

Bishop Allen, Clementines

Let us raise this glass of wine
For your blood burns just like mine
And we neither felt too much going home
You know I never really had the mind
For an ordinary life
But I guess Im going to give it a try
So here goes

And I know we both had enough
Drinking from this broken cup
That we neither feel too much more like sherry
But again, boys, to your feet
One last time on Benefit Street
Set aside these worried lives youve been bearing

Though the years have been unkind
Like a winter clementine
We can only come of age in the cold
Now, what small comfort we might take
That weve both been born to brave
Leaves us humbled, keeps us honest; were bold

And we laugh, and we sing, and we dance of the dance of the wise men
And alone in the dark, we dont know what their secrets weave
And I promise, I know that the poison will surely pass through you
If you scrub, and you wash, then eventually you will come clean

Then they gather in the gloom
Shadows of a darkened room
Playing games of luck and fortune, they never win
Dont use shiny tints of wallflowers, counting out your final hours
Go on, take a swing, again

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