

In Old Yellowcake
Rasputina

Em **C**
Smoke rises from an ice factory on the edge,
G **D**
On the edge of a city that exists in perpetual gloom.
Em **C**
I snatch a note from the basket of a passing bicycle.
G
It says "Go to the flour factory."
D
There's something waiting there for you.

A **C**
Under the window, covered by curtains,
G **D**
all lacy and splattered with blood,
Em **C**
we find crutches in the corner and bullets on the shelves,
G **D**
which I dismiss at once as being equivalent, irrelevant, in and of themselves.

Em **C**
Underneath the staircase there's a mast which flies a flag.
G **D**
Despite dankness beyond imagining, it floats on to a higher hole.
Em
In tunnels gouged beneath the basement room are, unmistakably,
G **D**
sets of bloody handprints on a crumbling wall.

Em **C** **G** **D**
Oh, won't you be there with me for it tonight?
Em **C** **G** **D**
In this hut-to-hut witch hunt down the tunnels of Old Yellowcake,
Em **C** **G** **D**
where all the souls in the city go drowning by starlight,
Em **C** **G** **D**
where each choice you make is a fierce firefight or a new mistake?

Em **C**
Inside of a room is a cage, is a cage.
G **D**
It's made out of chain and glass.
Em **C** **G** **D**

Itâ€™s about forty feet high and three feet wide, it was built to last.

Em **C** **G** **D**
Itâ€™s against a brick wall in an old muddy corner of a basement tunnel room.

Em **C** **G**
Thereâ€™s a man in the cage in the old muddy corner. Heâ€™s asleep but heâ€™ll wake

D
up soon.

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