

# The Ambassador

## The Hold Steady

While you were in Michigan  
She was pretty much living in  
A 3.2 bars a stretch to call a club. It was called The Ambassador  
She was pretty much crashing there.  
The space between the skin and all her blood. The nights were hot and hissing like an iron.  
The days spent climbing walls like a vine. A Bay City tire shop.  
It's just a temporary stop.  
A touchdown on a trip that was mostly undefined. While you were still staying there.  
All the halls smelled like burning hair.  
In the end it made you sick but at first you didn't mind.  
The nights were hot and hissing like an iron.  
The day were cold and crushed you like a can.  
Years spent faking pain and making plans. I'm pretty sure you'd recognize these guys.  
That were asking around for you just the other night.  
There was blood on the bed  
And the lights in their eyes.  
If you came around the back  
We could take them by surprise. Your friend from the tire shop.  
He keeps talking about some rock  
Like he wants something hard to hit his head on. You said he's a mystic.  
Well I know he's not Catholic.  
He's got a cross all upside down carved in his arm. The nights were hot and hissing like an iron.  
The days were cold and crushed you like a can.  
Years spent faking pain and making plans.  
I'm pretty sure you'd recognize these guys.  
That were asking around for you just the other night.  
There was blood on the bed  
And the lights in their eyes. When you came back to us  
In South Minneapolis  
You said revenge exists outside of space and time.  
Back behind The Ambassador.  
Man it feels kind of magical.  
I guess your friend can really move things with his mind. It was called The Ambassador  
There wasn't much diplomatic there.  
The space between the skin and all the blood.  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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