

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