

## The New York Room

### "House Gone Up In Flames"

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It's in the grain of the wood  
It's in the needle's rust  
It's in the eagle's claw  
It's in the eyes you trust

It's in the jackal's dreams  
It's in the sleet and the hail  
It's in the unmarked box  
Came today in the mail

It's in the dead man's pocket  
It's in the child's first sin  
It's in the Constitution  
Written in very small print

It's in Colin Powell's lies  
It's in the Shaman's trance  
It's in the cellar waiting  
And it's in the best laid plans

Now we could cut and run  
Take half the blame  
Yeah, don't stop now  
That's why we came  
House gone up in flames

It's in the National Anthem  
It's in the scurrying roach  
It's in the closed partition  
'Tween first class and coach

It's in the relentless fever  
It's in the lonely room  
It's in the hands of fate  
And it's in the Pharaoh's tomb

It's in the rich man's dreams  
It's in the poor man's hands

It's in the body bags  
Along the Rio Grande

It's in the evening shade  
It's on the zealot's tongue  
It's in the widow's tears  
And it's in the miner's lungs

Now we could cut and run  
Take half the blame  
Yeah, don't stop now  
That's why we came  
House gone up in flames

It's in the moon's dark spin  
It's in the cloudless sky  
It was in St. Peter's denial  
That he'd thrice deny

It's in the distant thunder  
It's in the whispered prayer  
That they won't find us hidden  
Here beneath the stairs

So consider yourself lucky  
And watch what you say  
I got what I wanted  
You might get the same

It's in bold print nailed  
To the cathedral door  
It's in the black cold pressure  
On the ocean floor

Now we could cut and run  
Take half the blame  
Yeah, don't stop now  
That's why we came alone  
This house gone up in flames

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