

Sweet Madelene

The Bright Light Social Hour

Space is still the place
The weight of weightless faces faces straight
Our dreams are lies replaced
We reach out past the trace until it's gone Sweet Madelene
You don't know my name
Deep as the heat
I can't stay the same
Red hands, suntipped pine
A strange fruit left inside I will climb my way out
I don't ever wanna turn around Sweet Madelene
You can let go of your ghost
Fruit from my lips drips on your whipping post
Southern charm, bred of harm
Surrender to the sound so close

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