

## Our Lady of Electric Light

Clutch

They close the curtain  
To hide from the dawn  
The Rock-Ola's fire  
Burns on and on

Have no fear the dark of night  
She walks before us, our lady of electric lights

She enters the bar room  
And lifts her veil  
With a voice like running water  
She tells them her tale

The patrons all break down at the sight  
Standing in the presence of our lady of electric lights

Tiny plastic sabers  
Piled high to my kneed  
Though the war rages on  
I still find no enemies

They draw back the curtain  
Are blinded by the dawn  
And the shining Rock-Ola  
Spins on and on

Now I know I can no longer fight  
And I run into the arms of our lady of electric lights  
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And I run into the arms of our lady of electric lights