

## Cannons

Siouxsie and the Banshees

Troubled weather's on its way  
Tempests threaten us today  
There's no respite, from long dark nights  
Just the fantasy of spring  
From the hailstones of summer  
To a scorching winter land  
A frozen death sleep, then this heat  
Beats down on this bucked land

Flames lick closer to the core  
From city limits fireball  
And in a headless chicken run  
Race red and screaming fire engines  
The the cannons came

'Neath the brooding sky  
Beneath its baleful eye  
The cannon shot, the cannon crack  
Disturbing night dreams

People fled in droves  
To the lakes and to the shores  
Left behind a near ghost town  
Save the life of the cannons resounding  
Still there was no rain

Once more in the line of fire  
Hovers the preying sky  
The cannons aim jabs at the eye  
Heralding the rain...