for ransom all the artifacts  
This ragged town protects them to the last  
With lies lies lies lies

See them running heading  
Homeward to Seattle

Deem

All the liars in your tribe  
To be the fires on the western side  
Of some old front we call 'The war of art'

Rain

Like tin angels falling down  
Like a mission and we're halfway there  
From some old dried up, fried forgotten town  
From some old dried up, fried forgotten town  
To some old dried up, fried forgotten town

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