Bloodshot

Obituary

She walks to the mailbox each morning at nine
Every day she begins, she's always one day behind
At least when it comes to the mail
She sits on the balcony paying the bills
Her letters just hashing her cigarettes onto the sill
Every breath a little more pale
And the hill's still left to climb
It's just so high and I'm so tired
Come on look me in my bloodshot eyes
The clouds are all on fire
It's just so high and I'm so tired
Come on look me in my bloodshot eyes
The clouds are all on
He sits in his basement from midnight 'til four
Painting pictures that nobody sees from his days in the war
The canvass is painted bright red, red
He heats up the shower, he paces the hall
He'll scrub for an hour or more but he won't get it all
The paint in his fingernail beds
The hill's still left to climb

It's just so high and I'm so tired
Come on look me in my bloodshot eyes
The clouds are all on fire
It's just so high and I'm so tired
Come on look up at the bloodshot sky
The clouds are all on fire
The clouds are all on fire
The clouds are all on
We wait in valleys while the clouds come in
We see no shadows 'cause the shadows all there is
And we climb and we climb!
But it's just so high and I'm so tired
Come on look me in my bloodshot eyes
The clouds are all on fire
It's just so high and I'm so tired
Come on look up at the bloodshot sky
The clouds are all on fire
The clouds are all on fire

The clouds are all on, the clouds are all on fire
The clouds are all on fire

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