

Tombstone Road

James Shayfer

Oh, the air is here is getting thick
From all the dirty ciga-rhetoric
Oh, I can feel my inside turning black
Oh, and if words were dollars I'd want mine back

Ooh ooh, everybody gather around
They better head for higher ground
Ooh ooh, ever body gather around
We're gonna burn this building down

You know for every Tombstone Road they pave
They're gonna throw a ticker tape parade
And every thousand years that trickle by
They'll find another prophet to crucify

Ooh ooh, everybody gather around
They better head for higher ground
Ooh ooh, ever body gather round
We're gonna burn this village down

And when they're warm and cozy in their beds
We're gonna paint ourselves in black and red
We're gonna batter down the gilded doors
And put the writing on the walls
And the ceilings, and the floors
Anywhere we fancy the truth belongs

Ooh ooh, everybody gather around
They better head for higher ground
Ooh ooh, everybody gather round
We're gonna burn this city down

Ooh ooh, everybody gather around
They better head for higher ground
Ooh ooh, take a torch pass it around
We're gonna burn this city down