

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.

Lyrics provided by
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