

Ugly Americans, Dancing At The Foot Of Angels

I awoke inside a stranger's glance, nervous and suspecting the worst.
Where had i been for so long? Inside a wolf's grin.
I felt colored, packed tight and slightly refreshed.
I unbuttoned my memory and took a look inside myself.

Does it make you feel much better.
Does it make you feel alright.
Does it make you feel good inside.

I'm dancing at the foot of angels.

I took a look inside my skull cap. It was all there; the tissue,
The sinew, the arm chair, the tingly aroma of urine,
A fruit basket filled to the brim with decaffeinated hangover cider,
There were the cattle pranks, the friction burns and the lies.

Does it make you feel much better.
Does it make you feel alright.
Does it make you feel good inside.

I'm dancing at the foot of angels.

I found the keys i had forgotten i'd misplaced the ones to all the answers to the questions that you'd
Oh and the jelly that was the best part thick and hot and greazy
I used to cover the walls of my antennae so i could hear you calling
The receptions always better that way