

When you get back on the M train
Watch the city mutate
Where do you go when your mind starts
To lose its perfected shape?

Virtuosic, idealistic
Musing a fall from grace
I guess the dead just go on living
At the darkest edge of space

When you get back home to St. Cloud
Watch the new world project
A rousing image, scorched earth swinging
Supernatural and complex

And I might show up in a white dress
Turn reluctance on its ear
If the dead just go on living
Well, there's nothing left to fear

If you burn slow, burning slow
On your own roof, yell what you know
Burning slow, burning slow
Burning slow, burning slow

And when when I go, when I go
Look back at me, embers aglow
When I go, when I go
When I go, when I go