

Parson Redheads

The Airborne Toxic Event

Sometimes the people that you meet in your life can seem
Just like characters that populate some quiet childhood dream.
It's so easy to get caught up in just one poetic line,
While the Parsons have their cross to bare,
I know I've got mine.

And it's a quiet night in Silver Lake, all the people crowd thi
s scene.
Well they look so much like cardboard cut-
outs placed upon a screen,
And I feel this sinking feeling as Missy grabs my hand,
And we lose ourselves in the harmonies, the white-
robed beauty of this band.

(Aaaahh Oooooohhh...)

And the singers all cry as she whispers in my ear,
and I stare down at the ground, holding tightly to my beer,
Do you feel the strain between us, yeah I know I feel it too,
And I wish I believed in anything as much as the Parson Redhead
s do.
I wish I believed in anything as much as the Parson Redheads do
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