

Elephants

Them Crooked Vultures

Painted as monsters,
borracho, cansado.
Do you know what the people say?
Plucked from the garden
of wretched beliefs
I offer a rose
and smile with harmless teeth. Then slick back my hair,
You know the devil's in there?
Alone in the garden.
Like lumbering giants
in a shameful parade,
we came to ruin all and
make a rotten trade. make you roll over
So roll over Scattered on the shore,
surely washed away.
Feeling somewhat deserving
of what will be someday.
No I can never stay melancholy,
I've the memory of your face.
No I can never stay melancholy for long... Before I move on. We're unwanted strangers,
exploited and dangerous,
unable to hide or even dream of it.
Como estas?
parting the seas,
Lepers who stroll,
why you afraid sweet? I slick back my hair,
you know the devil's in there?
So keep one eye open baby.
We're so easy to spot,
lepers riding atop.
Pachyderms of germs,
elephants broken and screaming and
Roll over
Are we coming over? Scattered on the shore
Surely washed away.
Scattered on the shore
Sure washed away
Away...
Feeling somewhat deserving

of what will be someday.
No I can never stay melancholy,
I've the memory of your face.
All alone in the garden
of long-lost hopeful plans.
No I can never stay anything.....
So come on...move
Roll over!
Are we comin' over?
Here we go

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