

Vacant Lot

The Growlers

He's looking like a sailor
Who hasn't a ship
Same salty song
And curled up lips In the land of the brave
And running out of vain
Waiting for a guy, silver-eyed
Like a bullet train
Kinda wishes that he wouldn't show up
Cause it's all become a stain
Of the terra cotta mud
Way down in the valley of the mud
It opens and closes
Before you can get back up
Lay down
Face and belly in the mud
It opens and closes
Before you can get back up He's scratching on a ticket
With chewed up nails
Following a rainbow
That's grown too pale Red lights paint the strip in neon blood
Gambling on the rides so he raises his thumb
Which raised his eyes
But nothing seems to come
Thinkin' bout the train
Hauling terra cotta mud
Way down in the valley of the mud
It opens and closes
Before you can get back up
Lay down
Face and belly in the mud
It opens and closes
Before you can get back up Gotta crawl out of the vacant lot
But the helping hands
Have all been burned
Cried wolf, a thousand times
Used up every line
Lady Luck won't turn again Way down in the valley of the mud
It opens and closes
Before you can get back up

Lay down
Face and belly in the mud
It opens and closes
Before you can get back up
Way down in the valley of the mud
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