

Byegone

Volcano Choir

day dead bye-gone
laying near the lights
of the knights of the northern lodges
there's a border road
no one slip slides or stoppin'
and the neighborly, sleeping in a coffin

with enough keif
you could really bore someone
took a rat trap out to the Ache Inn
we were drinking all the ways to down
door's wide open
you know what were saying 'bout us now
he's a legend
i'm a legend
and we both go tripping through the door

you know that we are northern now
heard you promise me at the north end of monogamy
cut there from filament lead

somewhere I heard you scream
for others' hearts
and in the limiest of lights
hold the keys to a Cuban flight that you won't ever ride
it's time to up and die

set sail!

oh, you plenty competent
so why aren't you confident
it's softening to be softening
then why are you so constant then?
are we going on a coat ride?
well, were off and definitely stumbling
tossin' off your compliments, wow
sexing all your Parliaments