

# Ode To Sad Disco

Mark Lanegan

The sun's tolling bell  
Subterranean eyes  
A thousand to one  
The factory line  
Stars outside the window flicker and shine  
The hollow headed morning isn't blind  
A mountain of nails burn in your hands  
Here I give all I am

Gloria  
I get down on my knees  
Further from my own

A tower of stones  
Sympathy's shade  
Ride a white horse  
The drowned on parade  
A diamond headed serpent climbs a vine  
See all the lonely children lose their minds  
A mountain of dust burns in your mouth  
Here there's no north, just south

Gloria  
I get down on my knees  
Further from my own

Thirst swollen tongue  
An arcadian twist  
The sleepwalk is done  
Yet the notion persists  
Cars outside the window careening by  
The hollow headed morning is unkind

Gloria  
I get down on my knees  
Further from my own  
Under a cliff  
Darkness denied  
Here I have seen the light

Here I have seen the light