

Our Lady of Electric Light

Clutch

They close the curtain
To hide from the dawn
The Rock-Olas fire
Burns on and on Have no fear the dark of night
She walks before us, Our Lady of Electric Light She enters the bar room
And lifts her veil
With a voice like running water
She tells them her tale The patrons all break down at the sight
Standing in the presence of Our Lady of Electric Light Tiny plastic sabers
Piled high to my knees
Though the war rages on
I still find no enemies
They draw back the curtain
Are blinded by the dawn
And the shining Rock-Ola
Spins on and on Now I know I can no longer fight
And I run into the arms of Our Lady of Electric Light
Now I know I can no longer fight
And I run into the arms of Our Lady of Electric Light

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