

## Murder By Death

### "A Caucus Race"

Visit "[A Caucus Race](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

take the last bus home  
with the quarters in your pockets  
left over from pinball machines  
at the bar many streets from your house

casino lights still flicker  
in your eyes  
your teeth taste faintly  
of flesh and gold tonight

you've been waiting for a long time  
between the dancing and the refill line  
she touches your wrist  
you start to sweat  
but it's just drinks and time playin' tricks

go back  
go back  
just get away from me  
go back  
go back  
your teeth taste faintly of flesh and gold.

Visit [Murder By Death](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.