

Lawrence Arms, The "Chicago Is Burning"

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We throw our bodies on the fire and we die,
Settle into ashes as the flames keep piling high
We tossed and spread the kerosene and alcohol,
The ethylene ignited cardboard homes
The second in a hundred and again as many years
Street signs, skyscrapers and names
State Street, what a great street
When the places and the people stayed the same

Winter beats the summer on the worst ones
I fall in love again on the first ones
Carbon vapor lines burn as a grid
Like the burning summer evenings like my fingertips
did
The burning summer evenings like my fingertips did

This town is choking on our filth
Obstinate displays of wealth
Clog our Lincoln, Wicker, Rogers parks
Here's to your health Chicago
Fiddle as we burn
Nevermore, nevertheless
Build it up and tear it down and never learn

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