

Ivory Tower

Matthew Sweet

Come down from your ivory tower

How is it pleasing? Your master is freezing you
Keeping you locked in a cage of your own
Now you're a child of the things you revile
And the stars are defiled
It's a crime, it's a crime

Come down from your ivory tower
Come on, come on, come on
Come down from your ivory tower
Come on, come on

His unknowing stare doesn't make you aware
That the fire's still going down here on the ground
So are you a child of the things you revile?
Shall the stars be defiled?
It's a crime, it's a crime

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