

So let's go deadbolt your shed door  
Cram your paper money snug closer than before  
Chandeliers are falling in graveyard rows  
And your eyes are shifting dials like AM radios

Snowed over river melted more last night  
Still the same to shovel windshields of spidered ice  
Yes, yes mother I mean to be baptized  
Seeds that make the high ground grow and multiply

Drive to Rubidoux in the the middle of the night  
Bourbon and a pistol in the dash out of sight  
What did you expect? Romantic Isle of Wight?  
Just empty desert light

Few feet float above these Persian throw rugs  
And tuck themselves in percussion as succession was  
Tonight as single simple folk played themselves slow  
Just like talking city blues down in the hallway low

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I suggest that you respect the deal  
And keep your nose out of business of  
Priests and holy men, the life you have chosen  
Is filled with dirty fingernails  
And lost and founds and cancelled appointments

10 more avenues time to choose  
And there's rain that'll fall down in five  
There's 50 doors to choose from and there's many more  
Many more inside inside inside  
And the nighttime's going to come  
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