

# 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 dreamsEverybody'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 retreatNow 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 hatsEverybody'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 deviceSunday morning, sidewalks flattered  
Feverish in stylish tatters  
Damn, this used to seem like grammar  
I remember when it matteredCan't get over what's transpired  
Left home virgins, came back vampires  
Built it out like back scratched choirs  
Really dead or really tiredEverybody'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

Lyrics provided by

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