Erin

Wake up, oh wake up, don't sleep, please I had another one of those dreams Where your feet are bound together And the tin man is spinning again Hold my hand, I will stand as the world turns around me Lock the door to the yard or the wind is bound To blow my fragile anchors away

Who's gonna carry the blame? Who's gonna take up the campaign When these injured streets are bleeding? Politicians in command are washing their hands Got to tend the marching bands When the battered streets are When the battered streets are When the battered streets are bleeding

And I am losing my hold There are soldiers in the hallway They will break down these walls There's an apparation behind the bedroom blinds There is black ink in the bathroom sink If the gunmen don't let her go Or the snake outside will swallow the house

Who's gonna carry the blame? Who's gonna take up the campaign When these injured streets are bleeding? Politicians in command are washing their hands Got to tend the marching bands When the battered streets are When the battered streets are When the battered streets are bleeding

And I know you will try But you cannot protect me from these shadows inside 'Cause these dreams I have are so much bigger Than the blade of a knife or a shotgun's trigger If the gunmen don't let her go Or the snake outside will swallow the house

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