

## Agents of Good Roots

### "Paroled In '54"

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Summer blood for fighting dogs  
Mardi gras nineteen fifty-four  
OH NO he never liked lincoln at all my child  
I always thought the sun was just some hole in the sky  
till now  
As we float this corpse ashore  
Paroled in 54'  
The four whores of the apocalypse laugh (laugh and  
laugh)  
Houses burning full of yellowed photographs  
Of our children in fear disappearing from the ledge  
Is god just an echo i hear in my head yeah  
As we float this corpse ashore  
Paroled in 54'  
(yeah, yeah)  
Summer blood for fighting dogs  
I been everywhere on the same side of some road with  
you  
The way that i remember being born was like waking  
from a dream  
(you were there with me)  
I bet your mother never ever heard you sing that song  
for me yeah  
The way that i remember being born was like waking  
from a dream  
I bet your mother never ever hear you sing that song  
for me  
Somewhere we can't see from here  
Somewhere we can't see from here  
Somewhere we can't see from here

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