

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

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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

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