

## This Independence

### The Manhattan Transfer

The light is bending early  
Around the prodigal  
The gunner whispers gently  
His shadow on the wall  
The crowd is bursting from me  
A single animal  
It finds its freedom early  
They're going to take it all

This independence  
We are the metal shell  
10,000 bodies  
Run from an empty well  
All of your lovers  
Are heroes in my bed  
All night the echoes  
Of breathing heads

A falling body near me  
A silent angry cry  
A miracle of purpose  
Looks up into the sky  
A camera crew is running  
The world is shrinking fast  
Tonight you drink your coffee  
And watch the world aghast

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