

Holt Boulevard, between Gary and White  
Hooked up with some friends at the Travelodge, set ourselves up  
for the night  
Carpenter ants in the dresser, flies in the screen  
It will be too late by the time we learn what these cryptic symbols mean

And I dreamt of a house  
Haunted by all you tweakers with your hands out  
And the headstones climbed up the hills  
And the headstones climbed up the hills

Send somebody out for soda, comb through the carpet for clues  
Reflective tape on our sweatpants, big holes in our shoes  
Every couple minutes someone says he can't stand it any more  
Laugh lines on our faces, scale maps of the ocean floor

And I dreamt of a camera  
Pointing out from inside the television  
And the aperture yawning and blinking  
And the headstones climbed up the hills

If anybody comes to see me  
Tell 'em they just missed me by a minute  
If anybody comes into our room while we're asleep  
I hope they incinerate everybody in it

And I dreamt of a factory  
Where they manufactured what I needed  
Using shiny new machines  
And the headstones climbed up the hills