

The Church, Maybe These Boys

Framed up baby, know her place
Slippery salmon all over her face
Browsing down through the mirrored hall
See Arizona standing ten feet tall
Her father's smart, plays his part
Twirls his star and watch them start
Oh no no don't wander off the set
We haven't reached the borders yet
Then into town he rides in grim
All the mercenaries are following him
Ripped and raw, lays his glove on the door
Walks in and tells the man on the floor
Maybe these boys want to do some talking
Your room's a mess, it's ugliness
But I go on living in it till you say yes
The curtains are new, but the windows are old
All the stories passing through already been told
We live in a style where trust is a drag
To hold up your end means the middle will sag
Some blackhearted actors interfered in your scene
And you can't stand success or the place where it's been
The fader's been placed, judgment passed down
Staying up all night till pure sleep drags you down
Ripped and raw, her voice at the door

Walks in, expecting him, finds something more
Says maybe these boys want to do some talking