

Broadripple Is Burning

Margot & the Nuclear So and So's

Children, Broadripple is burning
And the girls are getting sick
Off huffing glue up in the bathroom
While your boyfriends pick up chicks.
And darling I'm lost.
I heard you whispering
That night in fountain square.
The trashed filled streets made me wish we were heading home.

There was love inside the basement
Where that woman used to lie
In a sleeping bag we shared upon
The floor almost every night.
And darling I'm drunk,
And everything that I have loved has turned to stone.
So pack your bags and come back home.

And I'm wasted.
You can taste it.
Don't look at me that way,
'Cause I'll be hanging from a rope.
I will haunt you like a ghost.

If my woman was a fire,
She'd burn out before I wake,
And be replaced by pints of whiskey,
Cigarettes, and outer space.
Then somebody moves
And everything you thought you had has gone to shit.
We've got a lot.
Don't ever forget that.

And I wrote this on an airplane where the people looked like eggs.
And when a woman that you loved was gone,
She was bombing East Japan.
And don't fucking move,
'Cause everything you thought you had will go to shit.
We've got a lot.
Don't you dare forget that.

And I'm wasted.
You can taste it.
Don't look at me that way,
'Cause I'll be hanging from a rope.
I will haunt you like a ghost.

And I'm wasted.
You can taste it.
Don't look at me that way,
'Cause I'll be hanging from a rope.
I will haunt you like a ghost.