

Norma Jean, A Grand Scene For A Color Film

Return to sender, I've fallen off the hint of suggestion
Unlearning the strange devices of the world
Is this the end of the earth. Or something like it
The great, the great universal coma has arrived

We are holding our hands towards the sun
Sit down, Come on sit down
Let's break out the shotguns, we're going to town

Return to sender, Carried straight from the womb to the grave
Your eyes have been paled to emptiness
All things have been carved out by the unceasing haunts of this
The Great Manipulator

The holding of our hands upwards and around the eclipsing sun
Has become empty and automatic
Sit down, Sit down, Come on sit down
Let's break out the shotguns, we're going to town
Let's break out the shotguns, we're going to town

You've given us user friendly grenades,
Just what are you trying to say?

Just what are you trying to say? (8x)

The holding of our hands upwards and around the eclipsing sun
Has become empty and automatic
Sit down, Sit down, Come on sit down

Let's break out the shotguns, we're going to town