

Quimby, At The Table Of Gloom

at the table of gloom

Silver rain's falling over the town
Looks like the angels are pissing on the sly
Lost at the counter, silently raped by the time
I'm a stranger in the jungle and the bells ring in the sky
My darling came but she just slowly passed by
She left on the window a misty, pale good bye
Now I'm just wondering what is left to be mine
I'm a pauper in the jungle and the belss cry in the sky
Please! What's going on here
Langour weaves all over the room
What's real in the web of grey fear?
I'm just a man at the table of gloom
A rusty shape is playing a broken guitar
He looks like an angel who came down here to die
On the edge of nothing, where the dawn meets the night
I'm a jester in the jungle, and the belss scream in the sky
A numbing chain ties me down to the ground
I feel like a lame bird who's still trying to fly
Just like the wind blows sleepy leaves through the town
I'm chased by a nightmare that belss fall from the sky
Please! What's going on here
Langour weaves all over the room
What's real in the web of grey fear?
I'm just a man at the table of gloom