

You are the queen of a dust bowl,
Ex to a crier in a town of ashes,
This is what happens when a great love crashes.
Tonight you let me see you,

For the first time, in a long time,
For the first time, in a time
Without the fear of going blind,
Without the fear of going blind...

In a den of quitters in a hall of hosts,
Between worn out waltzes and wedding toasts
I heard a man confess that what he struggles with most
Is the freedom for so long.

Without a strong enough voice to tell him what's wrong,
Without a will, without a prayer, without a passionate song to
sing...
Our favorite sons, our polished metal guns,
Plagues, mermaids, setting suns

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Well all by and by and all through and through,
This is the only thing that comes back to you,
How you banged her on a cannon in a World War Two park in Gunda
gai,
O come on guy, O come on, you were born red-eyed and screaming,

You mother was beaming, she trembled,
And dabbed your eyes with mercury and rained on you the blessing
three.
You were a babe of Spring now what's it going to be.
Sunshine

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Our favorite sons, our polished metal guns,
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Upon all brave new breeds of old disease
On rotten roots of family trees,
On sold out universities,
Other sunset studies and these.