

# Grant Lee Buffalo, The Shining Hour

Are we still on the phone  
With the lady Anna Clarke and her trumpet solo  
Whose ghost sings for pay  
In the blue billiard room of the Monterey  
For room and for board  
And the backdoor key is a 19th century civil war sword  
Once owned by John Booth  
Who misplaced his script when he caught his leather boot

This could be the shining hour  
Based on all those mad beliefs  
In the money oil and angel powder  
In the new age magazine

There's a hole in the wall  
Behind the photograph of Al Capone he's a sittin' down at city hall  
The police they peek thru here  
And they watch you get dressed in the two-way mirror  
But it's all in good spirits  
And if you close your eyes ya can't help help but to hear 'em move

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I propose a toast  
To the memory of the horse who carried King Tut and his gold  
Into the sun  
He collapsed last summer from the heat stroke somewhere in the East Village oh  
It kills me to think  
That I'm no longer living just looking for excuses to drink  
So lift up your glass  
And you Ouija board 'cause I'm fading fading fading fast

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