

The Ambassador

The Hold Steady

You're in Michigan just pretty much living in
Three, two bars stretched to call it quits
Let's call the ambassador
She's pretty much crossing the
Space between the skin and all the blood

We're hot and hissing back and out
Taste been climbing walls like a vine

A Bay City tire shop is just a temporary stop
Touchdown on a trip that was mostly on defense
You're still standing, all the halls smelled like burning hair
And the engine made you sick but at first you didn't mind

We're hot and hissing back and out
Tastes were cold and crushed you like a can

You're strapped faking pain and making plans
Pretty sure you'd recognize these guys
They were asking for you just the other night
Blood on the pan, let it rise
If you came around the back we could take them by surprise

Well, your friend from the tire shop
He keeps talking about some rocks
Like he wants something hard to hit his head on
You said he's a mystic, well, I know he's not catholic
He's got a cross all upside down carved in his arm

We're hot and hissing back and out
Tastes were cold and crushed you like a can

You're strapped faking pain and making plans
Pretty sure you'd recognize these guys
They were asking for you just the other night
Blood on the pan, let it rise
You came back to us, south Minneapolis
'space and time
Behind the impossible, kinda clear and kinda magical

Let's call the ambassador
Wasn't much diplomatic there
Space between the skin and all the blood