

# Throne

Ezra Furman

I have come to a foreign shore  
Looks familiar. I've been here before  
There's my family, there's my house  
But we don't belong here, we've gotta get out

I'm a newborn baby. I've just been born  
I'm ducking and dodging through tall stalks of corn  
I'll take the job if the money's good  
But an ancient strain runs in my blood

Forgotten language plays in my mind  
I'm always searching for a word I just can't find  
Wouldn't make it a day out here, I couldn't get by  
Without this underground network on which I rely

Change goes on in semi-darkness  
Long shadows in the alley at dawn  
Those who sow will soon harvest  
Those who rule will soon be leaving the throne

We travel in tandem, we blend right in  
But we lock eyes when we pass, a small nod of the chin  
Suitcase in the closet, supplies in the drawer  
There may come a day when you'll see us no more

I look calm and collected, I seem at ease  
But in my mind the water's up past my knees  
We're playing the long game. We're playing for keeps  
We're drawing our plans up while the enemy sleeps

The fire is lit now, cat's out of the cage  
We stand in the half-light at the edge of the stage  
You won't know it's happening 'til it's already done  
And the queen in the shadows steps into the sun

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