

Ms. Lazarus

Hum

Come to you all dressed in sound
With bluebirds tripping wires to the ground
Connected to a time machine
That will not power down Set the cross hairs back on one
You said we'd only die here in a sun
The way your headstone shines
I only wish that it was mine So set the cross hairs back on one
I nail the loop that brings the second run
Past the wished on charms
And through the lens back to your living arms This time machine won't power down
And this time machine won't power down And still the cross hairs rest on one
And still you rest there in the morning sun
Still I fumble through pages
Of constructions on the ride I like the blown out sound we've found
I like the way it feels here coming down
The way your headstone shines
I only wish that it was mine

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