

Nine Horses, The Librarian

Keep you head down
Keep you head down
While they're firing low
You're too young child
To know the difference

Oh my pretty
Oh my sweet girl
It's a marvelous place
They put weights down
In your coat tails to burn you out

Lest you fly
Lest you take off
And show whomever what's what.
It's one outrageous lie after another

Turn their lights out
Change the channel
Before we lose the heart
To fight against belief in what they're saying

There's a hotel
With a dark room
At the end of a corridor
I will meet you
To the strains of Allah

We will lie back
On a pillow of the whitest snow
And the silence we were promised
Will engulf us

Lay your head down
Keep your head down
While they're firing low
You're too young child
You're too young child

We will wake up
From the dreams that bury us
We will tunnel our way out
By moonlight

From the dark room
To the white streets and the snow banks
We'll invest in one another's future

Oh my pretty
Oh my sweet girl
It's a marvelous place
She designed it
With escape routes
For you and me

So to the library
With your new card
Grab your favorite books
Look for blueprints
To the strains of Allah
Here we go.

Benevolence is in back
Of everyplace you look

It's not a monstrous face she is hiding

If I see her
I will tell you
You'll come quickly
If you see her
Don't hesitate just go

But til then

Keep your head down
Keep your head down
While they're firing low
You're too young child
You're too young child

You're too young child
Here we go