

Harvey Danger, Humility On Parade

This road leads to Rome, that road leads to ruin.
I'm all up in the madding crowd, the general's been screwin' us around.
The land's no longer arable (the farmhands all feel terrible).
A river red with rebel blood to sweep us off our feet, do you remember?

Humility on parade, humility on parade...
The welcome was overstayed.
Humility on parade (let it run, let it run, let the river run).

The remnants of the leisure class will crumble!
Smug bastards will be humbled!
Forcible miscegenation!
No bow ties, no invitations!
Goodbye to all of that...

You gotta look the prisoners in the eyes;
a boldness in their stare you might not recognize.
As you struggle to recall your names: family and christian, family and christian...
Family and christian!
Untenable position!
Here comes the inquisition!
("Yeah, it'll come, it'll come, it'll surely come!")

I am the mustard on the wedding dress, the weevil in the watercress.
I lost the language, I confess.
Beyond the false horizon lies the rising up, the rising up.