

Everywhere There's Statues

Jay Brannan

I woke up in a coma in someone else's way
Choked on the aroma of a world in decay
Thought I heard laughing as my knees hit the ground
Saw nothing but shadows racing all around

Hey one of these shadows come rescue me
I need a little bit of darkness to protect me from the heat

It's like looking for hay in a stack of hypodermics
Shooting up grey through the cracks in the yellow brick road
And everywhere there's statues with their arms open wide
Surrounded by fences that you, that you can't get inside

Sub-normal people do supernatural things
In a world full of demons with white feathered wings
I feel like I'm open hearted, but it's a broken range we're on
I know I'm not the only one asking where have all the cowboys gone

Can't one of these cowboys come rescue me?
I need a little bit of rope n ride to keep me on my feet

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Shooting up grey through the cracks in the yellow brick road
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Face down on the hardwood floor
In one more empty corridor
I'm all alone in these halls
All is fair in love and war
If I can't find an open door
Then I'll start taking out walls
I'm face down on the hardwood floor
And not a soul with which to be
If this craving's one to ignore
Then someone tell me what the fuck a soul is for

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Shooting up grey through the cracks in the yellow brick road
And everywhere there's statues with their arms open wide
Surrounded by fences that you, that you can't get inside
That you can't get inside
That you can't get inside