

## Empty Paris

Momus

I am teacher who works on a farm  
Immunity barcode tattooed on my arm  
But the children must eat, education can wait  
I coax up the carrots til quarter to eight  
And if I don't farm then nobody eats  
And if nobody eats we're in pain  
What if someone declared a black death but nobody came?  
And the Ibis hotel is a hospital now  
The conference centre's a morgue  
The city's so quiet, I can't get used to it  
The police have turned into the Borg  
Saw a lonely flaneur with a drone overhead  
With a thin metal voice that shrieked out as it said:  
"You have the choice to be thrown in a cell or go home"  
Empty Paris, empty Berlin  
Empty London, New York, empty Dublin  
Empty Lagos, Johannesburg, Moscow, LA  
Empty Adelaide, empty Belgrade  
And I dig on the farm, this tattoo on my arm  
Proving I've come through the plague  
And when this squeeze is over and we all recover  
Perhaps we will drink lemonade  
I had a partner but she's disappeared  
And I'm not used to living alone

Well the hard work all starts when the loneliness hurts  
And sometimes I wish we'd both gone  
And I'm scared of the government, scared of the Russians  
And scared of these criminal pricks  
When I head out to work at a quarter to five  
They all watch for signs that I'm sick  
Where once there was motion now there's just stubbornness  
Where once was health we're just ill  
Feral rats have invaded the Quai de la Monnaie  
Foxes took over Café Kitsune  
In the Palais Royale it's now head-high with weeds  
Food rots in the Carrousel du Louvre  
In Ikea I see only chaos and fear  
A ghost town where nobody moves  
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