

The whole world shakes me down
The Holy Ghost in rags
I've been burning up this town
And flipping tiny bags

Zeus gave a blade
Apollo stuck him up
I committed to the fade
But then drank another cup

It's a dirty song that runs
For your fingers in your chest
Trying to feel for bombs and guns
Or a heart without a vest

Bullet proof, good or not
Wrecked the weekend coming now
I will see you at the spot
With my murdered sacred cow

Shadows are red inside
Shadows they dream in rainbows
Shadows cave into fountains of color
When we close and avert our eyes
Shadows recognize our poverty

Kandinsky is in my room
So is Edgar Allan Poe
The shadows dream in color
And that is their final revenge
When we go under
It's nothing but art deco black and white
Andy Warhol submarines
Frying fish of the ages

Shadows are red inside
Shadows dream in rainbows
Shadows cave into fountains of color
We close and avert our eyes
Shadows recognize our poverty

And even pray over us
With minds full of grey
And rapid eyes scanning the bottom of the ocean
On the middle of the day
Kandinsky is in my room
Smoking a brown cigarette
And I ignore him and read my orange book
Until suddenly he says 'hey'
And as I look up
He turns into a shadow
So that the cigarette falls
And the smoke rises slow
Filling the space where his body once was
Filling the space where his body once was
Filling the space where his body once was
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