

Shine

Meat Puppets

You got wings on your fingers
In the middle of a battle
Is a little of the way you talk
And you shine You got cobwebs on your halo
In the closet there are skeletons
Lined up ready to talk
And they shine Fade into what, made into hours
And pulled into lines
You got a ring around your finger
And a heart in the bottle That never really learned to talk
And they shine
You got brickbats on your beltway In the middle is a puzzle
With the pieces that have turned to slop
And they shine

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