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