

# Grinderman, When My Love Comes Down

When my love comes down won't it meet you  
When my love comes down won't it meet you again

Your mouth is a hologram made of spiders bones  
Your fingers little soldiers drumming on their way back home  
I thought I saw a thundercloud on the avenue  
Lightning rattled though the streets that little storm was you

When my love comes down won't it meet you  
When my love comes down won't it meet you again

Your skin is like the falling snow, your hair is like the rising sun  
Your tongue is like Kalashnikov or some other foreign gun  
I see you standing there way down upon the street  
You're marching victorious with your banners of defeat

O when my love comes down won't it meet you  
O when my love comes down won't it meet you again