

# The Windows Break

## The Taxpayers

Piles and piles  
Of old magazines  
Windows locked up and hidden from the street  
In a crawlspace, forgotten money  
People tensing and waiting to come back home  
You can feel the tension in the house  
The moment you walk through the door  
Sudden madness allow me in again

When the first train flies past the house, miles away  
The screaming starts and it feels like a minefield  
Neighbors silently hiding in the shadows  
There's a person locked in, behind that door -  
Don't let anybody catch you turning the handle  
It's a long, long night. It's going to be an awful and lonely night

Well... you can blot out the years and abandon the jungle  
Cover up the tapes and refuse to look back  
But your own right hand is not gonna save your soul  
You have been followed! Ah, the mechanics  
All the reactions that seem to attach themselves  
It's been a very very very long year and it's gonna be an even longer night

And then a screen door slams; the windows break  
A woman just jumps and scrapes at the hood of a car  
When the car backs up into a streetlight, all of the neighbors  
call the cops  
She falls off and the car speeds away  
Headed for the border of a far away state  
It's gonna mean an hour of freedom with the radio and a quarter-filled gas tank  
And a quarter filled gas tank  
With the high beams on  
And the windows down...