

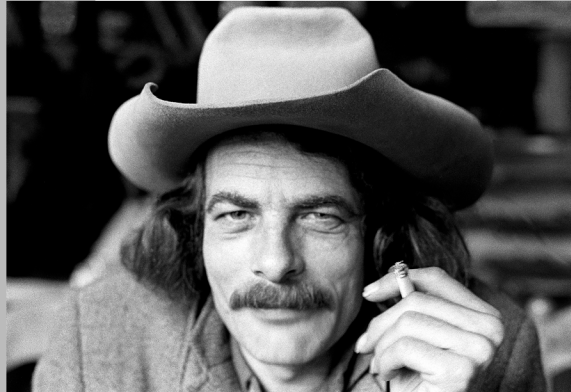
SITTING PRETTY IN ATOMIC CITY

Up in Los Alamos there is a place
The Zia salvage yard, where face to face
With some disturbing facts
You'll find you're moved to solve the riddle
Of why we let worlds burn while Emperors fiddle
Why man, mankind attacks

The rarest treasures, world-renowned
In ancient Egypt have been found
But no Pharaoh could afford
These pyramids of gleaming steel
Components, prototypes surreal
This trillion-dollar hoard

Where anybody can reclaim
These artifacts of folly, shame
Come on let's rummage through
The storehouse of Atomic City
High on the hill and sitting pretty
Experiments that grew

Obsolete or out of control
Are broken down by teams who roll
Into the labs and sweep
A hundred tons of rare alloys
Load them onto trucks, convoys
And sell the stuff real cheap



Buy by the pound or by the piece
Or by the lot, fill your valise
With scraps, some sensation
Some monument to human greed
Detonators, all guaranteed
Free from radiation

And one poor sap keeps coming back
Year in, year out, he brings his sack
And hauls away the parts.
Transformed beneath his magic spell
A bomb becomes a temple bell
Designed to wake the hearts

Of those who hear the dulcet tone
The "sword turned into plowshare" moan
Of metals making song
Instead of launching that caress
Of megaton explosiveness
We've been dreading for so long

Price has remade these forms of death
Instilled in them a spark, a breath
A life their very own
Transformed them into beings who
Clearly, directly look at you
And speak, not in your ear, but to
Your heart, mind, soul, blood and bone.

Rosé
2005