

Cross The Road Molina

Songs: Ohia

Wolf headed conjurour in the cross roads
Green eyes and alien chant brought the lightning down
Set my pulse to the short waves pulse
Set my pulse to the great lakes pulse
To wreath the moon in a head dress of neon flames
Must take concentration from that heavy old bird
Blue chicago moon swings like a blade above the midwest's heart
Swings like a blade (x2)
Swing that blade above us(x2)
Show us how close it can get
Show us close you can get
Show us how fast we can lose it how bad we're out numbered
Set my pulse an electric pulse
Set my pulse to the blues
Them black sad eyes (x2)
If I never see them again tell them goodbye
And I set my pulse to an electric pulse
I set my pulse to the blues
I send my pulse to the vixen's hearts
I concentrate like that heavy old bird