

Musical Ladders

Adam Green

musical ladders leaning on mountains
bathed in white laughter under the sun
somebody's birthday came stumbling towards us
wrapped in green gladness under the sun

we're gonna make it through this war tonight
someone hold this child up to the light

prostitute fingers fumbling with matches
tucked in red couches under green moons
mexican waitress got caught in the crossfire
of militant families bursting with juice
we're gonna break it to your folks tonight
kinda hope your pops don't hear me right
oh yeah