Sage Francis, Emperor's New Clothing

I listen for secrets hidden in whispers...in the winter time/
And catch them tickling my whiskers...colliding with wind chimes/
The kind that send shivers...up and down tingling spines/

Thinking time could stretch if...

we'd spin a design inside our web that would catch drifts/
The type that blow out birthday candles before we make our death wish/

I'm waiting for a message in my calling so I'm checking my voice mail,
and I'm answering machines with man-made dreams.
Man made bandaids to cover up the seams.
The cover-up seems to only work if the wound never opens up or bleeds.

Beads of sweat form above the eyes of a heathen Emperor/
Who won't get on his feet and step outside into the freezing temperature/
He wants to adjust the global thermostat/
But he's so remote...and you can't control the world like that/

Come to find these eggs ain't even golden.
I see depreciation in the family jewels the Queen is holding.
That broken marraige was fixed. It happened when her feet were frozen.
She still remains to be the only one who's seen the Emperor's new clothing...