

The Shining Hour

Grant Lee Buffalo

Are we still on the phone
With the Lady Anna Clarke?
And her trumpet solo
Whose ghost sings for pay In the blue billiard room of the Monterey
For room and for board
And the back door key is a
19th Century civil war sword Once owned by John Booth
Who misplaced his script
When he caught his leather boot
And this could be the shining hour
Based on all this mad belief
In the money oil and angel powder In the new age magazine
There's a hole in the wall
Behind the photograph of Al Capone
He's a sittin' down at city hall The police they peek through here
And they watch you get dressed
In the two-way mirror
But it's all in good spirits And if you close your eyes
You can't help, help
But to hear 'em move
And this could be the shining hour
Based on all this mad belief
In the money oil and angel powder In the new age magazine
I propose a toast
To the memory of the horse
Who carried King Tut And his gold into the sun
He collapsed last summer
From the heat stroke
Somewhere in the East Village Oh it kills me to think
That I'm no longer living
Just looking for excuses to drink
So lift up your glass and you Ouija board 'Cause I'm fading, fading
Fading fast
And this could be the shining hour
Based on all those mad beliefs
In the money oil and angel powder
In the new age magazine

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnyrics.com/>