

Well, I saw you at the station  
It was after the election  
Down cast they would call him  
Your behavior was a poem

At the feet of blessed  
Your hate burned my hand  
Are you happy where you are?

Well, I knew that it was over  
When the crowd began standing  
You were driving, we were swerving  
In the feathers began burning

From the mountains to the desert  
I searched but you were gone  
Are you happy where you are?  
Are you happy where you are?

And all the hours upon that everyone consume  
Could not arrest the void of him to hers  
Him to hers, silent too

Your priest who is praying  
In the cold moon was laying  
The drunkard, he was drinking  
And the young boy, he was thinking

For the first time in a long time  
You felt hurt she died  
Are you happy where you are?  
Are you happy where you are?

And all the alcohol that everyone consumed  
Could not arrest the boy who trots around the wound  
Don't look behind the face to see the faith is gone  
You know that's only wise for everyone, everyone, oh, gone

Well, I saw you at the station  
It was after the election  
Down tribe they would call him  
Your behavior was so sad

At the feet of altar  
Your hate burned my hand  
Are you happy where you are?  
Are you happy where you are?