

Dr. Death

"Uncovering The Old"

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Turn it down
Start it over
Alone is such an ugly game

Pay it back
Pay it forward
Nothing means nothing to me

So they went down to the station
They were looking for a ride
They were running out of ink
They were running out of time
Yeah

And with the color of the whistle
With the sounding of the smoke
I repeat it in a picture
I repeat it in a joke
Yeah
Yeah

Loud clothes
Quiet earrings
Black nights
White shadows
A bone and a key

Old flames
Dead [?] widows
Someone has been done to me

So they believe that their conductor
Is the leader of the pack
Killing time and too conductive
They were never looking back
Yeah

And the table had to chase it
And the time hollered back
And the thanks that cut the cable
And they're running out of tracks

Yeah
Yeah

So they kissed the farmer's daughters
With their pockets full of gold
And they draw the shades of markets
On the corner of the window

And the kid under the kitchen
And unmarked grave
They're uncovering the old

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