

# TV On The Radio, Tonight

My mind is like an orchard  
Clustered in frozen portraits  
Blossoms that bloom so fine, just to drop from the vine  
I've seen them all tonight

Who'd keep a silent orchard  
I'll shove it all to the floor boards  
Her rusty heart starts to whine in its telltale time so  
For freedom tonight

Life is a measly portion  
A light on good friends and fortune  
It strips you away inside, drawn all your blinds  
Conceal it all from sight

You took that final courter  
Shot the boy, no quarter  
We'll skip to the final line of some suicide note well publicized  
Or give it up tonight

Carry with bursting order  
To the options you've layed before you  
The needle, the dirty spoon, the flames and the fumes  
Just throw them out tonight

The time that you've been afforded  
May go unsolved, unrewarded  
Some nameless you cannot know may be coming to show you  
Unbridled love and light

Should you grow an orchard?  
Covered in dusty portraits  
Blossoms that bloom so fine, just to drop from the vine  
I'll listen up tonight

Don't keep it silent orchard  
Shove it all to the floorboards  
Your rusty heart will be fine, in its telltale time  
So give it up tonight