

Puppets and Kings

1 I'll build a town on this black swollen ground,
 f f f f d e d c d
 Fill up the sky with walls built around,
 A A A A f g e c d
 Fill up the rooms with puppets and kings,
 e e e e d c d d d d
 Tie them together with white linen string.

1 Four leagues and twenty my city shall lie
 Along a great river between two skies.
 Fires in the streets shall light the parade
 Of pedestrians masking their eyes in the shade.

2 And the women and the children shall not know their kin.
 g g A g f e c d e c d
 Ladies in leather will imprison the men.
 f A A [B A g f g e f g
 The sounds of the city shall be a great sigh
 e f g f e d d
 As the night slowly gathers.

1 I'll hire a mayor; he'll do mayor things.
 He'll wear bright ribbons and big golden rings.
 He'll tell all the people that now all is well
 And now is forever and Heaven as well.

1 But down darkened alleys rats will array
 While dogs are barking to chase them away.
 Through open windows people all asleep
 Dream prayers of forgiveness—security is sweet.

2 And the women and the children shall not know their kin.
 Ladies in leather will imprison the men.
 The sounds of the city shall be a great sigh
 As the night sounds roam the silence.

1 Bright Christmas windows, holiday lights,
 Neon-lit buildings set up for the sight,
 Cast shadows of merriment, shivers of cheer
 To consecrate all the merchants of fear.

2 The grownups will dance and the children will sing.
 Dogs that are barking like music will seem.
 The sounds of the city shall be a great sigh
 As the night rolls its thunder.

