

## Tilting at the Univendor

### At the Drive-In

I let a sparrow talk me out of the crib  
Made of mannequin arms and sycophants  
She sang her caution thrown against the odds  
I'm not tilting at windmills, I'm taking my chances

She put the feral back inside my voices  
I'll take a cigarette and put it out on my arm  
It's the only way that I can feel  
One tempts the saint while the other takes the sinner away  
One tempts the saint while the other takes the sinner away

The TelePrompter has begun to rot  
Where I've carried the blindest items  
They'll seem to find a way to haunt you again  
I'm not tilting at windmills, I'm taking my chances

She put the feral back inside my voices  
I'll take a cigarette and put it out on my arm  
It's the only way that I can feel  
One tempts the saint while the other takes the sinner away  
One tempts the saint while the other takes the sinner away

Sung by the choir whose lungs are broken  
Stung by a million justifications  
Swung by the faithful grip of a million axes  
Sung by the choir whose lungs are broken  
Stung by a million justifications  
Swung by the disenchanted - not faint of heart

Pray that you never find  
A place to bury you, bury you  
Pray that you never find  
A place to bury you, bury you

She put the feral back inside my voices  
I'll take a cigarette and put it out on my arm  
It's the only way that I can feel  
One tempts the saint while the other takes the sinner away  
One tempts the saint while the other takes the sinner away