

Gloom and How It Gets That Way

Every Time I Die

Pull the car over, you're frightening the kids
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What did you promise us about grinning in the rear view
Without your fake teeth in?

Keep your glass eye glued on the end
Of the highway up ahead of us
The collision is always licking it's lips
You weren't supposed to open the door

Just keep the plane from drifting off course
We'll attend to the terrified first class convinced
There's a hoof print on the bow

All hail the wounded heart contingent
Who've given us something more than faultlessness to sing about
Long live prosthetic live wires
The faulty mechanism of hope has disintegrated

Your captain nailed his feet
To someone else's ship at the sight of me
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To someone else's ship at the sight of me

Do what your mother tells you
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Put down the Sheriff's horse

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The choir on the black box rejoiced splendidly
Singing, "Hallelujah, the King is dead"
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Singing, "Hallelujah, the King is dead"
The King is dead