

## White Russian

Fish

Where do we go from here?  
They`re boarding up the synagogues, Uzis on a street corner.  
You can` t take a photograph of Uzis on a street corner.  
The DJ resigned today; they wouldn` t let him have his say.  
A surface scratched where the needles play, Uzis on a street corner.

Where do we go from here?  
Terror on the Rue de St. Denis, murder on the periphery.  
Someone else in someone else`s pocket, Christ knows I don` t know how to stop  
it.  
Lay poppies at the Cenotaph, the cynics can` t afford to laugh.  
I heard in on the telegraph there`s Uzis on a street corner.

Where do we go from here?  
The more I see, the more I hear, the more I find the fewer answers.  
I close my mind, I shut it out, but you know its getting harder.  
To calm me down, to reason out, to come to terms with what it`s all about.  
I` m uptight, can` t sleep at night, I can` t pretend everything`s alright.  
My ideals, my sanity, they seem to be deserting me.  
But to stand up and fight, I know we have six million reasons.

They`re burning down the synagogues, Uzis on a street corner.  
The heralds of the holocaust, Uzis on a street corner.  
The silence never louder than now, how quickly we forgot our vows.  
This resurrection we can` t allow, the Uzis on a street corner.

Where do we go from here, where do we go from here?  
We buy fresh bagels from the corner store,  
Where swastikas are spat from aerosols.  
I sit in the bar sipping iced white russians,  
Trying to score but nobody`s pushing,  
And everyone looks at everyone`s faces,  
Searching for signs and praying for traces  
Of a conscience in residence.  
Are we sitting on a barbed wire fence, racing the clouds home?  
Racing the clouds home.

We place our faith in human rights;  
In the paper wars that tie the redtape tight.  
I know that I would rather be out of this conspiracy.

In the gulags and internment camps;  
Frozen faces in nameless ranks.  
I know that they would rather be  
Standing here beside me, chasing the clouds home.

You can shut your eyes, you can hide away.  
It`s gonna come back another day.

Racing the clouds home, are we racing the clouds home?  
Racing the clouds home.