

# Between Days

## Red House Painters

Hanging low a big embrace of Aztec moon  
You throwing down a glow on this fluorescent tune  
And cooling off and phasing out of chlorine bed  
Shadows at the walls of the sun makes clear the door he read  
Void of movement, void of feeling, void of life  
Shadows crackles Spanish churches in the night  
Don't feel sour in the far window there  
Don't be bothered by the words in your head  
When the sun goes down and just a night  
This will bring up pretty, some old fly  
And make what's dead come alive  
For the long and lonely ride  
Ancient highways, desert dust, diamond lit sky  
Like some lost planet, never breathes any life  
And barely moving, broken ears bend and crawl  
Talk to where you're stuck in and I won't cease until dawn  
Wake me up when you can hear  
The sound of people getting near  
Where what's dead come alive  
And there's a long and lonely ride  
Who can know there's so much life around us thins?  
Life from heaven smiles down on this room  
Some parade of colors, marching on music trails  
Morning slips to evening, falls through holes in between days  
And you can lose another year  
Where are the pictures perfect teen?  
And where what's dead come alive  
And where you are comes alive

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