

# Golden Parachutes

## Fair to Midland

here they come, shaking in their boots  
they'll be skipping stones with your bones  
when these ants know  
where to find you  
and steal all your thunder  
the windows will shutter  
and i'll wear a tie were you shaking in your boots?  
did it scare you half to death  
when you saw the falling arrows? won't that be a sight?  
here they come, attached at the hip  
swallowing swords when they soar  
now my clones know  
where to find you  
your bread and your butter  
your dim flying colors  
will both pick a side  
and i'll wear a tie were you shaking in your boots?  
did it scare you half to death  
when you saw the falling arrows?  
did you stop dead in your tracks?  
or join the whole stampede,  
just to keep from spilling over? won't that be a sight?

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