

Fair To Midland, Orphan Anthem '86 (Demo)

narrator:
five tons a-mile-a-minute.
two is the one we hope for.
we'll call him john doe jr.
and her, and her? well...
thereupon, for now...

successful stray:
in those towns we're held captive.
who knew?

narrator:
only handfulls of cartoons can misdirect
their dialect.

janitor:
propel gloria. propel!

elijah:
shhh...be quiet, they'll hear us...

gloria:
stop shushing...how long you think till they find us?

elijah:
shhh...

narrator:
as they tippy-toed to see california.
as they tippy-toed to see! pick a map.

janitor:
here hunting is a pastime, which some frown on.
their small brims now brush the tiles.

gloria:
she isn't coming, is she?

elijah:
shhh...

successful stray:
tell the world we are shotguns;
sawed-off, with scopes set on backfire.
tell auntie em'(if you see her)
we're on a cartons of cardboard.
we've instilled in us morals,
not by god, but by our choice.

elijah:
we'll ride the rails up to utah!
i've heard there we'll be home free.
dammit, they're sounding the sirens

gloria:
oh crap, we'll never make it, we'll never make it!

narrator:
as they dashed abruptly, see, not much further
as they dashed abruptly, see, cheer them on!

janitor:
here, the elders use large deadbolts and small tazers
to push angels past their years.

and i support their struggle to be free.

successful stray:

tell that building we're shotguns
fully loaded, and custom.
tell uncle sam(if you see him)
we'll deprive him his paycheck.
we've instilled in us standards,
and give ourselves full credit.
when all have 86'd us,
you can find us by your ear.

gloria:

his words' i still here to this day.
"propel gloria. propel!"
"propel gloria. propel!"
"propel gloria. propel!"