

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 tweekers 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