

Playground Marcy

"The Shadow Of Seattle"

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Rain

Like tin angels falling

down

Like a mission and we're

halfway there

From some old dried up

fried forgotten town

Why

Won't they let us be ourselves

With our potential we

could toe the line

And show the bastards up

with our divine

Light

Seize

All the records from the past

Hold for ransom all the artifacts

This ragged town protects

them to the last

With lies

See them running heading

homeward to Seattle

Deem

All the liars in your tribe

To be the fires on the

western side

Of some old front we call

the war of art

Rain

Like tin angels falling

down

Like a mission and we're

halfway there

From some old dried up

fried forgotten town

From some old dried up

fried forgotten town

To some old dried up fried

forgotten

Town

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