

Thee Silver Mt. Zion

"Microphones In The Trees"

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Microphones in the trees...

Microphones in the trees
Cameras in the sky
Antennas in the canyons
And the lobby's full of spies

For us who are like bulldozers
Sleeping in the sun
For us who are like lightning
Buried in the mud
Don't give up
Don't give in
Our time will come
'Cause we are the flood

Microphones in the trees...

So grab my hand
Let's set some fires
This city's piss
All hung with wires

To kiss a tit
Or have one's tit kissed
On bended-knee
It's all you need

Let's build ships
Let's drift away
Our mighty fleet
Must float again

Don't give up
Don't give in
Our time will come
'Cause we...

We are the flood...

Microphones in the trees...

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