

Lightning

Dispatch

we hear the dealers with their words
that ride the tails
of their cigarette smoke
sliding through the tunnels of our ears

those greasy marionettes of
real bone and blood
stand on the corner of washington square

vision stinging
eyes blurring

elevators got your rising so high
17 floors you want so much more
elevators got you rising so high
17 floors you want so much more

there's lightning on the ceiling
coming from the corner of her eye...

somewhere horses flee from thunder
somewhere the bones of a cat
are buried under a garden
well there's a radio on
broken songs empty digression
won't be long to you and me are gone from here

lightning on the ceiling
coming from the corner of her eye