

Tin Foil

The Handsome Family

Late New Year's Eve, paper hat on your head,
it's hard to believe you'll ever be dead
But that dream where you're falling you've had
since you're five is a bird on your shoulder who whispers goodb
ye

Evil Knievel shot up from dead grass
I loved him better each time he crashed
Liza Minnelli spent a month in her bed certain
that Skylab would fall on her head

One night I dreamed that I dug my own grave
and climbed down inside to patiently wait
Down in the ground I breathed the warm air
and blackbirds flew down to nest in my hair.
What is moving will be still
What's been gathered will disperse
What's been built up will collapse
All your dreams fulfilled