

The Librarian

Nine Horses

Keep your head down
Keep your head down
While they're firing low
You're too young child
To know the differenceOh, my pretty
Oh, my sweet girl
It's a marvelous place
They put weights down
In your coat tails to burn you outLest you fly
Lest you take off
And show whomever what's what
It's one outrageous lie after anotherTurn their lights out
Change the channel
Before we lose the heart
To fight against belief
In what they're sayingThere's a hotel with a dark room
At the end of a corridor
I will meet you
To the strains of AllahWe will lie back
On a pillow of the whitest snow
And the silence we were promised
Will engulf usLay your head down
Keep your head down
While they're firing low
You're too young child
You're too young childWe will wake up
From the dreams that bury us
We will tunnel our way out
By moonlightFrom the dark room
To the white streets and the snow banks
We'll invest in one another's futureOh, my pretty
Oh, my sweet girl
It's a marvelous place
She designed it
With escape routes
For you and meSo to the library
With your new card
Grab your favorite books
Look for blueprints

To the strains of Allah
Here we go, here we go Benevolence is in back
Of everyplace you look
It's not a monstrous face
She is hiding If I see her
I will tell you
You'll come quickly
If you see her
Don't hesitate just go
But 'til then Keep your head down
Keep your head down
While they're firing low
You're too young child
You're too young child You're too young child
Here we go

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