

# Firewater, Whistling In The Dark

Crouching on the cool white tile  
She's got to learn to take her medicine  
With a professional smile  
Holy vessel or a toilet bowl  
Puking hopes into a urinal  
Sun like a blowtorch  
Cuts through aluminum sky  
Just like a crippled ballerina  
In a pair of too-tight slacks  
It's on her face, expensive tastes  
But no excess of ready cash  
She's completely gone  
Oh, but you know she'll be back

She's living on a question mark  
But spending exclamation points  
It's perjury right from the start  
She's only whistling in the dark  
Evidence is thin in her defense  
And as the prosecution rests  
The jury's out, the mood is tense  
They're only whistling in the dark

So many ways the game could go  
Timer ticks out minutes left  
Until it's going to blow  
She may stumble, but she won't fall  
Waiting for the curtain call  
As history repeats in motion slow

And though her repertoire is good  
It's just a faded valentine  
Between the hammer and the nails  
There lies unspoken compromise  
Then it strikes you  
Right between the eyes

Cause when tomorrow's blown away  
Seems like tonight is here to stay  
So she just close her eyes and stumble forward  
Whistling in the dark  
Long live the queen, the queen is dead  
So take the crown off of her head  
But is that taps or reveille  
That she is whistling in the dark?