

# Burn Down This Town

Rosanne Cash

The hills are burning, fields turn to steel  
The big house is haunted with what we don't feel  
All the streets are empty, no one ever comes around  
So you know they won't make a sound  
Burn down this town

My lungs are blackened with smoke and sobs  
So just be a man and finish the job  
And I'll watch you from this distant place I've found  
Oh, you know I won't make a sound  
Burn down this town

The clapper jail and the co-op board  
The garden club and the bedroom door  
Sprinkled lawn and the mirrored hall  
The Christmas tree, just burn it all

The sky is falling with the ash and mud  
They gotta make a promise, yeah, blood to blood  
So shut the door and then slowly turn around  
And now you know you can't make a sound  
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The clapper jail and the co-op board  
The garden club and the bedroom door  
Sprinkled lawn and the mirrored hall  
The Christmas tree, just burn it all

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