

## The Fiery Furnaces

### "Widow City"

Visit "[Widow City](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Antioch agent wrote a letter per usual  
Dated it's 100 degrees perpetual,  
Sent via the swift dromedary traversing her ways  
On the odd and even days.  
It said the lion's come up from his thicket  
And they've managed to void, "My lottery ticket.  
Drunk on wormwood in Widow City,  
Widow City's drunk on wormwood.  
Tomorrow night when the sun sets at nine  
I might need tangle myself with the  
degenerate plant of a strange little vine.  
And foxes on the mountain, girls!  
There're foxes on the mountain, girls.  
So to negotiate the deserts and pits  
You can't rely on your dim wits."  
Wag your head and clean your clocks;  
Ready for the rendezvous with the sticks and the  
stocks.  
Taught the wicked ones the ways,  
said what was sent via the swift dromedary  
traversing on the odd and even days.

Drunk on wormwood in Widow City,

Widow City's drunk on wormwood.

Tomorrow night when the sun sets at nine

I might need tangle myself with the

degenerate plant of a strange little vine.

They've made my chain even heavier--if you can  
imagine.

/ ]

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

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.