

Reema Datta**"House Gone Up In Flames"**

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It's in the grain of the wood
It's in the needle's rust
It's in the eagle's claw
It's in the eyes you trust

It's in the jackal's dreams
It's in the sleet and the hail
It's in the unmarked box
Came today in the mail

It's in the dead man's pocket
It's in the child's first sin
It's in the Constitution
Written in very small print

It's in Colin Powell's lies
It's in the Shaman's trance
It's in the cellar waiting
And it's in the best laid plans

Now we could cut and run
Take half the blame
Yeah, don't stop now
That's why we came
House gone up in flames

It's in the National Anthem
It's in the scurrying roach
It's in the closed partition
'Tween first class and coach

It's in the relentless fever
It's in the lonely room
It's in the hands of fate
And it's in the Pharaoh's tomb

It's in the rich man's dreams
It's in the poor man's hands

It's in the body bags
Along the Rio Grande

It's in the evening shade
It's on the zealot's tongue
It's in the widow's tears
And it's in the miner's lungs

Now we could cut and run
Take half the blame
Yeah, don't stop now
That's why we came
House gone up in flames

It's in the moon's dark spin
It's in the cloudless sky
It was in St. Peter's denial
That he'd thrice deny

It's in the distant thunder
It's in the whispered prayer
That they won't find us hidden
Here beneath the stairs

So consider yourself lucky
And watch what you say
I got what I wanted
You might get the same

It's in bold print nailed
To the cathedral door
It's in the black cold pressure
On the ocean floor

Now we could cut and run
Take half the blame
Yeah, don't stop now
That's why we came alone
This house gone up in flames

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