

Chicago

Portugal. The Man

The pig's spitting taxes and unwanted tasks,
We say, "send me to the battle, please sir!"
"Send me to the battle, please sir!"

Chicago is dancing in xylophone laughter.
We say: "burn this fucker down, down, down."
"Burn this motherfucker down."

But would you please, please speak up,
I can't hear with these clouds in my ears.
The system's down, I doubt we'll get through.
Send your money for...

The horse has been taken, running clubs in the pasture.
We say: "burn this fucker down, down, down."
"Burn this motherfucker down."

But would you please, please speak up,
I can't hear with these clouds in my ears.
They're singin'...
They're singin'...
They're singin'...

The system's down, I doubt we'll get through.
Send your money for the caterpillars to entertain.
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