

## My Brother Works for the CIA

Trampled by Turtles

I'm still looking out your window, your shady tones of home.  
Where dusty memories echo down like rain.  
And the years grow ever longer, the days go flying by,  
but I can't wait 'til you and I are finally home again.

Well there ain't no easy answers when the circus is in town,  
troubled juries hang each other dead.  
And the TVs filled with poets, who only write in rhyme,  
and my brother works for the CIA when he's not doing time.

When comfort comforts no one, surrounded by your name,  
there is no one that I can talk to now.  
And this town is a painting, and I am but a dream,  
So come live with me outside the lonely fields of midnight May

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troubled juries hang each other dead.  
And the TVs filled with poets, who only write in rhyme,  
and my brother works for the CIA when he's not doing time.

And when the night-time tricks me to believing I'm the same,  
as every barstool in this god damn place.  
You come put your arms around me, slowly say my name.  
So come live with me outside the lonely fields of midnight May

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troubled juries hang each other dead.  
And the TVs filled with poets, who only write in rhyme,  
and my brother works for the CIA when he's not doing time.

[x2]