

The Hold Steady **"Navy Sheets"**

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I guess we met a couple a bonafide angels
But they all seemed kinda fat and fatigued
But now we're trying to match their mouths to the
screams
Match their heads to their dreams

Everybody's searching out the softest seat
All dolled up for the funeral feast
Everyone's stabbing at the biggest piece
Clever kids kissing on a bleak retreat

Now I'm not really sure we were lovers
Or if it was just some kind of car crash
And now we're trying to find a DNA match
To match their heads to their hats

Everybody's reaching for the sharpest knife
Legs wide open on the opening night
Everybody's bathing in the laser lights
Clever kids screwing with some new device

Sunday morning, sidewalks flattered
Feverish in stylish tatters
Damn, this used to seem like grammar
I remember when it mattered

Can't get over what's transpired
Left home virgins, came back vampires
Built it out like back scratched choirs
Really dead or really tired

Everybody's coming on their navy sheets
Everybody's coming on their navy sheets
Everybody wants to suck on something sweet
Everybody's coming on their navy sheets
Everybody's coming on their navy sheets

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