

Arcade Fire, The "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,
I don't wanna see 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 trouble makers 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,
Oh 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 hear 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 while 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 by 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 wastin' my time!

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

You're such a sensitive child!
Oh! you're suck 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,
Oh tell me, Lord, am I the Antichrist?!

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