

Where have all the bastards gone?  
The underbelly stinks of tonight  
The dummy failed the crash test  
Collecting unemployment cheques  
You're fucking only along for the ride

Where have all the riots gone?  
As the city's moto gets pulverized  
Once two lovers, now in debt  
On your birth certificate  
So strike the fucking match to light this fuse

The television's an extortionist  
And they don't even know that you exist  
So stand still, waits to die  
You'd better run for your fucking life

It's not over 'til your underground  
It's not home before it's too late  
This city's burning  
It's not my burden  
It's not home before it's too late

There is nothing left to analyse

Where will all the martyrs go  
When the fire scares themselves?  
And where will we all go when it's too late?

And don't look back

Your not the Jesus of Suburbia  
They're saying Jimmy is a figment of  
Your Fathers race and your Mothers love  
Then maybe you need an America

It's not over 'til your underground  
It's not home before it's too late  
This city's burning  
It's not my burden  
It's not home before it's too late

Well she said I can't take this place  
I'm leaving it behind  
Well she said I can't take this town  
I'm leaving you tonight