

Clutch, The Regulator

I see that lantern trimmed low burning in our home.
And though I feel like crying, I swear tonight, I'll cry no more.

How many times have I prayed
That I would get lost along the way?

Dream with the feathers of angels stuffed beneath your head.
The regulator's swinging pendulum.

Come with me and walk the longest mile.

Is his wallet leather? Is his wallet fat?
For not a year later it's got you lying on your back.
You should have closed your windows and got another dog.
You should have chained up all the doors and switched up all the locks.

And how many times have I prayed
The angels would speed me away.

Dream with the feathers of angels stuffed beneath your head.
The regulator's swinging pendulum.

Come with me and walk the longest mile