

Dispatch "Lightning"

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We hear the dealers with the words
That ride the tails
Of their cigarette smoke
Sliding through the tunnels of our ears

Those greasy marionettes
Of real bone and blood
Stand on the corner of
Washington Square, Washington Square

Well, our vision was stinging
And our eyes were blurring

Elevator's got you rising so high
Seventeen floors, you want so much more
Elevator's got you rising so high
Seventeen floors, you want so much more

And there's lightning on the ceiling
Coming from the corner of her eye
And there's lightning on the ceiling
Coming from the corner of her eye

Somewhere horses flee from thunder
Somewhere the bones of a cat
Are buried under a garden, yeah
Well there's a radio on

Broken song, empty digression
It won't be long
Won't be long to you and me
Are gone from here

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Coming from the corner of her eye
And there's lightning on the ceiling
Coming from the corner of her eye

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