

The Bed

St. Vincent

We're sleeping underneath the bed
To scare the monsters out
With our dear daddy's Smith and Wesson
We've gotta teach them all a lesson

Don't move
Don't scream or we will have to shoot

Stop right where you stand
We need a chalk outline if you can
Put your hands where we can see them please

We're holding up the lids of our eyes
And showing just the whites
"Mary, no one has such small hands
No, not the wind, not even that"

Don't move
Don't scream or we will have to shoot

Stop right where you stand
We need a chalk outline if you can
Put your hands where we can see them please

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