

## State Radio

### "Held Up By The Wires"

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Bought the old farmland for a song  
Sold it for many reasons too many of them wrong  
Horseshoe bets and the women that came along  
Blind drunk on their demon rum

Kickin' the pedals tryin' to out run the dogs  
With no running start to jump over the fire  
Doin headstands atop of the rotten telephone poles  
All held up by the wire

His knowledge is a product of his loneliness  
A mad cousin to his holiness  
Maniacs in cages and patriots in sages  
A cruel untelling of the books

But I'll not give myself to the ground  
I kill, more than I live, so slowly

Heard a great force raping the land  
Like general Kelly and his ghost yellow man  
Marching like Sherman in reverse  
Steeling the fire from the building, the city from the  
curse

Master dies by his own hired hand  
Half a day later father's hanging from the steeple  
Strongest body of thieves to ever scourge a land  
To ever pillage a people

But I'll not give myself to the ground  
I kill, more than I live, so slowly  
Oh, allow this night to go on let it roll along, the sun  
never rise  
Allow this life to go on, let it roll along, the sun never  
rise

Say one thing and do another  
And bunker down in your alsatian den  
We ain't got room for your politics here  
Politicians make a bad name for the con man

Water fell like burning metal, set off by a dying sun  
And them women they circled like covered wagons  
Crying their loved ones back from where they'd gone

But I'll not give...

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