

Grant Lee Buffalo, Orpheus

I heard that your Orpheus he done left town
Snuck out the back way while you slept face down
Bound for the underworld he rolled down his wool sleeves
And like a serpent coiled about the wet leaves
Tennessee waltzing a dance of disease
Can't you see

Pick up your shears Delilah right there
Leave all your cares to fall like dead hair
Outside a carriage waits to take you home
Its tricky handbrake will not hold out for long
Do hop inside for your map it has been drawn
Can't you see

What leads you
What leads you
What leads you
What leads

Pickin' the mandrake I would use for tea
I heard the water spirits calling me
And faintly a peacock cried behind the tulles
Can't you see

That when you feel it tickle your brain
Filling your skull's bowl with a butane
Maybe the genie wants back in the lamp
He's run out of wishes and his clothes are all damp
Back to the bottle though he knows just how cramped
That can be

What leads you
What leads you
What leads you
What leads you

What is it now now
What is it
What is it
What is it now
What is it now now
What leads
Well what leads you
What leads you now now now
Down down down
Down down down down down
What leads you