Orphan Anthem '86

Fair To Midland

We're gone but not better
A lighted match can burn the cabin down he built
It's not long but it matters
Your suit and tie are much too tight in FarmersvilleMy daughter's a goldmine, combing the hair of the white waves
A fountain of sapphires under the bridges of Utah
Instilled in us ethics not by God but by our choice
I can't even imagine but I can see itTell them all to chop me off with left handed scissors
Rusting when you're touched
On marble covered mountains
You're the brimstoneWhen surrounded by comfort cotton floors are of no use
We see in our forecast what we lack in our pockets
Encompassed by standards and we give ourselves all the credit
I can't put my finger on it but I can see itTell them all to chalk me out
With oval arms and hopscotch eyelids
On marble covered mountains
You're my cargo

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