R.E.M., Moral Kiosk

Scratch the scandals in the twilight
Trying to shock but instead
Idle hands all orient to her
Pass a magic pillow under head
It's so much more attractive inside the moral kiosk
Inside, cold, dark, fire, twilight
Inside, cold, dark, fire, twilight

They scratch the scandals in the twilight
She was laughing like a Horae
Put that knee in dour landslide
Take this step to dash a roving eye
It's so much more attractive inside the moral kiosk
Inside, cold, dark, fire, twilight
Inside, cold, dark, fire, twilight

[repeat first verse]