

Murder By Death, A Caucus Race

take the last bus home
with the quarters in your pockets
left over from pinball machines
at the bar many streets from your house

casino lights still flicker
in your eyes
your teeth taste faintly
of flesh and gold tonight

you've been waiting for a long time
between the dancing and the refill line
she touches your wrist
you start to sweat
but it's just drinks and time playin' tricks

go back
go back
just get away from me
go back
go back
your teeth taste faintly of flesh and gold.