

# Meat Puppets, Comin' Down

Last hand I shook was a boat that floated on its back all day  
In the middle of a song about trees that are scared of the dark  
Wait until you're gone to steal some thoughts from offa the shelf  
To trade for hats with holes that let the night shine through  
Exchange our fears for little glass holes  
And broken dreams of bent-backed trolls  
Who'll tend the trees and what's in between  
The sky above is aglow with evil love  
The boat sank offshore in a birdbath dreamt by a broken wheel  
Left by the side of the road right where night slipped and fell  
And if I ever had they couldn't tell; if we were they didn't know  
She might but if he did they can't, you must, I won't  
Turn our tears to little black holes  
To light the way for three blind moles  
Who'll tend the trees and whats in between  
The sky above is aglow with evil love