

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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