

# At The Drive-In, Pickpocket

In the humble stance of nativity  
Hummed the smell of television snow  
A faint S.O.S. flickering  
Riding on the coat tails of their ground zero  
Neighborhood footprints ingrown  
The daylight savings time will never know  
Of this alabaster cold  
Of this alabaster  
Your lovers quarrel ended up in crawl space  
Dental identities will tell us apart  
Teeth marked and bounded with sighs  
Step into my parlor said the spider to the fly  
Stable hooved footprints ingrown  
Cloak and dagger muzak blared in ohms  
Of this alabaster cold  
Of this alabaster cold  
Of this alabaster cold  
Ingrown  
Ingrown  
Ingrown  
Ingrown  
More caliber per capita  
Ingrown  
Ingrown  
More caliber per capita  
Ingrown  
More caliber per capita  
More more  
More caliber per capita  
More caliber per capita  
More caliber per capita  
Neighborhood footprints ingrown  
The daylight savings time will never know  
Breakfast table search team implodes  
The milk cartons that pour will never know  
Of this alabaster cold  
Of this alabaster cold  
Of this alabaster cold  
Of this alabaster cold