

Keep Your Teeth

Planes Mistaken for Stars

Boy you held your head a bit too high, and what'd you get?

Cut off at the neck, and what'd you get?

Cut off at the neck.

Boy you held your head a bit too high and what'd you get, cut off at the neck, and there is a line of angels eight miles high just waiting to shit down it.

I was told (the doctor said), Dry out fast or drown slow.

I said, I know, I know, you should call a priest, I do believe I'm about through breathing.

I've turned on everyone I've loved and everything I knew.

I've done turned blue.

I lost my faith a bottle deep on Bowery and Broom.

So sleep, sister sleep, and dream, me broken at your feet.

So sleep, sister sleep, and dream, me broken at your feet.

Sleep sister, sleep.

I've turned on everyone I've loved and everything I knew.

I've done turned blue.

I lost my faith a bottle deep on Bowery and Broom, now let me be weak, now let us sleep.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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