

Soul Coughing, Soundtrack To Mary

Easy places to get away to.
Easy limbs languid all around you.
All my time is
Dirt on your hands.
Fingers drifting
Down my spine now.

Fall,
Fall,
Fall,
Fall,
Fall,
Fall,
Fall.

Soundtrack to Mary.

Many minds wandering from room to room.
Many trees slain just to write it to you.
Many rays blinding,
Almost drowning,
Keep this whole shine,
Locked in my room.

Throw back the noise, get another one.
Pour out the rum, I've been drunk enough.
I know the sound that you made and I
Can't seem to unremind myself.

I hope you feel better
later on.