

# Gordon Downie, Pascal's Submarine

There's not a breath of air tonight.  
I got my windows all thrown open wide  
Praying for any little breeze to move the curtains,  
Shake the leaves tonight

Stumbled in to sleep's ravine  
Into a dream of Pascal's Submarine  
Where if you can remain quiet and still  
You might escape life's fill of misery

A women's had all she can stand  
Hysterically Screaming 'I'm waiting for my man'  
'Madam, we're doing all we can,  
but can you give me your man's name again?'

ARE THEY DEAD  
OR WORSE, ALIVE?

Is there something that you're trying to hide?  
Russian Accent - Las Vegas Cap Say's 'Can we talk about all that, Inside?'

With Klebanov within her grasp  
There's just one more think she's dying to ask  
They stuck a needle in her arm  
Saying, Don't do yourself more harm  
She Collapsed

There's not a breath of air tonight  
We go our windows all thrown open wide  
Praying for any little breeze  
For the Skeletons, for the Effigies, Tonight