

Whitehorse

"Wisconsin"

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They're bustin' unions in Wisconsin
We got mojitos by the pool
We got a talent for distraction
No reaction to the colic and the cruel

They're sinking battleships at midnight
We change the channel on a dime
When they break to a commercial, dress rehearsal
In our catatonic prime

Time is moving on
There's no marching band
Just some fuzzed out credits
Names of strangers
And a night cap in your hand

They're digging ditches in Zuccotti
We're getting famous by the hour
All our pirates are Johnny not Somali
Trading bad seeds for flowers

Everybody's got a ticket and a backstage pass
Everybody's going somewhere, someday
Even the mighty, they won't last

Night I had a dream... you were there
Weaving through the burrows
Down the highline
With daisies in your hair

They're bustin' unions in Toronto

I'm coming down from wishful thinking and the like
I'm sober as a judge
But the jury's out...
Drinking tonight

They're bustin' unions in Wisconsin
And praising Jesus in the schools
They keepin' science in the basement
Speaking tongues and making fools

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