

So let's go deadbolt your shed door
Cram your paper money snug closer than before
Chandeliers are falling in graveyard rows
And your eyes are shifting dials like AM radios

Snowed over river melted more last night
Still the same to shovel windshields of spidered ice
Yes, yes mother I mean to be baptized
Seeds that make the high ground grow and multiply

Drive to Rubidoux in the the middle of the night
Bourbon and a pistol in the dash out of sight
What did you expect? Romantic Isle of Wight?
Just empty desert light

Few feet float above these Persian throw rugs
And tuck themselves in percussion as succession was
Tonight as single simple folk played themselves slow
Just like talking city blues down in the hallway low

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I suggest that you respect the deal
And keep your nose out of business of
Priests and holy men, the life you have chosen
Is filled with dirty fingernails
And lost and founds and cancelled appointments

10 more avenues time to choose
And there's rain that'll fall down in five
There's 50 doors to choose from and there's many more
Many more inside inside inside
And the nighttime's going to come
The nighttime's going to come

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