

## State Radio

### "Let It Go"

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Under the parasol, the magistrate sings the madrigal  
And shields his face  
From the man who sells his madness by way of the gun  
---Outside the manor yard on the crippled street  
Young girl sell their bodies for bread to eat  
Stare the corner down and say so we meet again

But somewhere the people rise and break out in song  
Their voices are carrying them,  
And I would but the feet on my souls are gone  
From the night they came in

They came in truck with their iron wrath  
Driving this country to its dying breath  
But it's never enough for the tyrant and his cattle

Let it go  
Let it go  
Let it go  
Let it go  
Let it go  
Let it go

And there he sits, the self crowned king  
In his bird bath, just rearranging his things  
When he hears the songs high over head  
He glares at the sky I his disbelief  
Throws a fit and splashes the bath empty  
And orders his generals to aim higher

Let it go  
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Let it go

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