

R.E.M., Burning Down

From the back of my neck, oh oh oh
Wired a glass jaw, oh oh
Plantation burning your boat is coming in
Strum your jew's-harp, you're reeking gin

Running water in a sinking boat
Going under but they've got your goat
Burning down - my hands are tied my feet are bound
Burning down - can't you see that my hands are bound

Johnny Mike is reading in the yard
His story's timely, oh oh oh
What river is it anyway, radio
Not in a boat, in your ear

Running water in a sinking boat
Going under but they've got your goat
Burning down - my hands are tied my feet are bound
Burning down - can't you see that my hands are bound

You pick your island in the sun
Take your island off he's got a gun
Burning down - my hands are tied my feet are bound
Burning down - can't you see that my hands are bound

He's cooking in the woods, a brush fire in your neck
Feeling mighty mighty, oh oh oh
You can pick your island in the sun
Take your island off he's got a gun

Running water in a sinking boat
Going under but they've got your goat
Burning down - my hands are tied my feet are bound
Burning down - can't you see that my hands are bound