

## (Antichrist Television Blues)

Arcade Fire

I don't wanna work in a building downtown  
No I don't wanna work in a building downtown  
I don't know what I'm gonna do  
Cause the planes keep crashing always two by two  
I don't wanna work in a building downtown  
No I don't wanna see when the planes hit the ground

I don't wanna work in a building downtown  
I don't wanna work in a building downtown  
Parking their cars in the underground  
Their voices when they scream, well they make no sound  
I wanna see the cities rust  
And the troublemakers riding on the back of the bus

Dear God, I'm a good Christian man  
In your glory, I know you understand  
That you gotta work hard and you gotta get paid  
My girl's 13 but she don't act her age  
She can sing like a bird in a cage  
O Lord, if you could see her when she's up on that stage!

You know that I'm a God-fearing man  
You know that I'm a God-fearing man  
But I just gotta know if it's part of your plan  
To seat my daughters there by your right hand  
I know that you'll do what's right, Lord  
For they are the lanterns and you are the light

Now I'm overcome  
By the light of day  
My lips are near but my heart is far away  
Tell me what to say  
I'll be your mouthpiece!

Into the light of a bridge that burns  
As I drive from the city with the money that I earned  
Into the black of a starless sky  
I'm staring into nothing  
and I'm asking you why  
Lord, will you make her a star  
So the world can see who you really are?

Little girl, you're old enough to understand  
That you'll always be a stranger in a strange, strange land  
The men are gonna come when you're fast asleep  
So you better just stay close and hold onto me  
If my little mocking bird don't sing  
Then daddy won't buy her no diamond ring

Dear God, would you send me a child?  
Oh! God, would you send me a child  
Cause I wanna put it up on the TV screen  
So the world can see what your true word means  
Lord, would you send me a sign  
Cause I just gotta know if I'm wasting my time!

Now I'm overcome

By the light of day  
My lips are near but my heart is far away  
Now the war is won  
How come nothing tastes good?

You're such a sensitive child!  
Oh! You're such a sensitive child!  
I know you're tired but it's alright  
I just need you to sing for me tonight  
You're gonna have your day in the sun  
You know God loves the sensitive ones

Oh! My little bird in a cage!  
Oh! My little bird in a cage!  
I need you to get up for me, up on that stage  
And show the men that you're old for your age  
Now ain't the time for fear  
But if you don't take it, it'll disappear!

Oh! My little mocking bird sing!  
Oh! My little mocking bird sing!  
I need you to get up on that stage for me, honey  
And show the men it's not about the money

Wanna hold a mirror up to the world  
So that they can see themselves inside my little girl!

Do you know where I was at your age?  
Any idea where I was at your age?  
I was working downtown for the minimum wage  
And I'm not gonna let you just throw it all away!  
I'm through being cute, I'm through being nice  
O tell me, Lord, am I the Antichrist?!