

# Paris is Burning

St. Vincent

I write to give word the war is over  
Send my cinders home to mother  
They gave me a medal for my valor  
Leaden trumpets spit the soot of power

They say, "I'm on your side  
"When nobody is, 'cause nobody is  
"Come sit right here and sleep  
"While I slip poison in your ear"

We are waiting on a telegram  
To give us news of the fall  
I am sorry to report  
Dear Paris is burning after all

We have taken to the streets  
In open rejoice revolting  
We are dancing a black waltz  
Fair Paris is burning after all

Enclosed in this letter there's a picture  
Black and white for your refrigerator  
Sticks and stones have made me smarter  
It's words that cut me under my armor

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Dance poor people, dance and drown  
Dance fair Paris to the ground  
Dance poor people, dance and drown  
Dance fair Paris, ashes now

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