

## Pastry Sharp

Califone

by the time I filter down to you  
a finger for an invitation  
too sane to find the feel  
cotton blood in a jewelry box

the last to leave, the last to come  
the elevator waits to take you down  
she throws a prayer you'll never catch  
and i'm not holding on

baby's in the engine room, alright  
got the trap door by the feathers  
dressing for your date with the dumb anyway

the last to leave, the last to come  
the elevator waits to take you down  
she throws a prayer you'll never catch  
and i'm not holding on

drunken sailor ripe  
heart attack station  
sharp as pastry  
now for baby to find