Lightning

St. Vincent

We hear the dealers with the words
That ride the tails
Of their cigarette smoke
Sliding through the tunnels of our ears
Those greasy marionettes
Of real bone and blood
Stand on the corner of
Washington Square, Washington Square
Well, our vision was stinging
And our eyes were blurring
Elevator's got you rising so high
Seventeen floors, you want so much more
Elevator's got you rising so high
Seventeen floors, you want so much more
And there's lightning on the ceiling
Coming from the corner of her eye
And there's lightning on the ceiling
Coming from the corner of her eye
Somewhere horses flee from thunder
Somewhere the bones of a cat
Are buried under a garden, yeah
Well there's a radio on
Broken song, empty digression
It won't be long
Won't be long to you and me
Are gone from here
And there's lightning on the ceiling
Coming from the corner of her eye
And there's lightning on the ceiling
Coming from the corner of her eye
We hear the dealers with the words
That ride the tails
Of their cigarette smoke
Sliding through the tunnels of our ears
Those greasy marionettes
Of real bone and blood
Stand on the corner of
Washington, Washington, Washington Square
Well, our vision was stinging

And our eyes were blurring, yeah

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