Whistling in the Dark

Firewater

Crouching on the cool white tile
She's got to learn to take her medicine
With a professional smileA holy vessel or a toilet bowl
Puking hopes into a urinal
Sun like a blowtorch
Cuts through aluminum skyJust like a crippled ballerina
In a pair of too-tight slacks
It's on her face, expensive tastes
But no excess of ready cashShe's completely gone
Oh but you know she'll be backShe's living on a question mark
But spending exclamation points
Perjury right from the start
She's only whistling in the darkEvidence is thin in her defense
And as the prosecution rests
The jury's out, the mood is tense
They're only whistling in the darkWhistling in the dark
Whistling in the dark
Whistling in the darkSo many ways the game could go
The timer ticks out minutes left
Until it's time to blowShe may stumble but she won't fall
Waiting for the curtain call
As history repeats in motion slowAnd though her repertoire is good
It's just a faded valentine
Between the hammer and the nails
There lies unspoken compromise
Then it strikes you right between the eyes'Cause when tomorrow's blown away
Seems like tonight is here to stay
So she just close her eyes and stumble forward
Whistling in the darkLong live the Queen, the Queen is dead
So take the crown off of her head
But is that taps or reveille
That she is whistling in the dark?Whistling in the dark
Whistling in the dark
Whistling in the dark
Whistling in the dark

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