

## Norma Jean

# "Memphis Will Be Laid To Rest"

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Waltz around the room, with a glaze in your stare.  
In your tuxedo suit. I'll give it a name. Lower  
Defenses. I'll lower the casket. Open the door.  
Open the grave. Murder. Now you're doing the waltz  
with your murderer...  
Waltz around the room, with a glaze in your stare.  
In your tuxedo suit. I'll give it a name. Lower  
Defenses. I'll lower the casket. Open the door. Open the  
grave.  
Mediocrity is the killer.

You find yourself helpless. Christ is not a fashion,  
Fleeting away. fashion...

He laid emeralds in her eyes, oh but I'd  
Already tried. a bracelet made of gold and scarlet  
Thread around her wrist. and everything was wrong so  
we  
Sang sentimental songs. Oh how seldom we belong but  
How elegant our kiss. and we painted crooked lies but  
we  
Danced in perfect time to a love so much refined, we  
Know not what it is until like a dullen wine we pour  
Into a grief we know before but it's never quite like this.  
never quite like this.  
All I know now is regret, it follows like a silhouette  
Along the cobblestone behind me, but has nothing to  
Say except to innocently ask, a voice as delicate as  
Glass, "Do you see me when we pass?" but I continue  
on  
My way.

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