

## For Hitchens

## The Ballroom Thieves

I was born in the right country  
Where we choke on the smoke of wildfires past  
We, the counterfeit heirs to the wide and weeping edge of the world  
We are long past the day when we stood in the light

We are torn, we are wild, wild, wild, wild, wild, wild  
Syndicated reverie  
With a delicate eye to define the horizon  
All in our rags and rising

Why do you let them lie to you?  
Why do you let them lie to you?  
Why do you let them lie to you?

We're alive, we're a live wire  
Welcome to the light on your face  
Ready or not, we keep walking  
Ready or not, ready or not, ready or not

Ready or not, ready or not, ready or not, ready or not [x12]

These days  
These days  
These days  
If you yell loud enough  
The lie rings true  
So don't let them lie to you  
Don't let them lie to you

You'll be born in the right country  
You will learn that silence is not bravery