

# ...And You Will Know Us By The Trail Of Dead, A

White glow of the TV set  
Lights dancing on the screen  
Voice-overs rise like minarets  
Then fall diatonically  
Should I answer a friend's distress call  
Or should I go to sleep?  
Would I, like the voices rise and fall,  
What's it to me?

All those hours of wasted time  
Have never crossed my mind

Here I am comfortable  
In arm's reach of the black remote  
Here I am comfortable  
Surrounded by strings and bows  
Let everyone else go

Nights on Kirkwood so serene  
Far from the sirens and the screams  
I could write or I could read  
Go next door and smoke some weed  
As long as I don't have to think  
About who the hell's running this mess  
Or what shit they're writing up in the Stone or NME  
Go out and make a last call  
Or sit here and do nothing at all  
What's it to me?

All those hours of wasted time  
Have never crossed my mind

Here I am comfortable  
In arm's reach of the black remote  
Here I am comfortable  
All those clowns, what can they know?  
Let everyone else go