

Fading Vibes

Les Savy Fav

When we were little kids we tried to seven deadly sins in the attic every summertime.

The wet felt smelling silent kind.

We'd play light as a feather, stiff as a board and you'd press to my hips and we'd slip through the floor.

They grey, grey ghost is coming out of the bright white sheet that was wrapped about him.

The shade, shade, shade, could have been mistaken, but i swear that the sunlight was shooting straight through him. Let's make a mess of this banquet while our bones are soaked in blood.

When our skin and cells are beankrupt we'll be deposit in the dust.

Try to stay soft and remember to bend the chance to get supple will not come again 'cause in time you will find rigor mortis sets in.

I failed and I failed but my failures were passing, grew hair and a tail and was all the while asking, "Does it stay like this?"

" and "will it end like this?"

I'm afraid that you're fading away, you're not coming in clear. I'm afraid that the games that we've played have turned desperate and dear.

I'll try to stay soft and remember to bend the chance to get supple will not come again 'cause in time I will find rigor and mortis sets in. All that you cherish will perish. All that can punish will pass.

I know you'll hit the ground running when you ditch the road at last.

Well, we failed and we failed but our failures were passing, grew hair and a tailand were all the while asking,

"Does it stay like this?" and "Will it end like this,
is this supposed to hurt or are we sensitive?"

The'rell be no red rose the day you die there'll be flies round your nose and rings round your eyes.

The clock ticks on we don't have a say, we let one hand wash the others dirt away.

We're doing way too much, we do it way too often.

What used to be a crutch has become a coffin.

It's been good to be alive, but i've simply got to go. Someones on the other line and they're calling for my soul

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