

Flies

The Handsome Family

No friend of golden hand
Oiled with rose and smelly then
As your blood burned poppy red
Across your velvet coat
Your deep blue velvet coat

It's there in Montana prairie grass
The suits shot Custard down
His red spot tired, his black boots shine
How beautiful you look to the flies
The happy kingdom of flies

Dear Custard there's a Wal-Mart now
Where once the grizzlies roamed
Mountains of hair spray and cowboys shirts
And everyone has a gun
Everyone still has a gun

But high in the rafters above the lights
Red finches, they hide their nest
And when our cars drive out of sight
They sing symphonies across the night
In that forest of heating pipes

And out past the parking lot along the curb
In the wilds of weed and trash
Prayed on his love, the smallest ants
Fight battles for the glory of the queen
Such a tiny, glorious queen

But even the empress of the ants
For whom ten thousand fall
Makes not a sound beneath the blades
Of our great empire of lords
How quiet is the empire of lords