

Graves And The Infinite Arm

Electric President

Dig yourself a hole and throw your asthma in
Throw the toys in after
Cover them with earth

Dig another hole and throw your conscience in
Drop your hiccups down
And arrange them well

Dig a deeper hole and bury all those words
Bury all the fangs
That they bared last night

Dig another one and put yourself inside
And close your eyes
It's comfortable

Crawling through the house in darkness
Cause I'm looking for a blanket
Yeah, I've got another hole to fill now
Gotta keep them going
Gather clothes and books and photos
Gather anything of value
And I'll cover them with dirt and compost
Make a place to lay my head

No light in this room
Just the glow from the oven
And the screech of their laughter is all you can hear
If you just close your eyes
You can pretend it's heaven
We might be crooked now
But we're even when we grow

If you catch yourself drifting
If your feet leave the ground
Warp your arms around a lamp post
Or just drift until you're found
If you could see me now
We'd laugh yourself to stitches
We might be crooked now
But it doesn't matter what we show
Cause we'll be even when we grow