

Ugly Americans

"Dancing at the Foot of Angels"

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I awoke inside a stranger's glance
Nervous and suspecting the worst
Where had I been for so long?
Inside a wolf's grin

I felt colored
Packed tight and slightly refreshed
I unbuttoned my memory
And took a look inside myself

Does it make you feel much better?
Does it make you feel alright?
Does it make you feel good inside?
I'm dancing at the foot of angels

I took a look inside my skull cap
It was all there, the tissue
The sinew, the arm chair
The tingly aroma of urine

A fruit basket filled to the brim
With decaffeinated hangover cider
There were the cattle pranks
The friction burns and the lies

Does it make you feel much better?
Does it make you feel alright?
Does it make you feel good inside?
I'm dancing at the foot of angels

I found the keys I had forgotten
I'd misplaced the ones to all the answers
To the questions that you'd ever asked
And that you'd never asked

Oh, and the jelly, that was the best part
Thick and hot and greasy
I used to cover the walls of my antennae
So I could hear you calling
The reception's always better that way

