

## Navy Sheets

### The Hold Steady

I guess I met a couple bona fide angels  
But they all seemed kind of fat and fatigued  
And now we're trying to match their mouths from the screens  
Match their heads to their dreams

Everybody's searching out of the softest seat  
All dolled up for the funeral feast  
Everybody's stabbing at the biggest piece  
Clever kids kissing on a bleak retreat

Now I'm not really sure we were lovers  
Or if it was just some kind of car crash  
Now we're trying to find a DNA match  
To match the heads with our hats

Everybody's reaching for the sharpest knife  
Legs wide open on the opening night  
Everybody's bathing in the laser lights  
Clever kids screwing with some new device

Sunday morning, sidewalks splattered  
Feverish in stylish tatters  
Didn't this used to sting like grammar?  
I remember when it mattered

Can't get over what's transpired  
Left home virgins, came back vampires  
Belt it out like back stretched choirs  
We're either dead or really tired

Everybody's coming on their navy sheets  
Everybody's coming on their navy sheets  
Everybody wants to suck on something sweet  
Everybody's coming on their navy sheets  
Everybody's coming on their navy sheets