

# 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