

# Deep Red Bells

Neko Case

He led you to this hiding place  
His lightening threats spun silver tongues  
The red bells beckon you to ride  
A hand print on the driver's side  
It looks a lot like engine oil  
And tastes like being poor and small  
And Popsicles in the summer  
Deep red bells, deep as I've been done  
Deep red bells, deep as I've been done  
It always has to come this  
Red bells ring this tragic gun  
Lost sight of the overpass  
The daylight won't remember her  
When speckled fronds raise 'round your bones  
Who took the time to fold your clothes  
Who shook the Valley of the Shadow  
Deep red bells, deep as I've been done  
Deep red bells, deep as I've been done  
Where does this mean world cast its cold eye  
Who's left to suffer long about you  
Does your soul cast about like an old paper bag  
Past empty lots and early graves  
Those like you who lost their way  
Murdered on the interstate  
While the red bells rang like thunder  
Deep red bells, deep as I've been done  
Deep red bells, deep as I've been done

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