

Constantines, The "Steal This Sound"

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File those nails and clip those wings
'Cause it's curtains for the cretins when they cut these strings
It's some missionary complex that keeps me testifying
It's time we steal these pennies back from the fountain

We stole our voice from the Cigarette City underground
We dug this noise from the gospel soil at Jonestown
Our party employs no politician
Our feuds are not commissioned
We may not eat tonight

We've sharpened our teeth, and we've made our lists
Have you ever been haunted by the little shaking fists?
It's some missionary complex that keeps me testifying
It's time we steal these pennies back from the fountain

Soon as they turn out the lights, the cradle's gonna
rock tonight

All the carpenters say: "I give you my only-ness,
come and give me your tomorrow."

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