

## Grant Lee Buffalo

### "THE SHINIG HOUR"

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Are we still on the 'phone  
With the Lady Anna Clarke  
And her trumpet solo  
Whose ghost sings for pay  
In the blue billiard room of the Monterey  
For room and for board  
And the backdoor key is a  
19th Century civil war sword  
Once owned by John Booth  
Who misplaced his script  
When he caught his leather boot  
And this could be the shining hour  
Based on all this mad belief  
In the money oil and angel powder  
In the new age magazine  
There's a hole in the wall  
Behind the photograph of Al Capone  
He's a sittin' down at city hall  
The police they peek thru here  
And they watch you get dressed  
In the two-way mirror

But it's all in good spirits  
And if you close your eyes  
You can't help  
Help  
But to hear 'em move  
And this could be the shining hour  
Based on all this mad belief  
In the money oil and angel powder  
In the new age magazine  
I propose a toast  
To the memory of the horse  
who carried King Tut  
And his gold  
Into the sun  
He collapsed last summer  
From the heat stroke  
Somewhere in the East Village  
Oh it kills me to think  
That I'm no longer living  
Just looking for excuses to drink  
So lift up your glass  
And you Ouija board  
'Cause I'm fading, fading  
Fading fast  
And this could be the shining hour

Based on all those mad beliefs

In the money oil and angel powder

In the new age magazine

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