

Navy Sheets

The Hold Steady

I guess we met a couple a bonafide angels
But they all seemed kinda fat and fatigued
But now we're trying to match their mouths to the screams
Match their heads to their dreams
Everybody's searching out the softest seat
All dolled up for the funeral feast
Everyone's stabbing at the biggest piece
Clever kids kissing on a bleak retreat
Now I'm not really sure we were lovers
Or if it was just some kind of car crash
And now we're trying to find a DNA match
To match their heads to their hats
Everybody's reaching for the sharpest knife
Legs wide open on the opening night
Everybody's bathing in the laser lights

Clever kids screwing with some new device
Sunday morning, sidewalks flattered
Feverish in stylish tatters
Damn, this used to seem like grammar
I remember when it mattered
Can't get over what's transpired
Left home virgins, came back vampires
Built it out like back scratched choirs
Really dead or really tired
Everybody's coming on their navy sheets
Everybody's coming on their navy sheets
Everybody wants to suck on something sweet
Everybody's coming on their navy sheets
Everybody's coming on their navy sheets

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