

Orpheus

Grant Lee Buffalo

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

I heard that your Orpheus he done left town
Snuck out the back way while you slept face down
Bound for the underworld he rolled down his wool sleeves
And like a serpent coiled about the wet leaves
Tennessee waltzing a dance of disease, can't you see? Pick up your shears Delilah right there
Leave all your cares to fall like dead hair
Outside a carriage waits to take you home
Its tricky handbrake will not hold out for long
Do hop inside for your map, it has been drawn, can't you see? What leads you? What leads you?
What leads you? What leads you? Pickin' the mandrake I would use for tea
I heard the water spirits calling me
And faintly a peacock cried behind the tulles, can't you see? That when you feel it tickle your brain
Filling your skull's bowl with a butane
Maybe the Genie wants back in the lamp
He's run out of wishes and his clothes are all damp
Back to the bottle though he knows just how cramped that can be What leads you? What leads you?
What leads you? What leads you? What is it now, now? What is it, what is it?
What is it now? what is it now, now?
What leads? Well, what leads you?
What leads you now, now, now?
Down, down, down, down
Down, down, down, down

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