

Shining Fury

"Phantom Limb"

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Foals in winter coats
White girls of the North,
File past one, five and one,
They are the fabled lambs of Sunday ham, the EHS
norm
And they could float above the grass in circles if they
tried
A latent power I know they hide
To keep some hope alive that a girl like I could ever try,
Could ever try

So we just skirt the hallway sides
A phantom and a fly
Follow the lines and wonder why
There's no connection

A week of rolling eyes,
And cheap shots from the trite,
And we're off to Nemarka's porch again,
Another afternoon of the goathead tunes,
And pilfered booze.
We wander through your mama's house
The milk from the window lights
Family portrait circa '95
This is that foreign land of the sprayed-on tans
And it all feels fine
Be it silk or slime

So, when they tap our Monday heads
To zombies walk in our stead
This town seems hardly worth the time
And we'll no longer memorize or rhyme,
Too far along in our climb
Stepping over what now towers to the sky,
With no connection

Ooh waooooooooo waooooooooo
Ooh waooooooooo waooooooooo
Ooh waooooooooo waooooooooo
Ooh waooooooooo waooooooooo

So when they tap our Sunday heads
Two zombies walk in our stead
This town seems hardly worth our time
And we'll no longer memorize or rhyme,
Too far along in our crime,
Stepping over what now towers to the sky,
With no connection

Ooh waooooooooo waooooooooo
Ooh waooooooooo waooooooooo
Ooh waooooooooo waooooooooo
Ooh waooooooooo waooooooooo
Ooh waooooooooo waooooooooo
Ooh waooooooooo waooooooooo
Ooh waooooooooo waooooooooo
Ooh waooooooooo waooooooooo
(repeat to fade)

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