Statehouse (Burning In The Rain)

Chuck Prophet

Yes, indeed
It's oh
So very nice of you to ask
Still I can't help wondering
If I'm equal to the task
Of washing up
And getting dressed
And waiting on a train
To come so far
To watch the Statehouse
Burn down in the rain

Well, the highway's choked With minivans
And traitors heading west
Here I am still wheezing
Like a sick bird in a nest
My heart is weak
My face is long
I'm not up to the strain
To breathe the smoke
And watch the Statehouse
Burn down in the rain

Well I'm not your father And I'm not your lover Something is rising And it's boiling over You'd better take cover You'd better take cover Something is rising And it's boiling over

The Governor kept telling us He was the People's voice He said the time is high For all of us to make a choice Then he jammed his little finger In a rusty weather vane And ran out of the Statehouse As it burned down in the rain It's easy making plans Out walking in the sun Any fool can kick an old man Down on the ground And turn and run But it's gonna take some doing Yeah, some doing to explain All the cheers the night The Statehouse Burned down in the rain

I'm not your father
I'm not your lover
Something is rising
And it's boiling over
You'd better take cover

You'd better take cover Something is rising And it's boiling over Oh, yeah

The pillars and the amber waves
The bannisters and such
All that seemed too far away
Too far away to touch
We never found the numbers
Or the language to complain
Until the night the Statehouse up
And burned down in the rain