

# Silver Jews, Pet Politics

Guard my bed  
While the rain turns the ditches to mirrors  
Buy a vase of carnations from central Ohio  
Where the looking-machine can't hear us

Deep in the night  
We dream of positions  
There's a line for the phone in the hall

And in the cold places where Spanish is spoken  
Most wars end in default

You never know when your pet will go  
Pet politics  
Pet politics  
Pet politics  
Pet politics

Still wearin' last night's mascara  
Now that her pet was gone for sure  
She was shiverin' so hard  
It looked like there were two of her

I could see through the sleeve on her blouse  
The plans of her architect lover  
The tattoo of a boarded-up house  
An ink door that belonged to another

When the rain hits you  
It hits you slow  
Stitch after stitch  
Stitch after stitch  
Stitch after stitch  
Stitch after stitch

Adam was not the first man  
Though the bible tells us so  
There was one created before him  
Whose name we do not know

He also lived in the garden  
But he had no mouth or eyes  
One day Adam came to kill him  
And he died beneath these skies

I find it so amazing how  
I go where I'm led  
I go where I'm led  
I go where I'm led  
I go where I'm led

I suspect we could be Losing now  
Please guard my bed  
Please guard my bed  
Please guard my bed  
Please guard my bed