

## 24-Hour Store

### The Handsome Family

Late, late at night  
24-hour store  
Ghosts fly up the aisles, across the shining floor  
Opening and closing automatic doors

Hands waving mirrors  
Angels fly through lights  
But the sleepless and lost push their squeaking carts  
Down the rows of clothes and see nothing at all

No, no one hears the singing bones  
And no one sees the crying ghosts  
And everyone thinks I'm alone  
All alone

But under concrete  
And steel linoleum floors  
There is a fire that will never die  
A golden wheel inside the world

A golden wheel in plastic and bows  
In particles of light that fall from the sun  
A river of candles  
Tumbling in the dark

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