

Fair To Midland, Orphan Anthem '86

We're gone but not better
A lighted match can burn the cabin down he built
It's not long but it matters
Your suit and tie are much too tight in farmersville
My daughter's a goldmine combing the hair of the white waves
A fountain of sapphires under the bridges of utah
Instilled in us ethics not by god, but by our choice
I can't even imagine
But i can see it
Tell them all to chop me off
With left handed scissors rusting when you're touched
On marble covered mountains you're the brimstone
When surrounded by comfort cotton floors are of no use
We see in our forecast what we lack in our pockets
Encompassed by standards and we give ourselves all the credit
I can't put my finger on it
But i can see it
Tell them all to chalk me out
With oval arms and hopscotch eyelids
On marble covered mountains you're my cargo
No, you're the brimstone
Yes, you're my cargo