

Down from Above

Moxy Fruvous

(Mike)

Your mother made you cry when she told you about the womb

And how people die

Watching over you when you were young

Smiling when you learned to crawl

You don't know her at all(All)

It's a dirty job, but they're very suave

Jesus high on wine weeping turpentine(Mike)

Daddy's voice like an intercom connected to a hidden room

Where yellow roses bloom

A sacred mountain near Peterborough where clouds paint a picture so calm

That they swallowed Mom

(All)

It's a dirty job but they're very suave

Jesus high on wine, weeping turpentine

(Mike)

What are they doing in there?

Have they got guns?

Make you run up and down the same hill

And they'll break your will(Mike)

Was it Christmas or Groundhog Day when your friends turned to shadows

And they dragged you away

Tell nobody that you've been here, don't breathe a word that's been said

(whispered) (Now there's a scar)

upon your forehead

(All)

It's a dirty job but they're very suave

Jesus high on wine, weeping turpentine

(Mike)

What are they doing in there?

Have they got guns?

Whether Mount Pinatubo

Or the threat of God's love

There'll always be something that's rainingDown from above.

Down from above.

Down from above.

Down from above...

From the Liner:

(Mike-acoustic guitar, lead vocal; Murray-bass, vocal; Jean-drums, windchimes, vocal; David-electric guitars,

vocal)

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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