

Switchblade Symphony, Harpsichord

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

Anyone?
Anyone?
Anyone?
Anyone?

Aaah.
Aaah.
Aaah.
Aaah.

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?

Aah. Aah.
Aah. Aah.
Aah. Aah.
Aah. Aah.
Aah. Aah.
Aah. Aah.
Aah. Aah.