

Fruvous Moxy "Down From Above"

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Your mother made you cry when she told you about the
womb
And how people die
Watching over you when you were young
Smiling when you learned to crawl
You don't know her at all

It's a dirty job, but they're very suave
Jesus high on wine weeping turpentine

Daddy's voice like an intercom connected to a hidden
room
Where yellow roses bloom
A sacred mountain near Peterborough where clouds
paint a picture so calm
That they swallowed Mom

It's a dirty job but they're very suave
Jesus high on wine, weeping turpentine

What are they doing in there?
Have they got guns?
Make you run up and down the same hill
And they'll break your will

Was it Christmas or Groundhog Day when your friends
turned to shadows
And they dragged you away
Tell nobody that you've been here, don't breathe a
word that's been said
(whispered) (Now there's a scar)
upon your forehead

It's a dirty job but they're very suave
Jesus high on wine, weeping turpentine

What are they doing in there?
Have they got guns?
Whether Mount Pinatubo
Or the threat of God's love
There'll always be something that's raining

Down from above.
Down from above.
Down from above.
Down from above...

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