

St. Vincent, Paris Is Burning

I write to give word the war is over
Send my cinders home to mother
They gave me a medal for my valor
Leaden trumpets spit the soot of power they say

"I'm on your side when nobody is, cause nobody is
Come sit right here and sleep while I slip poison in your ear"

We are waiting on a telegram to give us news of the fall
I am sorry to report dear Paris is burning after all
We have taken to the streets in open rejoice revolting
We are dancing a black waltz fair paris is burning after all

Oh no oh no

Enclosed in this letter there's a picture
Black and white for your refridgerator
Sticks and stones have made me smarter
it's words that cut me under my armor they say

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Dance poor people dance and drown
Dance fair Paris to the ground
Dance poor people dance and drown
Dance fair Paris ashes now