

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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