

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