The Dissociatives, Young Man, Old Man (You Air

I've got a clearspot, a devilish psalm But nobody's home to fix the alarm no Disgruntled woman, enchanted stains We're tempted by god but nothing remains

Hey boys we speak better than young men But will be better than an old man, honey, you'll see Hey boys we speak better than young men But will be better than an old man, honey, you'll see

My faith is hungry like whale frozen toes Steal cap fingers and nobody knows It's raining concrete a tunnel wind blows Stones on my column the path that I chose

Na na na na (you ain't better than the rest)