

Rusty Pipes

Eels

Rattle on the rusty pipes
Hit 'em hard, and hit 'em bright and clear
And make a noise, so everyone cannot mistake it's you

And let 'em know just what it's like
When you're not alright

Pray to god it won't get worse
That you'll be riding in a hearse to this
The party that you don't want to be ever invited to

But you'll be goin' anyway
However much you pray

Define a way, you'll find a way
No matter what I say

Rattle on the rusty pipes
Wake 'em up; give them a fright
They can't just shake off like a scary dream
They have most every night

Don't even try; I can't be saved
I'm beautiful and brave