Caskets

Damien Jurado

Two tickets on a chevrolet train
I've got a suicide pact with your name
You can doubt any doubt any move that is made
'cause I'm putting the worries to page
In a flash you'll be quick to react
I'm a useful spade for the grave
Collect calls to the shadow in town
So what were the chances of saying
You must remove the skin and burn it all for fuel

Knock our teeth to improve how you look
And you're using you tongue for a flag
You look tired in your funeral suit
There's caskets for all to be had
Real estate cemetery, move over
I'm useful as bones in the tomb
Gas drinks for the shadow in town
Because another record is due
You must remove the skin and burn it all for fuel
You must remove the skin and burn it all for fuel

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