

Amy Millan, Wayward And Parliament

Man made moons they go on one by one
When the sun is done for the day
That's when the girls come by through the silver blinds
We'll watch the drinking lie on the pavement
That's our sentiment
Down by the railway the bicycles are there
An apocalyptic fair for the alive
It's a sign the messengers they bring
With their stainless steel wings on a 45
That plays our lullaby