

Democracy

The Lumineers

[Verse 1]

It's coming through a hole in the air
From those nights in Tiananmen Square
It's coming from the feel that this ain't exactly real
Or it's real, but it ain't exactly there
From the wars against disorder
From the sirens night and day
From the fires of the homeless
From the ashes of the gay
Democracy is coming to the USA

[Verse 2]

It's coming through a crack in the wall
On a visionary flood of alcohol
From the staggering account of the Sermon on the Mount
Which I don't pretend to understand at all
It's coming from the silence on the dock of the bay
From the brave, the bold, the battered heart of Chevrolet
Democracy is coming to the USA

[Verse 3]

It's coming from the sorrow in the street
The holy places where the races meet
From the homicidal bitchin'
That goes down in every kitchen
To determine who will serve and who will eat
From the wells of disappointment
Where the women kneel to pray
For the grace of God in the desert here
And the desert far away
Democracy is coming to the USA

[Chorus]

Sail on, sail on
O mighty ship of state
To the shores of need
Past the reefs of greed
Through the squalls of hate
Sail on, sail on, sail on

[Verse 4]

It's coming to America first
The cradle of the best, of the worst
It's here they've got the range
And the machinery for change
And it's here they've got the spiritual thirst
It's here the family's broken
And it's here the lonely say
That the heart has got to open
In a fundamental way
Democracy is coming to the USA

[Verse 5]

It's coming from the women and the men
Oh baby, we'll be making love again
We'll be going down so deep
That the river's going to weep
And the mountain's gonna shout "Amen"
It's coming like the tidal flood beneath the lunar sway
Imperial, mysterious, in amorous array
Democracy is coming to the USA

[Chorus]

Sail on, sail on
O mighty ship of state
To the shores of need
Past the reefs of greed
Through the squalls of hate
Sail on, sail on, sail on

[Verse 6]

I'm sentimental, if you know what I mean
Oh, I love the country, but I can't stand the scene
And I'm neither left or right, I'm just staying home tonight
Getting lost in that hopeless little screen
But I'm stubborn as those garbage bags that time cannot decay
I'm junk, but I'm still holding up this little wild bouquet
Democracy is coming to, to the USA
To the USA
To the USA
To the USA

