

And You Will Know Us By The Trail Of Dead "A Classic Arts Showcase"

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White glow of the TV set
Lights dancing on the screen
Voice-overs rise like minarets
Then fall diatonically.
Should I answer a friend's distress call
Or should I go to sleep?
Would I, like the voices rise and fall,
What's it to me?

All those hours of wasted time
Have never passed my mind.

Here I am comfortable
In arm's reach of the black remote.
Here I am comfortable
Surrounded by stings and bows.
Let everyone else go.

Nights on Kirkwood so serene
Far from the sirens and the screams
I could write or I could read
Go next door and smoke some weed
As long as I don't have to think
About who the hell's running this mess
Or what shit they're writing up the Stone or NME
Go out and make last call
Or sit here and do nothing at all
What's it to me?

All those hours of wasted time
Have never passed my mind.

Here I am comfortable
In arm's reach of the black remote.
Here I am comfortable
All those clowns, what can they know?
Let everyone else go.

