

The Hold Steady, Navy Sheets

I guess I met a couple bona fide angels
But they all seemed kinda fat and fatigued
And now we're tryin to match the mouths from the screams
Match the heads in the dreams

Everybody's searchin out the softest seat
All dolled up for the funeral feast
Everybody's stabbin at the biggest piece
Clever kids kissin on the ?

Now I'm not really sure we were lovers
Or if it was just some kinda car crash
Now we're tryin to find a DNA match
To match the heads with our hats

Everybody's reachin for the sharpest knife
Legs wide open on the opening night
Everybody's bathin in the laser lights
Clever kids screwin' with some new device

Sunday morning, sidewalks splattered
Feverish in stylish tatters
Didn't this used to seem like glamour
I remember when it mattered

Can't get over what's transpired
Left home virgins, came back vampires
Belt it out like backstretched choirs
We're either dead or really tired

Everybody's comin onto navy sheets
Everybody's comin onto navy sheets
Everybody wants to suck on somethin sweet
Everybody's comin onto navy sheets
Everybody's comin onto navy sheets