

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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