

Electricity

Pere Ubu

A city is the stones, not the people
Why should it be?
People breed and die
They come and they go
Faithless

The stones speak -
A language of hopes & fears
that nobody understands -
like poetry.

Can a city die?
Probably not
But like the insane do in their awful solitude
it speaks only to itself.

Nobody understands
Nobody understands
All the words that we've cherished for so long
fall on deaf ears
Children, hear our hopes and fears
Hope and fear

And maybe after all the years
the city does go mad too
whispering in the dark
strange talk

Nobody understands
Nobody understands
All the words that we've cherished for so long
fall on deaf ears
Children, hear our hopes and fears
Hope and fear

The sun sets and people flee
and in the surrounding hills
they huddle against the empty darkness
around their suburban campfires
Above in the sky the stars come undone
Below in the city there's nothing but strange talk
which feels like all the faded hopes that never were