

Constantines, The "Arizona"

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Some modern spirit
wounded and sober
Here's the hunger of a generation
and another ritual surrender

Another motel voice
Arizona 1983
saying "we must not hang our hats on a dream."

As long as we are lonely
we will dance
As long as we are dying
we want the death of rock and roll

In my hands
a hymn of dispossession

In my head
I'm hearing love songs:
I'm going to run my tongue over the body of the nation
I'm going to sing to all the dirty little engines

As long as we are lonely we will dance
As long as we are dying
we want the death or rock and roll

We don't want no confederates
We want deliverance
We don't want no saints
We want the death of rock and roll

This is the music of the minions
This sound is a terminal condition

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