

From the bayous of Alabama
To the jungles of Detroit
From the delta of the Bible Belt
To the battlefields of L.A.

There's a patriotic spirit
That feeds the land it kills
It's democracy's hypocrisy
Of a shining city on the hill

Through the canyons of Chicago
To the harbors of liberty
From the deserts of Las Vegas
To the forests of factories

There's a rumor of room at the top
They are advertising still
Those prostitutes in their business suits
In that shining city on a hill

From the mountains of tomorrow
To the valleys of silicone
Down the highways of the Internet
To the generous gardens of stone

We will pay the price in full
We will buy the lie until
We seize that city
So fine and pretty
That shining city on the hill

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