

Hawksley Workman, What Would You Say To Me

Surface paint and the rust broke
Down and the galvanized steals
Around. Chamomile and the
Treasury bank note fallacies oh
What can you say? Broke a back
On the downsize patio lanterns
All hung in array. Said it once
And I'll say it at the alter the
Hemlines are all gonna change.

What would you say to me?
What would you say to me lord,
If we both met face to face?

Dog days and the summers at
The airport, managers are gone
For the day. Bad times hit the
Factory knock-offs, sadness a
Balloon that you break. Balance
Beams cast the runaway child
Packed his bags cuz he's
Going to be late. Mutant strains
Hear the message on the cork
Bored to tears with the lines
On face.

Rusty on the outside
Shabby on the inside
Angels keep a lighting my way

Burned bridges as a boy scout
Cookie crumb dressing up the
Burns on your leg. Bad timing
Belt the chorus to the angel food
Cake melt away on the plate.
Santa's coming can you hear
Him in the chimney sweep
Bar-b-q a nice chunk of steak.
God and Jesus and the alley way
Saints don't give a damn about
Mistakes that you made.