

David Crowder**"Liberty Lies"**

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"We've got a different kind of murder out here,"
The man on my TV said
A random kind of feeling starts to fill the air
And we're left here to count the dead
The next channel over
Some ladies were talking
From the Committee of Oh My God
A woman stood up
Started screaming about Satan
The audience roared with applause
And a pollyanna shouted
A pollyanna cried
A pollyanna leapt up with that sorrow in her eyes

We've got liberty lies and refugees
Big brass bands and amputees
But there's hope for the hopeless if there's hope for me
Cause baby I've been crawling
I been crawling
Liberty, lies and refugees
And trembling hands and shaky knees
But there's homes for the homeless if there's a home
for me
Cause baby I been crawling

On the Cable News Network a fireman sobs
Tears making tracks through the ash
I look out my window to see if I'm being robbed
See an overcoat ploughing through the trash
We got Kentucky Fried Chicken
We got an empty soup can
We got noodles and rice from the cafe
A man selling god appears quoting scriptures
The same way he does everyday
We got pollyanna shouting
And pollyanna cries
We got pollyannas leaping with that sorrow in their
eyes

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It's like I'm walking through Rome
Tenements all torn apart
Instead of nero, we got madonna
She's fiddling with herself

Phrases and faces keep coming on through
Put 'em under a microscope, try to see 'em through
Spin 'em round this way and spin 'em round that
but there's birds in the air with long claws

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