

The Sheila Divine

"New Parade"

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Miracles masked to mend
The literal for illiterates
In shady towns
People forget

A union wage
That extra tear
We overpaid
And disappeared
Without a trace
Into the voids

And we hope that someday
We'll awaken in our garden
To the sound of a new parade

They celebrate
The coming years
Until that one
That we fear
It's all numerals
And zeros

And we hope that someday
We'll awaken in our garden
To the sound of a new parade

And we hope that someday
We'll awaken in our garden
Push off that war we waged
We'll awaken in our garden
To the sound of a new parade

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