

# Mallwalking

## Cymbals Eat Guitars

Back in '99 After Columbine  
I had the strangest dream  
Liquid angels swam thru the halls of Waretown Elementary Teaching us little hicks new ways to exist  
New ways to see  
Way out there in the dark space  
Between the galaxies My friend Jimmy was sitting next to me  
Then suddenly he was not  
And when they got to me  
Asked if I believed  
I said "believe in what?"  
Then I woke up Mama take me mallwalking  
You know that I'm an empty kid  
You buy me stuff to try and fill me up  
But I think I am bottomless All the daddies drive every Friday  
Way out past oyster creek  
Put their pickup trucks  
In a semicircle  
Pass the pints of rye whiskey  
With the ghosts of original people  
Dancing in halogen blue  
Then I came to Mama takes me mallwalking  
She knows that I'm an empty kid  
She buys me stuff to fill me up  
But I think I am bottomless  
Mama sing a song to me  
When it's time to put the dog to sleep  
You are strong when we are weak  
Keep the name tags on your key ring  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

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