

TV On The Radio, Blues From Down Here

From the depths I called you, Ma
For your breath and breast so warm and fabled
Your hands reached inside
Grabbed my heart, enlarged, disabled

Hailed for your mercy
An ear that cares
How the blues sound from up there?

With my wet hair, I wipe the blood off of your feet
Carry me through these shark infested waters
Well, you spared me from slaughter for sure
But these sharks are equally in need of a martyr

Oh, kindness shared
Undeserved purest gift, this life you've spared
How the blues sound from up there?

Teeth gnashing, masticating this dumb tongue
Quiet now, quiet now, hear that supplication
Echo into the void
Been received by no one

Oh, my sweet dear
Cold alone poisoning ourselves
Engulfed in our own tears

Signed, blues from down here.

Pull the pin, drop it in, let it wash away your
Time for your favorite story
Of how to achieve golden glory
Wash yourself all squeaky clean
All in white on Hallow's eve

Lessen your desire
Hold your breath so patiently
Never inquire how to be free
Just stay on your knees

You might doubt it
Think there's nothing left for me
To do but stomp my feet
And shout about it

From the depths I called you

Now I'm waiting for an answer patiently
Stuck here in the bottom of this well
It's not the last you've heard from me