

The Ghosts of Alexandria

Anti-Flag

He was the poster child of miserable.

He was in love with colored boy.

No chance for hope in a land of servitude.
And now the ghosts of Alexandria

Hang in the halls like the boys on the oak,
To remind us that we're only 13 knots away
From repeating our mistakes.

No one can see on the inside,

No one can hear on the outside,

No one will speak the name to blame.
The dead sing: "It's not over."

She was poster child of ritual.

She was in love with the U.S.A.

She was from some place but she could not tell us where.
And now the ghosts of Alexandria

Labor the field like amber waves of grain,

To remind us that we are only a minimum wage away
A bowl of rice a day

From repeating our mistakes.
It's not over.

No one can see on the inside.

No one can hear on the outside.

No one will speak the name to blame.
The dead sing.

And we watched the summer turn to the autumn of glory.