

Before This City Wakes

The Walkabouts

At the cinema of flames
I work the swing shift
When I get off
I am inclined to drift
Through the downtown
So many victims of pleasure
That I've stopped counting
Soldiers of joy
Getting' hammered at the fountain
near the cathouse
They're playing techno calypso
At the apocalyptic disco
But I stand outside
Just to stare down the slithering crowd
Divide and conquer
is the new mathematics
But it's as old as the hills
On which all the mansions die proud

I'm gonna waste
Everything that you hate
Before this city wakes

I keep spittin' out
The first things that come to my head
A blistering list
Of the who, what, the when
And the wherefore
These times are stammers
And jitters, and echoes
A silence disfigured
A stupor born ranting
Like a stuck pig
Got my favorite booth
At an all night diner
And you've probably seen me
On a jagged, all-nighter
Mumblin' senseless
Assassination is the privilege of princes
But I'm getting sick of how everyone winces
when I'm close
Tomorrow let's meet
and I'll show you around
And I'll show you all the shit
that I couldn't tear down
With my bare hands