

Will Butler, Clean Monday

You know it's 9 a.m.
And I, and I've been waiting for you wondering where you might sit
I got the guards out just in case it's true
But you know I know you wouldn't do
Why don't you sit down and take, and take a breath
And if you think you're headed for the cross
But take your robe off
Take out, take out your thumbs
It's just about some money loss

And if the children, they keep crying
And if they stumble out into to the streets
And if the old men grab the scissors
And mumble something about how they would never retreat
You tell them:

It's just, it's just the winter turning into spring
And when the sun comes
When you keep them waiting
Now just waiting for the bell to ring

And if the streets begin to crumble
And the poor begin to wash away
And the children lose their culture
Well, it's happened before and it will be okay

You know and you're not scared
Of what, of what is coming
Of what is coming from the streets
You know we're not scared
You know and you're not scared
If you leave us standing on our feet

But if I gave your number to live
And if I gave you a dollar, ...
And if I sell my first born son to the Pharaoh
Do you, you think that we could stay stable

I'm just, I'm just waiting for the bell to ring
I'm just standing here in my corner
Waiting for the bell to ring
I'm just lying here, oh, on the floor
Just waiting for the bell to ring
I'm just standing here, oh, in my corner
Just waiting for the bell to ring
I'm just lying here, oh, on the floor
Just waiting for the bell to ring
I'm just sitting here tied up in the corner
Just waiting for the bell to ring