

# 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...