

Silver Jews

"New Orleans"

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I'm scared (I swear) of you
In the tunnel
In the darkness
The darkest walls of blue

There's beasts
And there's men
And there's something on this Earth
That comes back again

Alpha...Delta...Gamma...
Everybody's smoked.

Well you can't say (you can't say)
That my soul has died away (yay-yay-yay-yeah)
No, you can't say (you can't say)
That my soul has died away (yay-yay-yay-yeah)
Well, there's trouble in the hall
And trouble up the stairs
There's trouble, in the trouble, there's
Trouble in the air

Well please don't say (please don't say)
That my soul has died away (yay-yay-yay-yeah)

There is a house in New Orleans
Not the one you heard about,
I'm talkin' 'bout another house
They spoke of gold in the cellar
That a Spanish gentleman had left
I broke in one hundred years ago
With a dagger tucked in my vest
Legends of gold, I tried to hold
The grey half-light of the hallway at night

One...Two...Three...Four...Five...
We're trapped inside the song.

Well, we're trapped inside the song
Trapped inside the song
Trapped inside the song

Where the nights are so long

We're trapped inside the song
Trapped inside the song
Trapped inside the song
Where the nights are so long

There's traps inside us all
There's traps inside us all
There's traps inside us all
(And the knife is so tall
Knife is so tall, knife is so tall,
Knife is so...tall)
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