

Lambchop

"Sharing A Gibson With Martin Luther King, Jr."

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All the leaves have turned to leather
I have lost faith in the spring
Withered like a dark balloon
Oh, I hear no robin sing

Ushered with the shower still
Oh, the rain falls off the leaves
And a rim of shady light
It forms these patterns on my hands

I can see your ring
Is it camouflaged or etched
Tell the king
To me this errand sent

To call such a hole
In the kingdom of the Lord
That we are afraid
Where there is no fear

Oh, he fell into a slumber
And did not wake until the dawn
To see a band of orange clouds
Cross the middle of the sky

Oh, he got into a fluster
He felt a tightening in his leg
With such finesse he waived a hornet
From a wine glass

And tiny fluffs of the feathered life
And you wander forth with your insolence and wine
To your fruitless mourn to them that cannot hear
And what the fuck am I doing here?

In the ghettos of Chicago
Amid the poverty and despair
Inside the game hens
Were the giblets in a plastic bag

A cocktail which consisted
Of his gin and her vermouth

Garnished together with the pearl onions
Dying eyes gleamed forth their ashy light

Tiny fluffs of the feathered life
And you wander forth with your insolence and wine
To your fruitless mourn to them that cannot hear

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