

Jets To Brazil "Chinatown"

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candle is blue could see me through but I'm color blind
they tell me it's blue and I'm a believer that's why I'm
blind

live on the freeway listen to signs and we drive by feel
be a believer believe everything you'll be right
half the time

candle is waxing takes my apartment I bask in its
magic

all of the firefighters put out my fires took all my
matches

staying up later waking up old and I'm leaving her
never

ordering in all friends and lovers and we're making our
weather with a lone light bulb

I'm tired of fighting

I'm tired of fighting, so I'm demolished - that's the way
some make exhaustion a mode of expression and
that's their way

I'm just a question knowing my answer I hope I'm
wrong

but I know the answer it's four in the morning I'm right
again and I'm chinatown

now in a hurry, rubbing up urgent to get home to dot
was my missed mistress messed up my mattress I
missed the catch

last of the pitchers catfish done hunting harry lundt
most of the killers never get famous and it's hard on
everyone

I'm tired of fighting

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