

## Grant Lee Buffalo "The Shining 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 back door 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 through 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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