

American Analog Set, Thin Fingers

<Fourth time's the charm
A dam that's burst does less harm
To an altar that
Serves to halt her

And where's your boy now?
You know... With a band like yours?
Or did he take you for
For granted?

Supper's on the table
It's time for fables
When I'm too tired
For live wires

And where's your boy now?
Or couldn't he have stayed?
Or isn't that the way
It happened?

Bright stars would cross
Sons will follow
These rings that fall from
Her thin fingers>