

The Church, Laughing

Five o' clock, fade away the shadows
Leaving by the window or the door
And they're laughing
Laughing at you anyway
Yeah they're laughing
Laughing at you every day
Eight o' clock, underneath the lamplight
Slow poison from a tiny little wound
And they're laughing
Laughing at you anyway
Yeah they're laughing
Laughing at you every day
I understood before I knew
I realized I'd spend my life coming back to you
Twelve o'clock, in the building of the mirrors
Recoil from my elongated twin
And he's laughing
Laughing at you anyway
Yeah he's laughing
Laughing at you every day