

Bob Mould, Sunset Safety Glass

Mystified, fire red sky / Sundown fog lifts up and down
Feel my head get trapped inside a tangle of wires
Fighting with the undertow / Smelling salts and ocean sand

Crack the sunset safety glass another day / I could never trouble you to stay
Crack the sunset safety glass another day / Yellow ball is fading away

Come down from the second floor / My familiar memory
Devil jumping from the ledge consume my soul
Faster round the roller rink / Smell of meat and suicide
Guides me nearer to dementia