

Dime Store Prophets "Fantastic Distraction"

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Michael looks up at the bottle from under a glass table
He's mouthing words I can't make out, something
about innocence
He calls us all his best friends
And swaggers into the haze of no questions

Joy keeps a strict diet of popsicles, pop-tarts, and
heroin
She likes to open the doors and go looking for Morrison
She bipped and fell on Jesus
He says I've been walking the gardens looking for you
I've been desperate too
Maybe she's just hiding from the big thing
Maybe she's just hiding from the big thing
In a fantastic distraction
Twelve steps forward and thirteen steps back

Sonny works hard on the pavement all of the live long
day
He drives home, sits down with his burdens placed
where his wife should be
Turns on the TV set
And toxicates himself with gamma rays
White noise for the pain

Maybe he's just hiding from the big thing
Maybe he's just hiding from the big thing
In a fantastic distraction
Twelve steps forward and thirteen steps back

Moth on the window pane
Drawn to the light
Can't find an opening
Back to the light

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