

Orphans in the Key of E

Damien Jurado

Easy now, you're dreaming of a ledge
Talk yourself down from every story
Call the game you're losing again
And you show no signs of scoring

On the passenger side where my glasses were shattered
Losing myself at the end of your sentence
Call and pretend that your discounted man
Who cries on command will soon pick up the phone

Go to him now while he's not so distracted
By his own magic tricks by the widows he's husband
With the orphanage closed, it's so hard to know
Which childhood dream he's still planning on leaving

In the grocery store where a man is an audience
Time is on sale and the band is no one you've heard of
And there is no applause, just the sound of alarms
The register yawns at the sound of you leaving