

# Astronautalis, The Wondersmith And His Sons

I am a soldier baby,  
who works just like a slave,  
sweating through the pain of digging his foxhole that he know is just a grave.  
You trust me don't you baby?  
You'd hand your life to me.  
Let's walk along the wire and watch the muzzles flash like lightning.

A smile safe-crackers understand, is rendering this steady hand obsolete,  
you thought you caught my slight of hand, but you could never understand,  
no not me.

Father was a charming man with much hidden up his sleeve,  
I wonder if this is what he planned when he taught his tricks to me.  
The youngest was a clever boy cracking calculus by three,  
the eldest was a practical and obsessively clean,  
then there was me:

I was born a charming man with silver tongue, pearl teeth.  
This's never how it's 'sposed to end, we're promised all we dreamed  
The envy of the Everyman our family seemed complete,  
our father was a charming man, our mother a serene.

But now I'm on the run again - this hotel's home to me,  
they found the other skeleton face down in the stream.  
The youngest was still tucked in bed,  
that way they thought he was asleep,  
they moved the mirror from his mouth,  
the fog that should remain was not to be seen,  
not to be seen.

I am the doctor darling,  
who used to operate,  
but I couldn't stand the pain of healing,  
only t'watch another woman waste away.  
You trust me don't you baby?  
Yeah you'd hand your life to me.  
Let's set this barn on fire,  
and watch the flames eat up the roof beams.

A smile safe-crackers understand,  
is rendering this steady hand,  
obsolete.  
You thought I must have broken in,  
but there's no crime in coming in,  
they hand me the key.

Floating on the wind again,  
on the tail of my quarry,  
on a woman weak for charming men,  
who's holding what I need.  
She'll leave her window cracked for me,  
and I'll draft in like the breeze,  
my father was a charming man and I learned it all from he.

The brother's born of Wondersmith,  
we started as a team.  
Like complimenting cogs and gears we built a head of steam.  
The tragic flaw of charming men  
is exactly as it seems,  
too much grease,  
can break down a machine.

Pour another round on me,  
pour another round on me.

You know I'm good for it,  
you know me.  
You know I'm good for it,  
you know my family.

I am a lover lady,  
who sees just what you dream,  
I know you're going crazy living with him an' without me.  
You trust me don't you baby?  
Yeah you'd hand your life to me.  
Let's leave this life tonight,  
and race the sunrise down the highway.

A smile safe-crackers understand,  
is rendering this steady hand,  
obsolete.  
The charm and confidence of men,  
can jam the bullets in your gun,  
and stop heartbeats.