

Rem "Burning Down"

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From the back of my neck, oh, oh, oh
Wired a glass jaw, oh, oh
Plantation burning your boat is coming in
Strum your Jew's-harp, you're reeking gin

Running water on a sinking boat
Going under but they've got your goat

Burning down
My hands are tied, my feet are bound
Burning down
Can't you see that my hands are bound?

Johnny Mike is reading in the yard
His story's timely, oh, oh, oh
What river is it anyway, radio?
Not in a boat, in your ear

Running water in a sinking boat
Going under but they've got your goat

Burning down
My hands are tied, my feet are bound
Burning down
Can't you see that my hands are bound?

You pick your island in the sun
Take your island off, he's got a gun

Burning down
My hands are tied, my feet are bound
Burning down
Can't you see that my hands are bound?

He's cooking in the woods, a brush fire in your neck
Feeling mighty, mighty, oh, oh, oh
You can pick your island in the sun
Take your island off, he's got a gun

Running water in a sinking boat
Going under but they've got your goat

Burning down
My hands are tied, my feet are bound
Burning down
Can't you see that my hands are bound?

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