

# Statehouse (Burning In The Rain)

Chuck Prophet

Yes, indeed  
It's oh  
So very nice of you to ask  
Still I can't help wondering  
If I'm equal to the task  
Of washing up  
And getting dressed  
And waiting on a train  
To come so far  
To watch the Statehouse  
Burn down in the rain

Well, the highway's choked  
With minivans  
And traitors heading west  
Here I am still wheezing  
Like a sick bird in a nest  
My heart is weak  
My face is long  
I'm not up to the strain  
To breathe the smoke  
And watch the Statehouse  
Burn down in the rain

Well I'm not your father  
And I'm not your lover  
Something is rising  
And it's boiling over  
You'd better take cover  
You'd better take cover  
Something is rising  
And it's boiling over

The Governor kept telling us  
He was the People's voice  
He said the time is high  
For all of us to make a choice  
Then he jammed his little finger  
In a rusty weather vane  
And ran out of the Statehouse  
As it burned down in the rain  
It's easy making plans  
Out walking in the sun  
Any fool can kick an old man  
Down on the ground  
And turn and run  
But it's gonna take some doing  
Yeah, some doing to explain  
All the cheers the night  
The Statehouse  
Burned down in the rain

I'm not your father  
I'm not your lover  
Something is rising  
And it's boiling over  
You'd better take cover

You'd better take cover  
Something is rising  
And it's boiling over  
Oh, yeah

The pillars and the amber waves  
The bannisters and such  
All that seemed too far away  
Too far away to touch  
We never found the numbers  
Or the language to complain  
Until the night the Statehouse up  
And burned down in the rain