

Les Savy Fav "Fading Vibes"

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When we were little kids we tried to seven deadly sins
in the attic every summertime.
The wet felt smelling silent kind.
We'd play light as a feather, stiff as a board and you'd
press to my hips and we'd slip through the floor.
They grey, grey ghost is coming out of the bright white
sheet that was wrapped about him.
The shade, shade, shade, could have been mistaken,
but i swear that the sunlight was shooting straight
through him. Let's make a mess of this banquet while
our bones are soaked in blood.
When our skin and cells are beankrupt we'll be deposit
in the dust.
Try to stay soft and remember to bend the chance to
get supple will not come again 'cause in time you will
find rigor mortis sets in.
I failed and I failed but my failures were passing, grew
hair and a tail and was all the while asking, "Does it
stay like this?
" and "will it end like this?"
I'm afraid that you're fading away, you're not coming in
clear. I'm afraid that the games that we've played have
turned desperate and dear.
I'll try to stay soft and remember to bend the chance to
get supple will not come again
'cause in time I will find rigor and mortis sets in. All that
you cherish will perish. All that can punish will pass.
I know you'll hit the ground running when you ditch the
road at last.
Well, we failed and we failed but our failures were
passing, grew hair and a tail and were all the while
asking,
"Does it stay like this?" and "Will it end like this,
is this supposed to hurt or are we sensitive?"
The're'll be no red rose the day you die there'll be flies
round your nose and rings round your eyes.
The clock ticks on we don't have a say, we let one hand
wash the others dirt away.
We're doing way too much, we do it way too often.
What used to be a crutch has become a coffin.
It's been good to be alive, but i've simply got to go.
Someones on the other line and they're calling for my

soul

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