

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