Golden Parachutes

Fair To Midland

here they come, shaking in their bootsthey'll be skipping stones with your bones
when these ants know
where to find you
and steal all your thunder
the windows will shutter
and i'll wear a tiewere you shaking in your boots?
did it scare you half to death
when you saw the falling arrows?won't that be a sight?here they come, attached at the hip
swallowing swords when they soar
now my clones know
where to find you
your bread and your butter
your dim flying colors
will both pick a side
and i'll wear a tiewere you shaking in your boots?
did it scare you half to death
when you saw the falling arrows?
did you stop dead in your tracks?
or join the whole stampede,
just to keep from spilling over?won't that be a sight?

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