

Nylons In a Rip

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Cats got your tongue
The jungle's won
Enemy lines trippin' your mama's son
But you say
You're keepin' us safe

In the hands
Of a god fearin' man
We turn our backs
he shakes the devils hand
I believe
We been deceived

Now you got my nylons in a rip
Runnin round tryin to make sense of it
Trying to grow flowers in your bullshit
You'd put out the sun if you got hold of it

Oh say can you see
The dawn of catastrophe
So many tears people drown in the streets
Whatcha doin'
'Bout New Orleans

Pennies keep droppin
But nobody's stopping
You'll wash your hands and we'll be stuck with the problem
Sell the fear
Then disappear