

Radio Flyer's Last Journey

A Static Lullaby

It's cold, it's raining
And everybody's hating me
The snowflakes on gallows,
that creates the false sincerity

(If I break you now I'll break the fall
We had the world and lost it all
You lay me down
You lay me down)

Lay me down on thorns and nails
Splintering the bones
You lay me down on thorns and nails
Of the last to pass in his bed, his bed

(Why's it feel so right to cry
Help me, I died last night
Help me, I died last night
End this now)

Lay me down
On thorns and nails
Lay me down
In his bed

It's warm, he's floating (floating)
And the angels wings now carry him
The radio flyer sends him
But the mother now buries him

Lay me down on thorns and nails
Splintering the bones
You lay me down on thorns and nails
Of the last to pass in his bed, his bed

This spectacle of values results in her son crying

I'll open this bottle of wine
I'll open this bottle of wine
I'll open this bottle of wine
I'll open this bottle of wine

I'll open this bottle of wine
I'll open this bottle of wine
I'll open this bottle of wine
I'll open this bottle of wine