

All the boys who called their mothers on that day  
Were no tough bunch but they had the nerves to go and say  
That all your secrets were drowned

With the pioneers who were flooded from this town  
They packed their bags only moments too late  
With the pounding waves crashing up against  
The weakened water gates

'Cause dire times call for dire faces  
So lovely dancer call a dancer  
Trade our places in the night  
We're running barefoot, you and I  
Dead lovers salivate  
Broken hearts tessellate tonight

And all the kids who cut their knees on that old schoolyard fence  
Were holding out for posterity and self-defense  
Before we beat them down again

There's no fun in playing cowboys for pretend  
We showed them what the backs of our hands is for  
The divide is clear in the coming year  
The rich will take the poor

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