

Switchblade Symphony, Funnel

The lady, poor lady
She lost all her things
For inside of her house now
The lady just stays
Anyone, anyone, anyone, anyone
Ah...ah...ah...ah...

Over the floor, silver hair lays
Buckets of pills for days and for days
Anyone, anyone, anyone, anyone
The remover is coming to clean up the frail
Pretty old ladies and puppy dog tails
Anyone, anyone, anyone, anyone...

I am lost now
Oh where can I be
Don't go near that
You'll find it empty
Scissors cut spaces
Perfect and right
Tongue tied rhythms
May find you tonight

She takes medicine medicine
Every damn day
For she thinks she is sick
She was brought up that way
Anyone, anyone, anyone, anyone...
Ah...ah...ah...ah...