

## At The Drive In "Pickpocket"

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In the humble stance of nativity  
Hummed the smell of television snow  
A faint S.O.S. flickering  
Riding on the coat tails of their ground zero

Neighborhood footprints ingrown  
The daylight savings time will never know  
Of this alabaster cold  
Of this alabaster

Your lovers quarrel ended up in craw space  
Dental identities will tell us apart  
Teeth marked and bounded with sighs  
Step into my parlor said the spider to the fly

Stable hooved footprints ingrown  
Cloak and dagger muzak blared in ohms  
Of this alabaster cold  
Of this alabaster cold  
Of this alabaster cold

Ingrown  
Ingrown  
Ingrown  
Ingrown

More caliber per capita  
Ingrown  
Ingrown  
More caliber per capita  
Ingrown  
More caliber per capita  
More more  
More caliber per capita  
More caliber per capita  
More caliber per capita

Neighborhood footprints ingrown  
The daylight savings time will never know  
Breakfast table search team implodes  
The milk cartons that pour will never know  
Of this alabaster cold

Of this alabaster cold  
Of this alabaster cold  
Of this alabaster cold

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