

Rangers (Live at the House of Blues)

A Fine Frenzy

The paths have been crossed
The crumbs are gone and the way, and the way is lost
Melancholy phantoms eye our skins
Poison apples falling with the windHear the sigh of the trees
Those who enter here never leaveAnd the rangers stream out of their cabins
They are the hunters
We are the rabbits
Maybe we don't want to be found
Maybe we don't want to be foundFurther in and on we go
Sightless creatures tugging at our clothes
Cutting through the twilight, sword in hand
Strangers once united against the landAt the sound of the bells
They're pulling paper lanterns from their shelvesThe rangers stream out of their cabins
They are the hunters and we are the rabbits
Maybe we don't want to be found
Maybe we don't want you tracking us downThe rangers stream out of their cabins
Raising their muskets
Flashing their badges
Maybe we don't want to be found
Maybe we don't want to be foundThey keep hiding a quiet like
They'll keep sneaking
But they won't find us
They'll keep living a quiet life
You and I
You and IThe ranger scream out of their cabins
They are the hunters,
We are the rabbits
Maybe we don't want to be found
Maybe we don't want you tracking us down
The rangers stream out of their cabins
Raising their muskets,
Flashing their badges
Maybe we don't want to be found
Maybe we don't want to be found

Songwriters

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