

Sunset Rubdown, Winged/Wicked Things

Well I say It's just smoke.
So you say It's the hair of ghosts
So I say it's the white hair of Poseidon,
Ebbing in the tide in some dead sea.

So you say It's some Shroud of Turin
And the sun wore it white and the earth wore it thin
Or the Son wore it white and his faith wore it thin!

Unraveling heavenward
We'd saddle two tiny birds
Or other such winged things
Either way they are struggling
Either way they are miniature
Either way they are invisible
Either way they're confused as hell would have them

But the pattern of flight is chaotic and blind but it's right
Cause chaos is yours and it's mine;
And chaos is luck, and like love, and love blind.

But the pattern of flight is chaotic and blind but it's right
'Cause chaos is yours and chaos is mine.
Chaos is mine, mine, mine
Chaos is love and they say love is blind
But they're subject to hating us
Just like the rest of us
Just like the best of us
They need the rest of us to stay alive
That's not where confusion lies;
That's not where allusions to the fact
That the truth is just smoke in your eyes
It does lie
Confusion lies in which other wicked thing to lie with
Whoah oh oh oh
Confusion lies in which other wicked thing to lie with
Whoah oh oh oh
If chaos is yours and chaos is mine.
Chaos is love and they say love is blind

So I say, Oh I see now, it's just smoke.
So I say, Oh I see now, it's just smoke.
Oh I say, Oh I see now, it's just smoke.
Oh I say, Oh I see now, it's just smoke.