Chinatown

Jets to Brazil

candle is blue could see me through but I'm color blind
they tell me it's blue and I'm a believer that's why I'm blind
live on the freeway listen to signs and we drive by feel
be a believer believe everything you'll be right
half the time
candle is waxing takes my apartment I bask in its magic
all of the firefighters put out my fires took all my matches
staying up later waking up old and I'm leaving her never
ordering in all friends and lovers and we're making our weather with a lone light bulb
I'm tired of fighting
I'm tired of fighting, so I'm demolished - that's the way
some make exhaustion a mode of expression and that's their way
I'm just a question knowing my answer I hope I'm wrong
but I know the answer it's four in the morning I'm right again and I'm chinatown
now in a hurry, rubbing up urgent to get home to dot
was my missed mistress messed up my mattress I missed the catch
last of the pitchers catfish done hunting harry lundt
most of the killers never get famous and it's hard on everyone
I'm tired of fighting

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