

The Revolution

David Byrne

Amplifiers and old guitars
Country music sung in bars
And when she sings the revolution's near

Beauty holds the microphone
And watches as we stumble home
And she can see the revolution now

Dirt and fish and trees and houses
Smoke and hands up women's blouses
Not like I expected it would be

Bubbles pop in every size
It's analyzed and criticized
And beauty knows that it is almost here

Beauty goes to her address
She shuts the door and climbs the stairs
And when she sleeps the revolution grows

Beauty rests on mattress strings
Wearing just her underthings
And when she wakes the revolution's here
And when she wakes the revolution's here