

The Lawrence Arms "Chicago Is Burning ..."

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We throw out our bodies on the fire and we die, settle into ashes as the flames keep piling high we tossed and spread the kerosene and alcohol, the ethylene ignited cardboard homes. the second in a hundred and again as many years street signs, skyscrapers and names. state street, what a great street when the places and the people stayed the same. winter beats the summer on the worst ones i fall in love again on the first ones carbon vapor lines burn as a grid like the burning summer evenings like my fingertips did ... this town is choking on our filth obstinate displays of wealth clog our lincoln, wicker, rogers parks. here's to your health chicago. fiddle as we burn. nevermore, nevertheless build it up and tear it down and never learn

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