The Hollows

As I lay me down to fall asleep
With my demons dying and my pilot light weak
I curse the last six months I been hiding behind a moustache, yeah
And to those last ten years I been howling a paper moon: fuck you

This goes out to all my under done
Other tongue lung long frontmen
(This is what the ghost of someone's dad says)
And all us earth growths, some planted
And some pulled
(Shut up and put your money where your mouth is)

Shine a flashlight in a hat box and spin
An empty oyster shell and celebrate the hollows

This goes out to dirty dancing cursing back masking
Back slidden pastor's kids
(From behind bars it's not so hard to see he's risen)
And all us earth growths, some planted
And some pulled
(But nobody finds god and then goes to prison)

In Berlin I saw two men fuck
In a dark corner of a basketball court
Just the slight jingle of pocket change pulsing
In the tourist part I lost fifty euros
To a guy with the walnut shells and the marble
It really pissed me off, so ooh I thought I'd go
Back to get my money but all my homies warned me
Oh no, those gypsies probably got knives

This goes out to all my under brewed
Double duped two times true fools
(Stuck faking a phone call or texting for company)
And all us earth grows, some planted
And some pulled
(Like a married in uncle at a family function)

I got them shaky gums and a couple of loose tooths
Now tell me, what should I do my god
The clock's always stuck telling, 11:11, or 3:32

This goes out to all my under done
Other tongued lung long frontmen
(Even just Joanna Newsom's left hand)
And all us earth growths, some planted
And some pulled
(I bet could beat the pants in bass off your best man)
This goes out to all my underdone
Other tongued lung long frontmen
(This is what the ghost of someone's dad says)
And all us earth growths,
Doing the croak like it ain't no joke

In a crowded room project a debonair aloof impermanance
Be shrouded loosely in an air of indeterminates