

House gone up in Flames
Tuned down ½ step

D minor
It's in the grain of the wood

It's in the needle's rust
C

It's in the eagle's claw
D minor

It's in the eyes you trust

It's in the jackal's dreams

It's in the sleet and the hail
C

It's in the unmarked box
D minor
That came today in the mail

It's in the dead man's pocket

It's in the child's first sin
C

It's in the Constitution
D minor
Written in very small print

It's in Colin Powell's lies

It's in the shaman's trance
C

It's in the cellar waiting
D minor
And it's in the best laid plans

F C
We could cut and run
D minor

And take half the blame
C

Don't stop now
G

That's why we came

House gone up in flames

It's in the National Anthem
It's in the scurrying roach
It's in the closed partition
'Tween first class and coach
It's in the relentless fever
It's in the lonely room
It's in the hands of fate
And it's in the pharaoh's tomb
It's in the rich man's dreams
It's in the poor man's hands
It's in the body bags
Along the Rio Grande
It's in the evening shade
It's on the zealot's tongue
It's in the widow's tears
And it's in the miner's lungs

We could cut and run
And take half the blame
Don't stop now
That's why we came
House gone up in flames

It's in the moon's dark spin
It's in the cloudless sky
It was in St. Peter's denial
That he'd thrice deny
It's in the distant thunder
It's in the whispered prayer
That they won't find us hidden here
Beneath the stairs
So consider yourself lucky
And watch what you say
I got what I wanted
You might get the same
It's in the bold print nailed
To the cathedral door
It's in the black cold pressure
On the ocean floor

We could cut and run
And take half the blame
Don't stop now
That's why we came
House gone up in flames