

Menomena

"Baton"

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Hail Mary

You're conveniently buried this evening

Missed me dodging bullets

On a subject that is not worth repeating

I wish you were my mother and I wish you couldn't hear
I wish these memory lanes promoted growth instead of
fear

I wish I wasn't forced to rob a grave to pull you near

Hail Mary

Here's the new baton to pass in the relay

Between the bathhouse

And the colored mountains lining the freeway

I wish you were my lover with your hands in place of
ears

I wish that co-dependence could sustain us through the
years

I wish that wrecking fantasies could pass for a career

No one turn the light on, turn the light on in the
morning

No one turn the light on, turn the light on in the
morning

Someone turn the light on, turn the light on in the
morning

Somebody turn the light on

Hail Mary

Is this golden ticket all that you've left me?

For the therapist to pawn off and retire off the
proceeds

I wish you were in person what you are in souvenirs

I wish I could remember if my last words were sincere

I wish I could construct a better song for you my dear

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