

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