

Totally Natural

...And You Will Know Us By The Trail Of Dead

Look at his hand move
Check out the shape of his hips as he goes
Well, he's totally natural

Well, actually he's a white ghost
Performing in a video
Well, he's totally natural

He's only an actor

So beautiful to see
But something's lost underneath
Enter the wounded animal

Refuse the medals, they bestow
Shake a hand, take a bow
He's totally natural

He's only an actor
He's on the screen, he's only an actor

They change the broken, one by one
Of a molten-sod illusion of a broken home
Of a street fight, it's a Friday night alone
It's a bottle that's warming on a shelf
It's feeling just inches away from death
It's a street, it's an icicle
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