

Elephants

Them Crooked Vultures

Painted as monsters,
borracho, cansado.
Do you know what the people say?
Plucked from the garden
of wicked beliefs,
I offer a rose
and smile with harmless teeth.
Then slick back my hair,
You know the devil's in there?
Alone in the garden.
Like lumbering giants
in a shameful parade,
we came to ruin all and
make a rotten trade.
So roll over...
Scattered on the shore,
surely washed away.
Feeling somewhat deserving
of what will be someday.
No I can never stay melancholy,
I've the memory of your face.
No I can never stay melancholy for long...
until I move on.

We're unwanted strangers,
exploited and dangerous,
unable to hide or even dream of it.
Como estas?
parting the seas,
like lepers who stroll,
why you afraid sweetie?
I slick back my hair,
you know the devil's in there?
So keep one eye open baby.
We're so easy to spot,
lepers riding atop.
Pachyderms full of germs,
elephants broken and screaming and...
Scattered on the shore

surely washed away.
Feeling somewhat deserving
of what will be someday.
No I can never stay melancholy,
I've the memory of your face.
All alone in the garden
of long lost hopeful plans.
No I can never stay anything.....
for long.

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