

## Office Of Strategic Influence

### "Our Town"

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OK hey I'm going outside  
You can put the plate back on the shelf  
And it's cold though the snow isn't falling  
The neighbor can speak for itself  
And the cold hard look in your eyes  
Is more than a line in the sand  
When the truth gets hard to imagine  
The hours get harder to stand  
He's a seasick terminal passenger  
Singing this song to himself  
'Till the store bought soul on his skeleton  
Sinks into somebody else  
He's a see saw  
Calm in the storm  
A hurricane after the war  
When he drinks all blood you can offer  
He still wants more  
Landing planes  
And rumbling trains  
Are shaking the ground in our town again  
Thought it twice

And kicking the ice  
I got turned back around and singing  
Everything's gonna be fine  
I'm sure that we'll both be  
OK hey I'm backing outside  
Just put the plate back on the shelf  
And it's cold though the snow isn't falling  
The temperature speaks for itself  
It's a moonlit reason to quit  
And nobody answers the phone  
But if there's still blood left in your body  
I'll come back home

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