

Drunks And Painters On Parade

Poni Hoax

First light in the morning
Everything is fine
Staring at the ceiling
Casually blind

She's raising cats, raising rats
Hiding from the light
Cats and rats, skulls and bats
I love your epitaph
My love

Before you try to con the angels
You have to forget a thing or two
Before you start to ring the bells
You have to know that nothing's new

Oh Lord, I tell you so
These noisy days run slow

First light in the morning
Your shame lies in a shroud
They're tearing down your painting
Using aerograph

You're building houses, wasting thousands
Hiding from your wife
Cats and rats, skulls and bats
Let's eat your autograph
My love

Before you try to con the angels
You have to forget a thing or two
Before you start to ring the bells
You have to know that nothing's new

Before you try to con the angels
You have to forget a thing or two
Before you start to ring the bells
You have to know that nothing's new

Before you're getting crucified
Ask for some kind of retribution
Before you're getting crucified
Ask for some kind of retribution