

Murder In The Big House

Steve Taylor

When did you last look up in the sky?
Really look at the sky and wonder?
Used to be you could see forever
Now there's cracks in the canvas we're under

This is the sound of the rooftop coming down
This ain't a murder mystery
This is the sound of the four walls falling in
This is the stench of recent history

This house is crumbling
This property is condemned
This house is crumbling
Who'll say the last amen?

All of us Neros fanning ourselves
Damp with the sweat of regret
Just killing time with our eyes to the skies
Waiting on
Science our saviour

This is the sound of your rooftop coming down
It's time to meet the maker
This is the sound of the floorboards caving in
This is the knock of the undertaker

This house is crumbling
This property is condemned
This house is crumbling
Who'll say the last amen?

A child takes a crayon and draws a black rainbow
Over a city where nobody is
What are they thinking, these small minded people?
That they can decode words on the wall?

This is the sound of the world coming down
This is the sex of history
This is the sound of the big house caving in
This is the fiction of joy and misery

This house is crumbling
This property is condemned
This house is tumbling down
Who'll say the last amen?

Amen

Amen

Amen