

# The Army Of Freshmen, Here In The Fan

down at the truck stop where angel works  
serving the bean god to flannel jerks  
she's home to her couch ridden heavyweight champ  
he kisses his wife with aluminum bats  
princess of waitresses left there to hide  
under a portrait of Jesus' eyes  
two holy eyes they hang from the wall  
two holy eyes still nobody saw

days go by, here in the fan I'm fine  
falling off blades sometimes, landing on lies

crouched in a hallway made safe by the screen  
covering vowels up with Vogue magazine  
I touched her hand, asked for her name  
smiled through a tear drop, she said ashamed  
and every day since the bells chime regret  
a fool at the counter, worshipping checks  
parades catch on fire, we're all born  
twenty years later the blanket is torn

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falling off blades sometimes, landing on lies

now we're back at my vigil on route 43  
they'll be NO MORE DREAMS  
scream at the black birds and Auld Lang Syne  
he broke the necklace of Ana Ng

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landing on lies, landing on lies, landing on lies