

# 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

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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