Wind blows snow outside my windows crowd below runs wild in the streets Two rented brothers race down two separate alleys heading for the finish line

Down in the train yard out by the stockyard butchers with aprons hack meat in the snow Blood has the brothers pulsing with envy heading for the finish line

Two rented brothers. Their faces keep changing just like these feelings I have for you And nothing's forever not even five minutes when you're headed for the finish line

Down in the depot out by the meat rack down by the tunnels surrounding the jail Prisoners are marching in squares and in circles they're heading for the finish line

They're lining up for Noah's Ark
they're stabbing each other in the dark
Saluting a flag made of some rich guy's socks
heading for the finish line

Close to the line the ice is cracking two rented feelings sitting in the stands Two mothers, two fathers and both of them are paid for all of a sudden it comes back to me

Just up ahead is the finish line two rented referees and two checkered rags Out of the corner of my eye comes a dark horse with black wings headed for the finish line

I'm five years old the room is fuzzy
I think there's also a very young girl
It's hard to remember what happened exactly
as I'm staring at the finish line
First came fire then came light
then came feeling then cane sight