

Burn Down This Town

Rosanne Cash

The hills are burning, fields turn to steel
The big house is haunted with what we don't feel
All the streets are empty, no one ever comes around
So you know they won't make a sound
Burn down this town

My lungs are blackened with smoke and sobs
So just be a man and finish the job
And I'll watch you from this distant place I've found
Oh, you know I won't make a sound
Burn down this town

The clapper jail and the co-op board
The garden club and the bedroom door
Sprinkled lawn and the mirrored hall
The Christmas tree, just burn it all

The sky is falling with the ash and mud
They gotta make a promise, yeah, blood to blood
So shut the door and then slowly turn around
And now you know you can't make a sound
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The clapper jail and the co-op board
The garden club and the bedroom door
Sprinkled lawn and the mirrored hall
The Christmas tree, just burn it all

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