

Fiery Furnaces

"Widow City"

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Antioch agent wrote a letter per usual
Dated it's 100 degrees perpetual,
Sent via the swift dromedary
Traversing her ways
On the odd and even days.
It said the lion's come up from his thicket
And they've managed to void, "My lottery ticket.
Drunk on wormwood in Widow City,
Widow City's drunk on wormwood.
Tomorrow night when the sun sets at nine
I might need tangle myself with the degenerate plant
of a
Strange little vine.
And foxes on the mountain, girls!
There're foxes on the mountain, girls.
So to negotiate the deserts and pits

You can't rely on your dimwits."
Wag your head and clean your clocks;
Ready for the rendezvous with the sticks and the
stocks.
Taught the wicked ones the ways, said what was sent
via
The swift dromedary traversing on the odd and even
days.
Drunk on wormwood in Widow City.
Widow City's drunk on wormwood.
Tomorrow night when the sun sets at nine
I might need tangle myself with the degenerate plant
of a
Strange little vine. They've made my chain even
heavier-
If you can imagine.

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