

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 apparition 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

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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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