

Paris is Burning

St. Vincent

I write to give word the war is over
Send my cinders home to mother
They gave me a medal for my valor
Leaden trumpets spit the soot of power

They say, "I'm on your side
"When nobody is, 'cause nobody is
"Come sit right here and sleep
"While I slip poison in your ear"

We are waiting on a telegram
To give us news of the fall
I am sorry to report
Dear Paris is burning after all

We have taken to the streets
In open rejoice revolting
We are dancing a black waltz
Fair Paris is burning after all

Enclosed in this letter there's a picture
Black and white for your refrigerator
Sticks and stones have made me smarter
It's words that cut me under my armor

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Dance fair Paris to the ground
Dance poor people, dance and drown
Dance fair Paris, ashes now

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