

## Blues from Down Here

TV on the Radio

From the depths I called you, Ma  
For your breath and breast so warm and fabled  
Your hands reached inside  
Grabbed my heart, enlarged, disabled  
Hailed for your mercy  
An ear that cares  
How the blues sound from up there?  
With my wet hair, I wipe the blood off your feet  
Carry me through these shark infested waters  
Well you spared me from slaughter for sure,  
But these sharks are equally in need of a martyr  
Oh kindness shared  
Undeserved purest gift, this life you've spared  
How the blues sound from up there?  
Teeth gnashing, masticating this dumb tongue  
Quiet now, quiet now, hear that supplication  
Echo into the void  
Been received by no one  
Oh my sweet dear  
Cold alone poisoning ourselves  
Engulfed in our own tears  
Signed, blues from down here.  
Pull the pin, drop it in, let it wash away our  
Time for your favorite story  
Of how to achieve golden glory  
Wash yourself all squeaky clean  
All in white, all hallow's eve  
Lessen your desire,  
Hold your breath so patiently  
Never inquire how to be free  
Just stay on your knees  
You might doubt it  
Think there's nothing left for  
To do but stomp my feet  
And shout about it  
From the depths I called you  
Now I'm waiting for an answer patiently  
Stuck here at the bottom of this well  
It's not the last you've heard from me