Phantom Limb

Eightfourseven

Foals in winter coats
White girls of the north
File past one five and one
They are the fabled lambs
of Sunday ham
the EHS norm
And they could float above the grass
in circles if they tried
A latent power I know they hide
To keep some hope alive
That a girl like I'm
Could ever try
Could ever try
So we just skirt the hallway sides
A phantom and a fly
Follow the lines and wonder why
There's no connection
A week of rolling eyes
and cheap shots from the trite
And we're off to Nemarca's porch again
Another afternoon
With the goat-head tunes
And pilfered booze
We wander through her mama's house
The milk from a window lights
Family portrait circa '95
This is that foreign land
With the sprayed-on tans

And it all feels fine
Be it silk or slime
So when they tap our Monday heads
Two zombies walk in our stead
This town seems hardly worth the time
And we'll no longer memorize or rhyme
Too far along in our climb
Stepping over what now towers to the sky,
With no connection
Oooh waooooooo waooooooo

Oooh waoooooooo waoooooooo
Oooh waoooooooo waoooooooo
Oooh waoooooooo waoooooooo
So when they tap our Sunday heads
Two zombies walk in our stead
This town seems hardly worth our time
And we'll no longer memorize or rhyme,
Too far along in our crime,
Stepping over what now towers to the sky,
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Oooh waoooooooo waoooooooo
Oooh waoooooooo waoooooooo
(repeat to fade)

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