

Archers of Loaf "White Trash Heroes"

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Frozen out of focus, the sunday crowd
Started dreaming of television turned up too loud.
Coded conversation, half baked and tired,
Left us sleeping on blacktops burning the motor mile.

And underneath the arcade, details collide
There's good shopping, but all those patrons have too
much style.
And moving in slow motion the boulevard started
seeping
With them half-ravers and techno bars.

It is like below the neon sign
All speeding past the line and thrashing, I'm in
paradise.

Sealed in concentration, the lantern lights
Started shrinking on dead men drinking white liquor
wine.
And I asked the complication, the methane gas (?)
Started leaking on bastards burning half red and black.
We can't ride on _____ time
All speeding past the line and thrashing, I'm in
paradise.

And standing at the gates of nc state fair,
Saw you smoking with all those new friends you've got
to spare.
And melting back in focus the sunday crowd
Started sleeping with white trash heroes, tv's turned
down.

In their eyes, below the neon sky (?)
All speeding past the line and thrashing, I'm in
paradise.
We can't lie below _____ time
All dreaming of the white trash heroes on the
boulevard. it is like below the neon sky (?)
All speeding past the line and thrashing on the
boulevard.
We can't lie below _____ time
All dreaming of the white trash heroes, I'm in paradise.

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