

The Dresden Dolls

"The Living Room"

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forty-seven strings are pulled
by this angelic, beaten girl
and it breaks our hearts to hear
the music that comes out of her
shoulders hang on folded chairs
this will be our church tonight
we have dug our foxholes here
not an atheist in sight
laughing, shaking, taking oaths
breaking sacramental cups
we pour the magic in our coats
thinking it can leave with us

but it's the wrong way out
twenty steps but it's so harming
when they talk out loud
bent to break your fingers on me

I've been breathing evil air
sharing needles with the sky
looking up, remembering
regina said they're just old light
but you somehow understood
my oversaturated skin
you held your hand up to my neck
and played me like a theramin
I see london I see france
and all the things that we won't do
and if I never leave this chair
maybe I can go with you

but it's a long way out
twenty steps but it's still harming
when they talk out loud
bent to play your fingers on me
it's a long way out
past the bar and past the awning
past the easy crowd
back into the end

we have found our solace here

in this unexpected place
like a startled, dying man
kneels in prayer just in case
and while the night sky sadly lit
all that you were sleeping through
doubt took my friend Benjamin
but he left his keys with you
so I'll kiss the air instead
as not to disturb your sleep
and if you never wake, my love
maybe you can come with me

but it's a long way out
twenty steps but it's so harming
When they talk out loud
bent to praise your fingers on me
it's a long way out
past the bar and past the awning
past the easy crowd
back into the end of harmony
back into the end of harmony
back into the end of harmony
back into the end

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