

The Arcade Fire

"Antichrist Television Blues"

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I don't wanna work in a building downtown
No I don't wanna work in a building downtown
I don't know what I'm gonna do
Cause the planes keep crashing always two by two
I don't wanna work in a building downtown
No I don't wanna see when the planes hit the ground

I don't wanna work in a building downtown
I don't wanna work in a building downtown
Parking their cars in the underground
Their voices when they scream, well they make no
sound
I wanna see the cities rust
And the troublemakers riding on the back of the bus

Dear God, I'm a good Christian man
In your glory, I know you understand
That you gotta work hard and you gotta get paid
My girl's 13 but she don't act her age
She can sing like a bird in a cage
O Lord, if you could see her when she's up on that
stage!

You know that I'm a God-fearing man
You know that I'm a God-fearing man
But I just gotta know if it's part of your plan
To seat my daughters there by your right hand
I know that you'll do what's right, Lord
For they are the lanterns and you are the light

Now I'm overcome
By the light of day
My lips are near but my heart is far away
Tell me what to say
I'll be your mouthpiece!

Into the light of a bridge that burns
As I drive from the city with the money that I earned
Into the black of a starless sky
I'm staring into nothing

and I'm asking you why
Lord, will you make her a star
So the world can see who you really are?

Little girl, you're old enough to understand
That you'll always be a stranger in a strange, strange
land
The men are gonna come when you're fast asleep
So you better just stay close and hold onto me
If my little mocking bird don't sing
Then daddy won't buy her no diamond ring

Dear God, would you send me a child?
Oh! God, would you send me a child
Cause I wanna put it up on the TV screen
So the world can see what your true word means
Lord, would you send me a sign
Cause I just gotta know if I'm wasting my time!

Now I'm overcome
By the light of day
My lips are near but my heart is far away
Now the war is won
How come nothing tastes good?

You're such a sensitive child!
Oh! You're such a sensitive child!
I know you're tired but it's alright
I just need you to sing for me tonight
You're gonna have your day in the sun
You know God loves the sensitive ones

Oh! My little bird in a cage!
Oh! My little bird in a cage!
I need you to get up for me, up on that stage
And show the men that you're old for your age
Now ain't the time for fear
But if you don't take it, it'll disappear!

Oh! My little mocking bird sing!
Oh! My little mocking bird sing!
I need you to get up on that stage for me, honey
And show the men it's not about the money

Wanna hold a mirror up to the world
So that they can see themselves inside my little girl!

Do you know where I was at your age?
Any idea where I was at your age?
I was working downtown for the minimum wage
And I'm not gonna let you just throw it all away!

I'm through being cute, I'm through being nice
O tell me, Lord, am I the Antichrist?!

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