

# Archers Of Loaf, White Trash Heroes

Frozen out of focus, the sunday crowd  
Started dreaming of television turned up too loud.  
Coded conversation, half baked and tired,  
Left us sleeping on blacktops burning the motor mile.

And underneath the arcade, details collide  
There's good shopping, but all those patrons have too much style.  
And moving in slow motion the boulevard started seeping  
With them half-ravers and techno bars.

It is like below the neon sign  
All speeding past the line and thrashing, i'm in paradise.

Sealed in concentration, the lantern lights  
Started shrinking on dead men drinking white liquor wine.  
And eyed the complication, the methane gas  
Started leaking on bastards burning half red and black.

We can't lie below imperfect time  
All speeding past the line and thrashing, i'm in paradise.

And standing at the gates of NC state fair,  
Saw you smoking with all those new friends you've got to spare.  
And melting back in focus the sunday crowd  
Started sleeping with white trash heroes, tv's turned down.

In he lies, below the neon sky  
All speeding past the line and thrashing, i'm in paradise.  
We can't lie below imperfect time  
All dreaming of the white trash heroes on the boulevard.  
It is like below the neon sky  
All speeding past the line and thrashing on the boulevard.  
We can't lie below imperfect time  
All dreaming of the white trash heroes, i'm in paradise.