

# 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