

Sparklehorse, Piano Fire

I got sunburnt waiting for the jets to land
circus people with hairy little hands
come on boys strike up the army band
I got sunburnt waiting for the jets
how do you feel?
how do you feel?
I can't seem to see through solid marble eyes
fiery pianos wash up on a foggy coast
squeaky old organs have given up the ghost
fire them up and kill the pianobirds
there's creaky old organs burning on the coast
how do you feel?
how do you feel?
I can't seem to breath with a rusted metal heart
I can't seem to see through solid marble eyes