

Califone, Pastry Sharp

By the time I filter down to you
A finger for an invitation
Too sane to find the feel
Cotton blood, a jewelry box

The last to leave, the last to come
The elevator waits to take you down
She throws a prayer you'll never catch
And I'm not holding on

Baby's in the engine room alright
Got the trap door by the feathers
Dressing for your date with the dumb anyway

Drunken sailor
Ripe heart attack station
Sharp as pastry
Now for the baby to find