

# Lightning

## Dispatch

We hear the dealers with the words  
That ride the tails  
Of their cigarette smoke  
Sliding through the tunnels of our ears Those greasy marionettes  
Of real bone and blood  
Stand on the corner of  
Washington Square, Washington Square Well, our vision was stinging  
And our eyes were blurring Elevator's got you rising so high  
Seventeen floors, you want so much more  
Elevator's got you rising so high  
Seventeen floors, you want so much more And there's lightning on the ceiling  
Coming from the corner of her eye  
And there's lightning on the ceiling  
Coming from the corner of her eye Somewhere horses flee from thunder  
Somewhere the bones of a cat  
Are buried under a garden, yeah  
Well there's a radio on Broken song, empty digression  
It won't be long  
Won't be long to you and me  
Are gone from here And there's lightning on the ceiling  
Coming from the corner of her eye  
And there's lightning on the ceiling  
Coming from the corner of her eye We hear the dealers with the words  
That ride the tails  
Of their cigarette smoke  
Sliding through the tunnels of our ears Those greasy marionettes  
Of real bone and blood  
Stand on the corner of  
Washington, Washington, Washington Square Well, our vision was stinging  
And our eyes were blurring, yeah

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