

# Willard Grant Conspiracy, Massachusetts

Jesus in a candle on the table  
Rabbit's foot in the window  
A hallway leads to nowhere  
Right outside the door  
They say a man can go by the way  
If all he does in linger  
I say salvation is in the smallest things  
That life has to deliver

I'm stuck inside  
In the snow  
I'm stuck inside  
In the snow  
In  
Massachusetts

We filed a flight plan for the bats  
And left all the windows open  
It gets so quiet in here I can hear the clock  
In my upstairs neighbor's bedroom

They say that time will be your friend  
It'll get better in the end  
Everything will be alright  
It never seems that way this time of night

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