

Fiery Furnaces, The "Sweet Spots"

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Well I stuffed my stuff into a sport sac and I took the
Lake St. El
Well I got off Cicero and I snuck in through one of the
loading docks

And I smiled as I sucked my gem I mean to take a room
at the Brack's
Well I put things into the pockets of my parachute pants
and I walked on up the street

Now Galewood makes me nervous but the corn syrup
cloud's such a lure
So I'm staying off to the side at this end of the M&M
Mars tour

Well I bought a bike but the chair broke right outside of
Parky's
Well the wait was making my eyes wet and sticking
french fries down my throat
But I had to press on cause sweeter stuff's on the other
side of the moat

Well the cars were turning off Harlem so I had to stop
and stare
And I had to gulp for air oh my heart was racing I made
my escape
I's red hot to get lemonheaded and live with Alexander
the Grape

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