

The Receiving End Of Sirens

"The Salesman, The Husband, The Lover"

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Baby boy had a big old heart
Large enough to tear apart
Split evenly in two
Evenly in two

Mom and Dad had a rocky start
Too much head, too little heart
Soon one turned into two
One, two

Dirty hands made separate beds
And folded sheets in which they slept
Oh what's a boy to do?
What's a boy to do?

When Daddy finds ten dollar whores
And liquor stores
Can offer more
Than his family
Than his friends
More than a woman that he wed

"Oh no, what a shameful seed I've sown."

Then one day daddy walked away
From his wife, the child they had made
It must have been too much
It must have been too much

Mommy tried her best to pay
The bills so that her son could stay
In the house that he was raised
The sons fight the father's war

Love for his heels (The place where love grew too old)
He walked out the door
Left his son to fight his war (Too old and broken to
appraise)
Left his son to fight his war
You shadow, you ghost (The place where love grew too
old)
Look how crooked I've grown

What a shameful seed you've sown (Too old and broken)

What a seed you've sown

Court ordered visits meant weekends with his Dad
Where he had learned his share of lessons on how to
drink like his old man

Back home his mother packed her bags and the
dreams that she watched down

For a single room apartment in the seedy part of town

Baby boy became the dad

His family had always lacked

A spitting image of the man

Down to the way he turned his back

He inherited his cheating, an heir to his drunken breath

His father willed him arrogance and passed down his
empty chest

Love for his heels (The place where love grew too old)

He walked out the door

Left his son to fight his war (Too old and broken to
appraise)

Left his son to fight his war

You shadow, you ghost (The place where love grew too
old)

Look how crooked I've grown

What a shameful seed you've sown (Too old and
broken)

What a seed you've sown

"Be a lightbulb"

I'm a wishbone

"Be a rifle, a telephone"

I'm just here for you to use

I've got nothing left to lose

I'm the wardship battle

I'm the remnants of the precious metals that weigh you
both down

We are heavied, oh so heavy

We are heavied, oh so heavy

Love for his heels (The place where love grew too old)

He walked out the door

Left his son to fight his war (Too old and broken to
appraise)

Left his son to fight his war

You shadow, you ghost (The place where love grew too
old)

Look how crooked I've grown

What a shameful seed you've sown (Too old and
broken)
What a seed you've sown

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