

## **The Fiery Furnaces**

### **"The Garfield EI"**

Visit "[The Garfield EI](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](#)

The Garfield EI

Faster, hammers  
Faster, hammers  
Churn and turn into my late train to my lost love  
Ring away today, stick, bruise into my felt, or so I felt  
I found a skeleton tooth in the junk drawer  
And I mean to open the folding green and white door  
And take a late train to my lost love.  
Faster, hammers!  
Faster, hammers!

Listen to those dead pianos, pins stuck in their hearts  
Clang tap bell pedal down dead wood chipped and dull  
dark steel  
Rattling and chattering and chilly on a damp November  
afternoon  
On tracks one and two  
And twelve and thirteen  
On that ribbon spinning and computer colors.  
Tick tacks on round wire  
Spun steel spark on three rail thin lines

See a minor, a little girl  
Ask if she would like for instance some fudge  
But I didn't budge, and said I didn't care  
I wanted to sit, and I wanted to stare  
Spin steel, tick tack on three little strings made three  
little rails made one note clunk  
Three rails squeaking and sputtering down the west  
side  
I found a skeleton tooth in the junk drawer and I mean  
to open the folding green and white door  
And take a late train to my lost love  
Faster, hammers!  
Faster, hammers!

Chatter down the tracks, you thumb tack smiley skull  
teeth  
Ticking five dollar throwaway pianos past  
A late train to my lost love

Listen to those dead pianos, pins stuck in their hearts  
Clang tap bell pedal down dead wood chipped and dull  
dark steel  
Rattling and chattering and chilly on a damp November  
afternoon  
On tracks one and two  
And twelve and thirteen  
On that ribbon spinning and computer colors.  
Tick tacks on round wire  
Spun steel spark on three rail thin lines

Late, by act of Congress and blue all the way to Forest  
Park,  
And this ribbon spinning and computer color  
Into a public transport for everyone to hear and get on  
track  
And back to my lost love  
Faster, hammers!  
Faster, hammers!  
We're almost there  
Faster, hammers!  
We're almost there

I'd like to tell you a story, kids  
but instead I'll change the subject  
Listen to this tune, it sounds like a condolence card  
Bought at the last minute for someone you can't stand  
For someone you never liked  
And isn't it cute

La la la...

Listen to this tune I'm playing now, kids  
Does it seem sad  
Does it remind you of when

Visit [The Fiery Furnaces](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.