

Evil Love

Meat Puppets

Last hand I shook, was a boat that floated on its back all day
In the middle of a song about trees that are scared of the dark
Wait until you're gone to steal some thoughts from offa the shelf
To trade for hats with holes that let the night shine through
Exchange our fears for little glass holes
And broken dreams of bent-backed trolls
Who'll tend the trees and what's in between
The sky above is aglow with evil love
The boat sank offshore in a birdbath dreamt by a broken wheel
Left by the side of the road right where night slipped and fell
And if I ever had, they couldn't tell, if we were, they didn't know
She might, but if he did, they can't, you must, I won't
Turn our tears to little black holes
To light the way for three blind moles
Who'll tend the trees and what's in between
The sky above is aglow with evil love

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