

Fiery Furnaces, The "We Got Back the Plauge"

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That easy-going man of blood
Mucking out in the McLennan county mud
If you're hoping he won't well of course then he must
Driving his truck through the McLennan county dust

I read in my book on Sunday afternoon
So it's easy to think the end's coming soon
But though sometimes the signs from heaven are
vague
Early November we got back the plague

While beautiful Laura's sweeping the porch
He's teleconferencing up his operation torch
And I don't care if he bombs Babylon to hell
Except for he's building Babylon here as well

Waking up in Cedar Rapids asking for allies
Praising his leeches and looking for likewise
Down in St. Charles local talent he hawks
Smirking and sowing the winds as he talks

In Northern Virginia on their excursions
L.U.V. in with all their diversions
Horns for hounds and spurs for horses
Release the committed 72-hour task forces

Bentonville and Dallas with gasoline douse
Then back to Crawford going over to the firehouse
Behind the curtains not turning much of a trick
Sicking ourselves to make ourselves sick

That easy-going man of blood
Mucking out in the McLennan county mud
If you're hoping he won't well of course then he must
Digging us down under the McLennan county dust

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