## **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