

Michael Penn

"Bunker Hill"

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Always thought it was a game with us
Move until enough's enough
into a picture-perfect view
I'd like to rip it up with you
Why would anybody leave this place?
It's overdrawn
and won't erase
And if you're feeling incomplete
the line is stretching up the street

So take a look
but you might stay until
you have counted every light from Bunker Hill
Take a coat you're going to freeze

My baby sees every sentence with an underline
never uses turpentine
Put out a fleece and build a kite
A siren's going off tonight
Lay your head down
Do you call this chance?
Found the exit
this entrance
Now's the time
(and it is still)
I'm sorry that I kept you waiting here until
Hey, Luanda
do you want a thrill?
We can watch the lights shine up from Bunker Hill
But if it puts your heart at ease
my baby, please...

Try,
but you can't hide
Impossible. You're lit from the inside
And all I've got to do is
keep my eyes above the ground
to see you move around

The only points of light are fires on Vermont
Somebody must suspect that all we really want
is a tranquilizer gun to fill

It's a free-for-all on Bunker Hill
and everybody wets their knees
on the trapeze...

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