

New Folk Song

Paint It Black

If I had a hammer, it would probably be covered in rust.
I've got a broom and a dustpan, but they're covered in dust.

I tried to fill the cracks.
But they're everywhere in this town.
This place is haunted and I'm gonna have to burn it down.

We've got to start from scratch.
All that's left is dust and ash.
No idle hands; we stay busy hauling out the trash.

In fact, to keep my head intact
I learned to stand with the wall against my back.

We don't know what we are, but we're sure of what we're not.
I know that language will fail us, but it's all we've got.