

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