Operation Ivy, Big City

Concrete and chaos rise up
Spiderweb across the land
Like a giant rash
Forests lie down below
Foundations of buildings in a bed of ash
Some people here got it real good
Cuz the glass towers bring prosperity
Other people starve in the street
Because concrete knows no sympathy

Big city, big city, big city Big city its a wishing well Big city its a living hell

This town its fucking insane
How one will starve and another will gain
Like a giant mechanical brain
And the people are cells and the streets are veins
It thinks only of itself
A thousand limbs crawling as it expands and grows
And still the concrete sits there
Sits there stark grey and cold

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And I think I wanna be a brick layer So I can put another brick in the wall Its sanitary rational happy and sane Growing like a flower to surround us all

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