

## Red

### "The Disappearing Act"

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There must be red paint on the walls because i've  
cussed you out again the fire behind your eyes burns in  
your fingers and i felt the warmth on my face there had  
to be poison in the water when i told you to go to hell  
this city has had it's way with you for the last time baby  
and i heard from a friend through a friend that you're  
losing your mind again but you're not here and i'm  
screaming at a blank wall do i deserve these ghost  
legs just like a soldier they're my spoils of war and i'll  
write as many songs as i want to about what i've done  
where i've been who i've loved and what i've been  
through all that i've been through there's something  
peculiar about the weather it's fall all year 'round here  
because you're making and breaking and staking and  
faking your claims so much for the disappearing act do  
i deserve these ghost legs just like a soldier they're my  
spoils of war you know it we blew it you're giving up i'm  
giving out erasing replacing my ghost legs are feeling  
numb

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