

# 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