

Burning Down

R.E.M.

From the back of my neck, oh oh oh
Wired a glass jaw, oh oh
Plantation burning your boat is coming in
Strum your jew's harp, you're reeking gin

Running water on a sinking boat
Going under but they've got your goat

Burning down
My hands are tied my feet are bound
Burning down
Can't you see that my hands are bound

Johnny Mike is reading in the yard
His story's timely, oh oh oh
What river is it anyway, radio
Not in a boat, in your ear

Running water in a sinking boat
Going under but they've got your goat

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My hands are tied my feet are bound
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Can't you see that my hands are bound

You pick your island in the sun
Take your island off he's got a gun

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He's cooking in the woods, a brush fire in your neck
Feeling mighty mighty, oh oh oh
You can pick your island in the sun
Take your island off he's got a gun

Running water in a sinking boat
Going under but they've got your goat

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Can't you see that my hands are bound