

Sunset Rubdown, Hope You Don?t Stoop To Dirt

I hope you dont shoot at the terps, oh
I hope you dont stoop to dirty words, oh
I hope you dont send out the birds
Hope you dont send out the birds

When you watch your houses come down
And all the flames shooting around up there in the air
Down here on the ground.

I hope you dont send up the stripes, oh
Hope you dont swallow all of the nightglow
Hope you dont sight all the bright snow
Shake your fist down at the night, oh

When you watch your houses come down
And all the flames shooting around up there in the air
Down here on the ground.

You find blame where you want it to be
You find things where you wanted to be
So fix it up, fix it up
You find things where you wanted to be.