

Firewater

"Green Light (In Stereo)"

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Moon's throwing daggers
At the targets on the street
Trucks wipe the sweat out of their eyes
The brain is making promises
The body cannot keep
You duck inside a doorway
And you change into your favorite disguise
Black hole in your pocket
But there's jingles up your sleeve
Going down like a pederast in a boy's school
And you wish that you could stop it
But the handle's out of reach
Sinking like a calliope in a whirlpool
Oh no..

You're waiting for the green light
Hanging on for the cold opportunity
You're waiting for the green light

As every second of your life keeps slipping
The time keeps ticking
The the green light is looking like
It's never gonna change for you

Time carves initials
Into the prison of your face
Creeping like a spy on broken glass
Cars kiss the tarmac
As they cut right to the chase
Cut price epiphany
But somehow it just never seems to last

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