

Raine Maida

"The Contents Of Lincoln's Pockets"

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At the time of his assassination:

Two pairs of spectacles, a lens polisher, a pocket knife,
A watch fob, a linen handkerchief,
A brown leather wallet containing five dollars
In confederate money and nine newspaper clippings

That there is walt whitman's pen

It sat in his hand and drank ink and whitman lay
upstairs

And watched the trains, fascinated by the big engines
Me, I'm just anxious.

Lincoln struck at the back of the head as if by a velvet
Curtain

His body lists and folds, creased at the hip, and rolls
To the floor beside his seat

The light's gone out, but even now he's radiating heat

These relics rise like steam and each disseminates,
Encircling

Like a halo down trajectory of a common crowd,
simmering

Slammed to the back of your head

You've never been hit before

How can you deal with that kind of information?

Slammed to your chest

Like a curtain hits the floor

How can you deal with that kind of information?

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