Meat Puppets, Split Myself In Two

You got wings on your fingers In the middle of a battle Is a little of the way you talk And you shine You got cobwebs on your halo In the closet there are skeletons Lined up ready to talk And they shine Fade into what Made into hours And pulled into lines You got a ring around your finger And a heart in the bottle That never really learned to talk And they shine You got brickbats on your beltway In the middle is a puzzle With the pieces that have turned to slop And they shine