

I was drivin
Through the badlands
A woman screaming
Cause she stuck in the radio
(my heart will go on)
He was a biker
That's what he told me
"where's your bike then?"
"well, I burried the pieces
Oily steel and bone"
I aint hip on ditchin
A stranger stranded at the lip of alone

Liquid night
There's a moon in my soup
Liquid night
They hang you up against the sky

You are a feather
I made a wish once
You are a bluebird
I am blue
I just wanna get next to you

Liquid night
There's a moon in my soup
Liquid night
They hang you up against the sky
Liquid night
I'm afraid of what I read
Liquid night
And everyone's afraid of me

Thirsty gazer
Fraidy stare
Father empty
Are you there?
Now you see me
Now you shout
The de the de the de the de the de
The devil let me out

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There's a moon in my soup
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(to the microtonal weeping of a violin,
She goes loping, lonely, into the dark,
Bemoaning hercursed wretched state)
It aint a houseguest
More like hotel
And I have lived there
And I have lived well
The wind gets high and the fog gets low
There are days when the dogs know

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