

Belly of the Lion

John Mark McMillan

Dance the dance
We call living and dying
In the valley of the city
in the belly of the lion
Work all week long
All week long
You can lose your soul
In the concrete riverbeds
Rolling with the flow
Of the currents of the walking deads
Five comes and you're a rolling stone

Days like these
We've got nothing to sing about
Days like these
I don't know what I think about
Day like these
Who would've known
Days like these
I've got nothing to sing about
Days like these
I don't know what I think about
Day like these
Who would've known

Listen to the rhythm
Of the pawn shop shore
Got you falling off your hinges
Like that old screen porch
It's the interstate slipping in your pores again
You can ride the vein
From the corner store to Amsterdam
You can bleed the train
From the courthouse to the Vatican
But Friday she's a ghost
And gonna slip right through your hands again

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Days like these
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Day like these
Who would've known
Days like these
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Days like these
I've got nothing to sing about
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So dance the dance
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In the valley of the city
in the belly of the lion
We work all week long
All week long
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