

# Shivaree, Queen-Sized Tomb

Looks like somebody got murdered  
That's the way it looks around here  
I shouldn't wait for you  
I think it's too late for you  
Too many toxic tantrums  
Have watered down my fear  
Too much of your thunder  
Killed all my wonder for you

And it's a queen sized tomb  
Me in my water-stained room  
Alone with my ends and adds  
Associating with the gods on my walls  
While you fear up portraits  
And forward all my calls to the moon  
I guess it's coming down soon

Looks like some nasty weather  
Blew into the neighborhood  
Funny it was so blue  
I guess it followed you  
Well you ripped off my conclusions  
Like a twisted robin hood  
And I'm not afraid of you  
I'm only delayed by you

And it's a queen sized tomb

And the words drip from your lips like glimmering jewels  
And the congregation weeps while you plagiarize the fools

Ain't it a shame  
Nobody's got to leave home to find someone to blame