Ruins Of The Realm

James McMurtry

Standin' in the middle of a Roman street
Marble dust all over my feet
Bearded masses at the gates
Dancin' in the ruins while it's not too late

Drivin' a Rolls through old Bombay
Rickshaw drivers in my way
Well, they better move over and they'd better move fast
Dancin' in the ruins of a golden past
Dancin' in the ruins of the
Rush queen and country's noble cause

Standin' on banks of the river Seine
I ain't got tethers to my name
Stand my ground and I cast my net
Dancin' in the ruins where the sun don't set
Dancin' in the ruins of the crown
Enfield rifles keepin' us down

I got a thirty-ought-six and a premium load
In a shotgun shack on a two lane road
Smack in the middle of the bible belt
Dancin' in the ruins all by myself

We got the National Guard with the bayonets
We got the ten commandments on the State House steps
We shalt not steal and we shalt not kill
Dancin' in the ruins of our own free will
Dancin' in the ruins of the South
Confederate flag taped over my mouth

We thank thee Lord, for all we got
While the military nationals call the shots
So scrape them hides and clean that slate
Dancin' in the ruins of the Nation's state

We'll fight 'em in the land, we'll fight 'em in the air
Well, a cowboy says we got to fight 'em over there
He ain't seen nothing like it since Saigon fell
Dancin' in the ruins 'cause we might as well

Dancin' in the ruins of the realm
A fool and a mad man at the helm
Dancin' in the ruins of the right
Down in the bunker on a hunger strike