

Lightning

Dispatch

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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