

Winnebago Skeletons

The Handsome Family

There's a fish in my stomach a thousand years old
Can't swim a full circle, the water's too cold
Burnt out cars in my fingers, conveyor belts flow,
right angles and steam whistles, nothing can grow

A big-antlered deer stepping into the road,
a beautiful woman with her head in the stove
The skyscrapers crumble heavy with rats
The wind's full of beer cans and whiffle ball bats

This fish in my stomach wears a full length mink,
but his teeth float in sherry in a jar by the sink
He's the withered remains of Rin Tin Tin
taking his new Cadillac out for a spin.
The endless sea of traffic lights never make a sound
like Ben Franklin's electric kite crashing to the ground
and the Winnebago skeletons beneath this bankrupt town.