

## Chad VanGalen "Cries of the Dead"

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I can hear the cries of the dead  
Maybe its your neighbor eating his dog in the  
basement  
I can hear the cries of the dead  
Muffled by the ground but still loud enough to make it  
out

Monkey webs of concrete roads  
Disappear in time  
Weaved in trees that grow from seeds  
Will cover us in time  
Swallowing all of the buildings  
And every single piece of trash

I can hear the cries of the dead  
Maybe its your neighbor playing his trumpet in the  
basement  
I can hear the cries of the dead  
Muffled by the ground but still loud enough to make a  
sound

You went to the mountains true  
And painted what you saw  
You came back late and hid the paintings underneath  
our couch  
And I wasn't there when you made it  
but I feel like im there when im lookin' at it

Whoo, Whoo, Whoou..

I can hear the cries of the dead  
Maybe its your neighbor eating his dog in the  
basement  
I can hear the cries of the dead  
Muffled by the ground but still loud enough to make it  
out

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