

Triple Spiral

Bright Eyes

I loved a triple spiral
My maiden mother crone
I folded my devotion
To an origami rose Stood at her Tiffany window
She said to look below Could I see the town was burning?
Could I see the broken prison?
Could I see that it was time
For me to go? They looted the museum
Took all that they could hold
A motorcade of flatbed trucks
Made off with quite a haul And that's when I heard someone shout
In with the new, out with the old
A dusty box of letters, a rusty suit of armor
A casket made of 14 carat gold That's the problem
No sense of time
She changes like an hourglass
They're playing on her side I loved you, triple spiral
Father, Son, and Ghost
But you left me in my darkest hour
When I needed you, when I needed you Now that the dream is over
I want it to be known
I never saw you coming
From my little human prism
How sad it is to know I'm in control Oh, that's the problem
An empty sky
I fill it up with everything
That's missing from my life Oh, where'd you come from
You faded sign?
Spinning through the centuries
Expanding all the time Three worlds at once that blend together
Three times I cried for us but I felt better then I loved you triple spiral
My maiden mother crone
You found me in this fallow state
My mind was off and stowed I heard your strange commotion
And wished I could go home
To live a little longer
A full Indian summer
Long enough to carve you into stone

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