

Set a Guy on Fire

The Taxpayers

And the things that you felt on your skin, in your bed, were the
aftermath of an arrangement gone awry
And the place that you live and the people that you love are a
testament to the arrangement you aimed to fight

When you smell the rubber burning from the tires
And the people start to scream as if we set a guy on fire
There'll be beating hearts
It'll be danger, danger, danger down the line

And the food that you ate and the water that you drank
Were the poisonous kind, they were the poisonous kind
And the words that you hate and the shit that you take
Will remind you of what you will do with your life

When the rotting gets embodied in your breath
And the buildings start to look like the contusions on your chest
There'll be beating hearts
It'll mean danger, danger, danger down the line