

Disaster Tourism

mewithoutYou

Call me outside, I'll come running down...
You call me outside, I'll come running down.
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When I satisfied each need invented by my eyes,
I was a nest by a fox's hole or dirt underneath your boot soles
.
When I satisfied each need invented by my eyes,
Till it was nothing like I'd imagined.

Like cocaine, their green eyes fixed on the television to pass
the time,
Until their two miles of elegant blinds halfway raised for the
watching as you walked by:
"Look, come to the window... she carries a candle at mid-day
While the sun's still so high!"
But you knew better than to pay mind to what people and the dev
il say.

Call me outside, I'll come running down into your vacant, intox
icating night.
If you call me outside to their haunted streets, their red elec
tric lights!
Oh, I'm on the sad side of a nowhere town, but sister I'm all y
ou've got,
So call me outside, I'll come running down... then, not another
word.